

Young Folks History

— ❖ — THE — ❖ —
REFORMATION

ILLUSTRATED

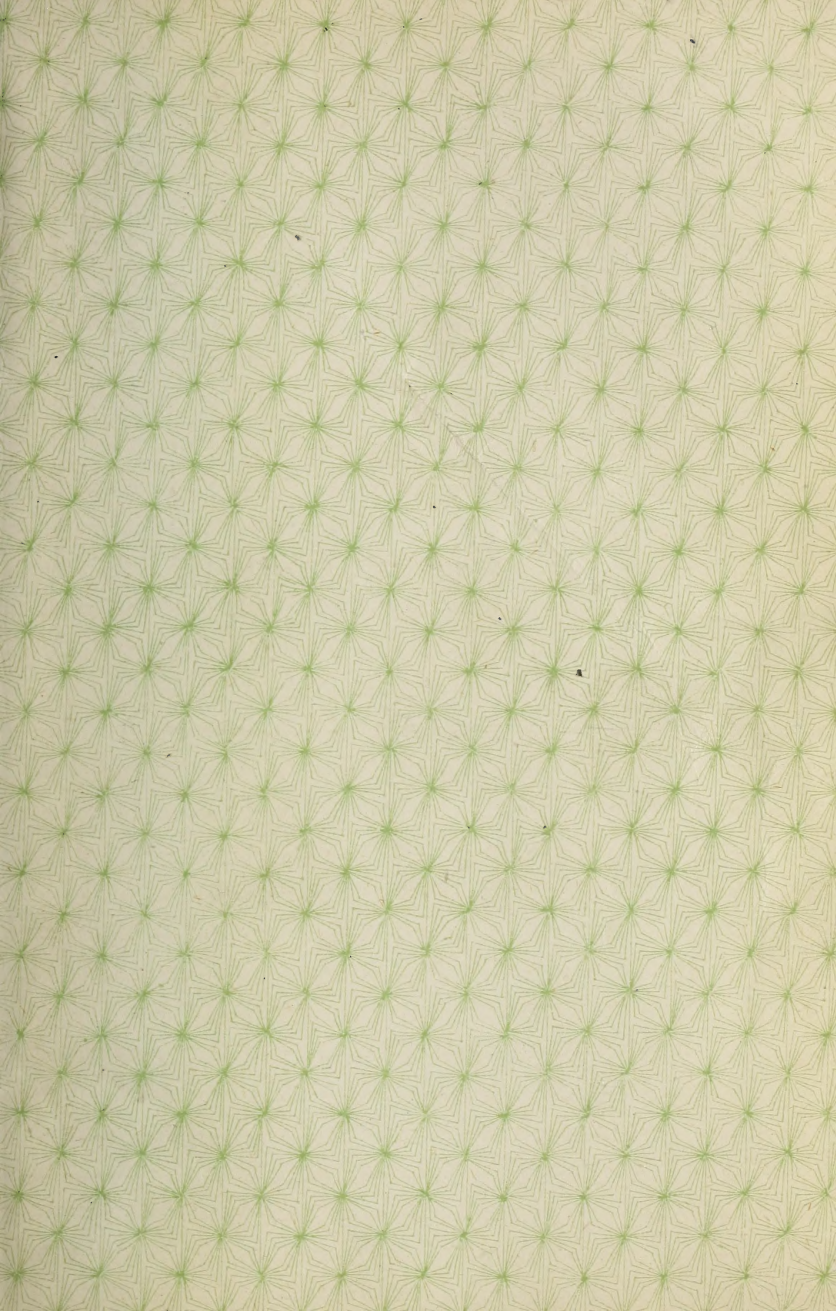
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. *BR* Copyright No. *305*

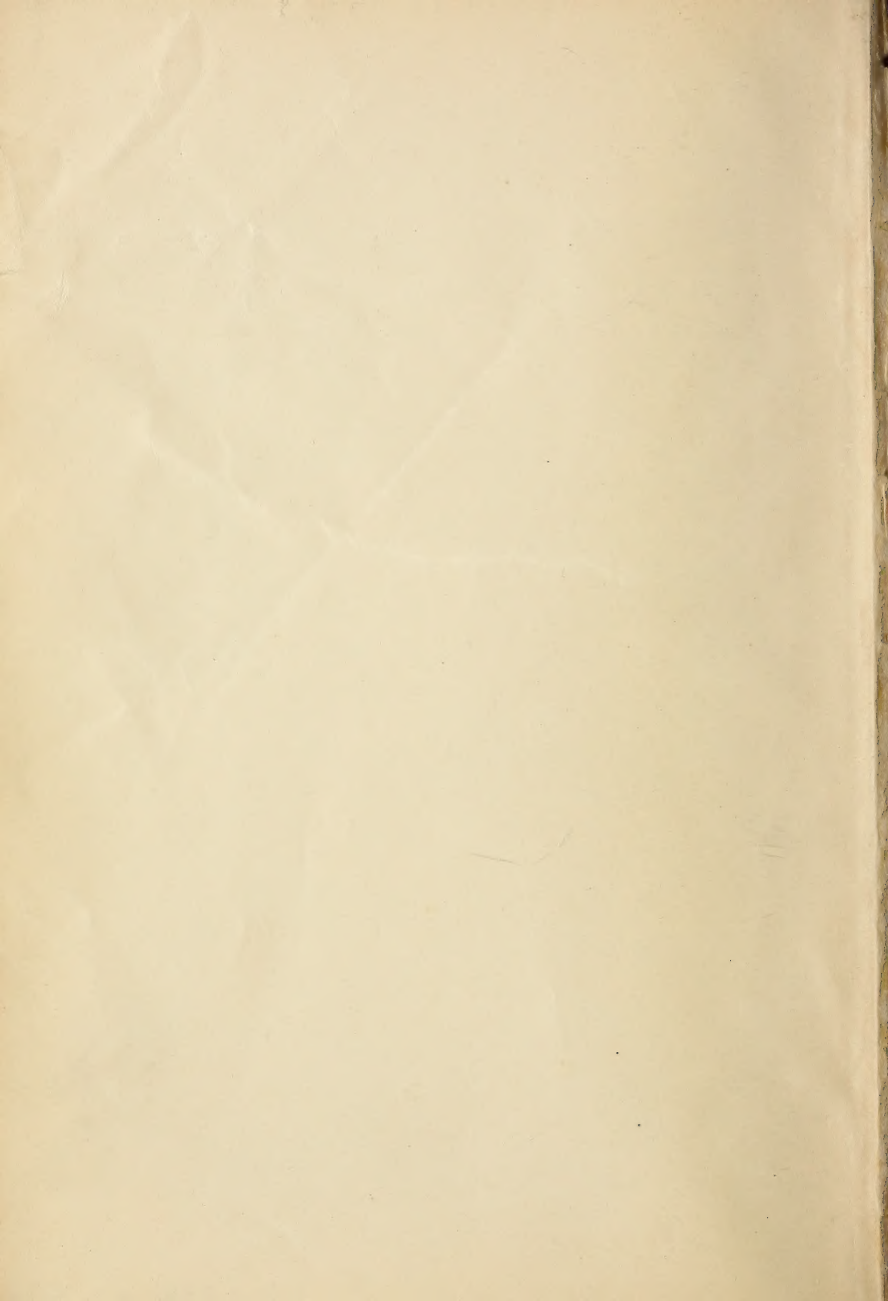
Shelf *A5*

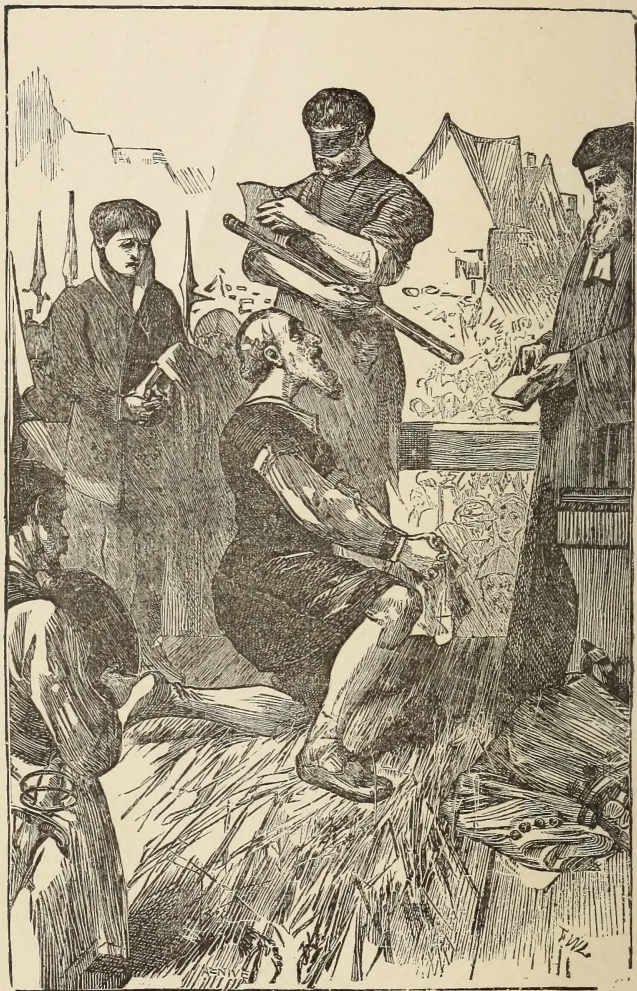
1887

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



SEP 14 1887





EXECUTION OF MORE.

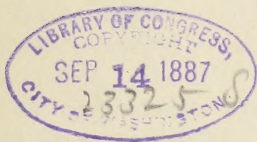
YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY

OF

THE REFORMATION

By FRED H. ALLEN ^{over}

FULLY ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT, PUBLISHERS

301-305 WASHINGTON STREET

1887

BR305
A5
1887

COPYRIGHT, 1887,
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the world, the author has not aimed at bringing forward any new or startling facts of the story of Protestantism. The ground which he has traversed has been often covered by scholars who have given it far greater research and more careful investigation. It is not for the critical reader that these pages are prepared, but to tell plainly and as concisely as possible the story of the great protest.

The publishers in whose hands the book has been placed have desired to give it a new christening, and have presented it under the name of the Reformation. The author wishes to state particularly that, while the great features of the Reformation are touched upon, it is not properly a history of that great period. It is more properly a history of the period, the thoughts and influences which led up to the Reformation, and should be so considered by those who read it. The Reformation as such is sufficient in itself for many volumes larger than the present, and could not, by any possibility, be treated in the limited pages which are here presented.

The author wishes also to state that he has made use of material which favored his design, gathering so freely and from so many sources that to enumerate them all would be impossible within the limits of this preface. He wishes especially to mention the services of Mr. Emil

Schwab, whose kindly assistance during the author's absence in Europe is most heartily appreciated.

It is well known that the principal part of this work appeared in serial form in the *Golden Rule*; and it is only at the suggestion of a host of readers that the author has dared to consent to its publication in its present shape. The work is intended to interest the young in phases of history to which very little attention has thus far been given, and which are left almost unrecognized on the part of the Christian church. Should there be some good resulting from its publication, the author will be content.

FRED H. ALLEN.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY	11
II. CONDITION OF THE CHURCH	18
III. SUPREMACY OF THE POPE	26
IV. USURPATION OF THE CHURCH	36
V. BIRTH OF WYCLIFFE	49
VI. THE MENDICANT FRIARS	61
VII. THE DOMINICANS	69
VIII. THE COMMON AT BRUGES	79
IX. TWO POPES	94
X. PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA	117
XI. TRIAL AND TEMPTATION OF JEROME	161
XII. THE HUSSITE CHURCH	177
XIII. HUSSITE WARS	186
XIV. MOVEMENTS IN PROTESTANTISM	205
XV. RECEPTION OF A PURER FAITH	214
XVI. MARTIN LUTHER	227
XVII. CONTROVERSY WITH VICAR-GENERAL	244
XVIII. CONFLICT BEGUN	261
XIX. LEO X. ALARMED	276
XX. LENIENCY OF ROME	294
XXI. DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN	312
XXII. CHARLES V. EMPEROR	328
XXIII. LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS	346
XXIV. LUTHER AT THE WARTBURG	357
XXV. MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND	363

XXVI.	POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND . . .	372
XXVII.	PROTESTANTISM IN SWITZERLAND . . .	380
XXVIII.	LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG . . .	396
XXIX.	THE PEASANT'S WAR . . .	409
XXX.	THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE . . .	428
XXXI.	CALVIN AT STRASBURG . . .	476
XXXII.	CALVIN AND SERVETUS . . .	494
XXXIII.	PROTESTANTISM IN THE NETHERLANDS . .	502
XXXIV.	THE ICONOCLASTS . . .	532
XXXV.	THE NETHERLANDS WAR. . .	541
XXXVI.	PROTESTANTISM IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES . .	549
XXXVII.	ENGLAND . . .	552
XXXVIII.	SCOTLAND . . .	561

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Execution of More	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
City of Constantinople	13
Constantine	19
Charlemagne in the Palace	27
Henry IV. Suing for Forgiveness	31
Chalemagne in Council	46
John of Wycliffe	47
Oxford College	53
John's Anger after Signing Magna Charta	57
Magna Charta Island	60
St. Francis	65
A Group of Friars	68
Roman Campagna	73
Avignon, Residence of the Pope	77
Wycliffe Entering Lambeth Palace	81
Altercation between John of Gaunt and the Bishop of London	85
Lambeth Palace	89
Wycliffe and the Monks	95
Trial of Wycliffe	101
Wycliffe before the Convocation at Oxford	105
Street in Oxford	110
Friar Bacon's Study, Oxford	114
Prague	119
Searching for Protestants	122
A Call to Arms	127
Flocking to the Church	133
Worshipping in a Cave	140
Birthplace of John Huss	141
Erfurt	143
Execution of Huss	153
Monument of John Huss	155
A Street Struggle	159
Jerome Before the Council	162
Jerome Recanting	167
Jerome Led to Execution	171
Jerome in his Dungeon	175
Hussite Leaders.	183
Hussite Shield	187
Procopius	191
Hussite Church	197
Cathedral at Worms	201
John Luther Taking his Son Martin to School	215
Young Luther Singing in the Streets	221

Erfurt Cathedral	229
Martin Luther	233
Luther Preaching in the Wooden Chapel at Wittenberg	239
Luther's Birthplace	243
Tetzel's Procession	247
Pope Leo X.	259
Luther Nailing his Thesis to the Church Door	265
Luther's Pamphlet	269
Preaching Out-of-doors	273
View of Augsburg	277
Frederick the Wise	283
Preaching from Pulpits	287
Charles V., Emperor of Germany	295
Arrival of Theologians at Leipsic	301
View of Mainz	307
Luther Burning the Pope's Bull	315
Luther's Home in Frankfort	331
Luther and his Friends	337
View in Wittenberg	340
Luther at the Casement	344
Water-spout on Luther's House	358
Instruments of Torture	365
Smithfield	367
Pisa	369
Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham	370
Lord Cobham Protecting a Preacher	373
John Foxe	376
Hooker	377
Zwingle and his Friends	383
Ulrich Zwingle	391
Zurich	395
Door of Luther's House	397
Luther's Chair and Table	403
Zwingle Preaching	411
Mayence	415
Wall of Luther's Room, with Ink Spot	421
Erasmus	425
First Protestants in France	433
John Farel	437
Burning Protestants at Meaux	443
Calvin	447
Margu�rite of Valois	451
Reading the Bible	453
Massacre of the Vaudians	457
Punishing Protestants (see page 474)	461
Catherine de Medici	465
Michael Servetus	469
Melanchthon	478
Tower of St. Giles	495
Murder of Guise	513
Rogers and Saunders	531
John Knox's Study	559
Jenny Geddes	567

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM.

CHAPTER I.

GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

The history of Protestantism is not simply a history of the Reformation. It is this and more. It surrounds and includes it as the greater always includes the less. Protestantism began earlier than the Reformation, it will continue later. It is not a policy nor a church. It has neither hierarchies, armies nor edicts. It is simply a principle, existing in the bosom of Christianity and with omnipotent and voiceless energy it is charged with the purification of the church. Christianity is not a church, neither is it an empire. It is also a principle which, acting upon men, regenerates society by reforming the hearts of individuals. It leaves man in possession of his individuality and confirms him in it.

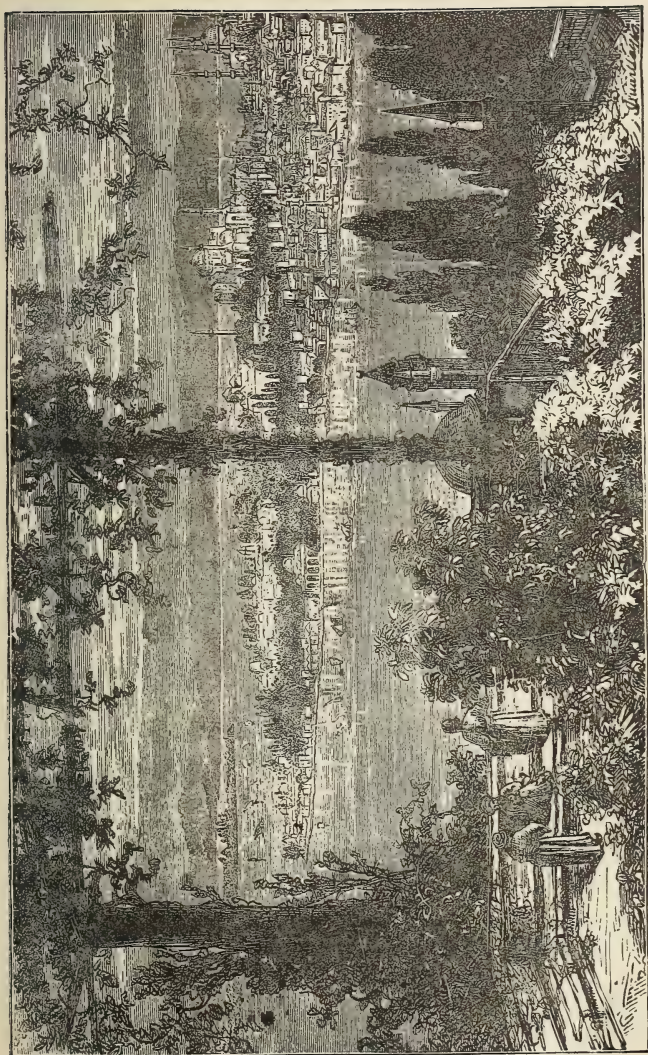
You will remember that the growth of Christianity was very rapid during the first three centuries; its spread was extensive. The Roman nation had extended its power over most of the known world. It dictated laws and customs to many provinces, and the simple word "I am a Roman," was a passport by which men could travel from one end of the kingdom to the other with the dignity of a citizen.

The history of the development of the Papacy as an

expression of Christianity, is one of the most wonderful in the world, but we can barely glance at it here. It is hard to imagine a humbler beginning, or a loftier height than that to which it eventually climbed. In its arrogance it became corrupt and that corruption became offensive to those in whose hearts the light of truth burned. There were men whose kindled lamps waxed and waned and flitted throughout northern Italy and the plains of southern France. Along the course of the Danube they were sent; they gleamed upon the Moldau and tinted the pale shores of England; they shed a glory upon the heathery hills of Scotland, and they burned like a magnificent sun upon the summit of the Alps, warming even the glaciers in their frozen bosoms. Whence came that light? What was the principle? Was it purely negative? It was Protestantism. It was not purely negative.

Protestantism is a creative power. Its plastic influence is all-embracing, adjusting itself to the needs of all peoples, and defying all forms of untruth. It has become the founder of free kingdoms and the mother of pure churches. Its story is a record of the grandest dramas of all time.

The name is very recent, not more than three hundred and fifty years, but the principle is very old. It dates from the Diet of Spires, in 1529, when the Lutheran princes presented to that august body a Protest against the authority of Rome. It created a new world; disowning the creed of Rome in order that a purer faith and higher law might take its place. The authority of infallibility gave place to the authority of the Bible. The intellect awoke from its sleep; human society renewed its youth, and after a half of a thousand years, resumed its march to its high goal.



CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

About the beginning of the second century the Scriptures were translated into the languages of the Roman nation and were attested by the heroic zeal of preachers, and the fiery death of martyrs.

Christianity outgrew itself. Its success set limits to its growth, and the Emperor Domitian in the year ninety-five thinking the whole world was to be lead away by this "Christian superstition," rested from his terrible work of persecution only in his death.

It arose from the ashes, left from Domitian's fires ; it sprang from the blood-stained arena, to triumph over an empire which gloried in having "crushed it." Dignities and wealth flowed in upon it ; its enemies failed to stay its progress, and in its successes it began to assume a worldly dignity which little resembled the life and character of its founder.

While in the humble sanctuaries, and amidst the fires of pagan persecution it maintained in purity and vigor a simple faith, but it became corrupt and feeble in the gorgeous temples, and worldly dignities which it gathered around it.

From the fourth century its progress was rapid, but in corruption only. The rites and ceremonies ; honors paid to relics and the worship of images began to hide the Bible from the common people, while the leaders were busily engaged in organizing a form of religious government in which all guarantee of liberty was withdrawn, and the clergy usurped supreme authority over the members of what was called the church. Councils assembled to enact canons which were put in the place of the law of faith. The clergy began to affect titles of dignity and to extend their authority to temporal matters. This seemed at first innocent enough, and it was quite agreeable to

the people to have their course marked out for them, thus relieving them of personal responsibility.

Temporal disputes between church members were carried to the ministers for settlement, and we are told that the Emperor Constantine made a law confirming all such decisions, and forbidding their review by civil judges. The next fatal step was to model the external polity of the church on the plan of a civil government. The whole Christian world was divided into four great dioceses and over each was set a Patriarch. These men governed all the clergy in their domain, and raised their chairs to thrones. Where once was a brotherhood we now find a hierarchy, with grades of office from the Patriarch's chair down to the lowly state of a simple teacher.

The Bible was of course neglected, the zeal of the clergy spent itself upon rites and ceremonies, and in concentrating all the powers of the church in its external forms and practices. These multiplied until Augustine said they were more grievous than the yoke of the Jewish laws.

The Bishops of Rome began to appear in costly attire. They claimed that as Rome was the seat of the Imperial government, the oldest city, and the fountain of life to the Roman Empire so should it be the head of the church. They spoke with authority to all bishops and demanded obedience from all churches. To them were brought disputes for settlement, and they expected their decisions to be final. The Emperor saluted the Chief Bishop of Rome as Father; foreign churches sustained him as judge in their disputes; those who begged for favors extolled his piety; others affected to follow his customs; and it is not surprising that his pride, fed by continual incense, continued to grow, till at last the humble presby-

ter of Rome, from being a vigilant pastor of a single congregation, teaching from house to house, serving the Lord with all humility, raised his seat above his equals, mounted the throne of the patriarch and exercised lordship over the heritage of Christ.

It was a custom among the Eastern churches to follow the Jews in holding the Easter feast on the day of the Jewish passover. The Western churches kept the Sabbath following. Victor, Bishop of Rome, intending to end the controversy, proclaimed himself as sole judge, and commanded all the churches to observe the feast on the same day with himself. The churches of the East denying his right to obedience declined to conform, upon which Victor excommunicated them. By refusing to obey a human ordinance they were shut out of the kingdom. This was the first peal of the thunder which was so often to roll from the seven hills. Thus crept in the early twilight upon the morning of the church, a twilight which deepened into a thick darkness and overspread the world later.

The descent of the northern nations through several centuries only deepened the darkness. They changed their country but not their superstitions. They beheld a religion which was served by magnificent cathedrals, imposing rites and powerful prelates, presided over by a priest in whom they found the reputed sanctity, and ghastly authority of their own Druids. These rude warriors who had broken down the throne of the Cæsar's, knelt in submission before that of Popes.

The Bible has been withdrawn. In the pulpit, fable has usurped the place of truth. The silent eloquence of holy lives has ceased, and superstition, like a cloud, has quenched the light of the church.

CHAPTER II.

CONDITION OF THE CHURCH.

From the sixth century Christianity was a mongrel system, made up of Pagan rites, northern superstitions with Christian traditions and observances.

The inward power of religion was lost, and men tried to supply its place by outward form. Ignorance predominated and learning was the exception among the clergy.

The main qualifications of the clergy were that they "be able to read well, sing the matins, know the Lord's Prayer, psalter, and forms of exorcism." Gregory the Great was ignorant of Greek, and Baronius tells us that "few in the sixth century were skilled in both Latin and Greek." It would seem incredible, but we have undoubted authority for the statement, that an archbishop of Mainz, lighting upon a Bible and looking into it, expressed himself thus: "Of a truth I do not know what book this is, but I perceive everything in it is against us."

The path downward is always trod with ever accelerating velocity; the case of the Church appears no exception to the rule. In the early days of Christianity lamps were left burning in the subterranean crypts where the Church buried her martyred children; assemblies met for worship in church-yards and catacombs, as places offering the greatest safety, and the Lord's Supper was celebrated in the midst of graves. It became usual to pray that the dead might be partakers in the first resurrection,



CONSTANTINE.

and gradually prayers *for* the dead, regarded their deliverance from purgatory, and finally, prayers *to* the dead, regarding their intercession in behalf of the living, came by natural sequence.

Soon the remoteness of the saints could not be tolerated; men craved a close, tangible relation to the objects of their worship, and this the leaders sought to supply. By the grand structures which marked the prosperity of the Church, the gorgeous vestments, and pompous ritual, there was a cultivation of the sensuous nature of man through the eye and the feelings. Pictured representations of that which was beyond the line of vision, became necessary. Then paintings were added; images disfigured the walls, and corpses polluted the floors and vaults of churches. The relics of martyrs were exhumed, blood and bones and ashes were preserved, and the wildest notions of miraculous cures, supernatural preservations, and unheard of powers ascribed to them. Not less true than stinging was the remark that "When the Church had golden chalices she had wooden Priests."

The Church had now come to a point from which she could not retreat. She must go on and meet the consequences of her alliances. In the principle of external and ritualistic worship, she had become impregnated with an element alien to her spirit and antagonistic to her truth; that from which, in fact, all the great systems that covered the earth before Christianity had sprung. The principle could not be extirpated. Its course must be run, perish, and pass away. Man seemed unable to receive the Gospel in all its greatness. Its simplicity appalled him. His heart was too narrow to take in the largeness of God's gift of eternal life through grace. He could not realize that gifts so boundless were without money and without price. He thus reasoned that conditions were

necessary, and priesthood was quick to present qualifications. The early centuries present us a Gospel hardly recognizable through the fogs of the Patristic age, as that which Christ and the apostles left without a cloud dimming its radiance. The light waned gradually as men journeyed further from its source, it continued, but with shorn glory and diminished power. The desire to introduce the element of merit on the part of men, and the element of condition on the side of God, opened the door for pagan principles to creep into the church. Worship, from being a spontaneous joy, an expression of the soul's emotion, came to be a "rite" akin to Jewish formalism and Greek mythology. A rite in which couched a certain amount of human merit, which could be bought and sold. Worship was then transformed into a sacrifice, in which expiation and purification had place; a teaching ministry became a sacrificing priesthood.

But it is well to note the successive steps which lay between the humble pastor, and the mitred king. We have noted the decay of doctrine and of individual faith, and have hinted that this was fundamental to the rise and final assumption of the papacy. The Church forgot what was before her and suffered herself to become enveloped by what has been called an after growth of Greek philosophy and pagan idolatry. As I have intimated, the clergy assumed the position of a caste, claimed powers superior to the laity, called themselves mediators between God and man, and channels of grace. Thus there arose a class, standing between the Divine and the human natures, assuming to mediate between them, but wearing characteristics which convince us that they were made much "lower than the angels." Before the time of Constantine the polity of the Church became consolidated, and the empire was nominally Christian. In 311, when Constantine as-

cended the throne, the Church was a recognized body in the State but distinct from it.

It is manifest that the three hundred fathers who assembled in council at Nice in 325 had no idea that Rome was the recognized head. Later, under Leo the Great, a forward step was taken, and by an imperial manifesto of Valentinian III. the Bishop of Rome was proclaimed as Rector of the whole Church. The mysterious and subtle influence which seems indigenous to the soil on which his chair was placed, aided powerfully the claims of the Roman Bishop. The reverence and awe with which men regarded the "Mistress of the World," gathered around his person. In an age of factions and strifes, the eyes of the contending parties were naturally turned to the pastor on the banks of the Tiber. In giving his advice he was careful to register it as an acknowledgment of his superiority, and on future occasions to make it the basis of new and higher claims.

Constantine built and named after himself a splendid city on the Bosphorus, and to it removed the seat of Empire. This enhanced the power of the Papal Chair. It removed from its side the only one in the nation by whom the Pope was eclipsed, and left him the first man in the old capitol of the world. The emperor had departed, but the memory of countless victories and ages of dominion still remained. The contest for precedence so long waged between the five great patriarchates, Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Rome, was now restricted to two. The city on the Bosphorus, being the home of the emperor, gave to that patriarchate special dignity, but the city on the Tiber wielded a mysterious and potent charm over the hearts of men as she does to this day. It was her prestige which won the day, and an imperial edict by Phocas in

•

606, decreed the pre-eminence of the Roman Bishop forever.

But the time has come when the empire must crumble away, and the Seven Hills will no longer dictate laws to the world. The wave of barbarianism rolling from the North, sweeping away society and crushing thrones, will surely shatter the power of the Church. But no, it breaks harmlessly at the feet of Rome's bishop. The rude vandalism which had remorselessly overturned dynasties and blotted out great nations, left his power untouched and his seat unshaken.

It was in the very hour when all stable social orders were perishing around him, that the Pope laid broad and deep the foundations of a triple empire which might remain immovable for all time. He cast himself upon a mightier wave of revolution, which if successful, would lift him above any dignities an emperor might heap upon him. What one gave, another might take away. It did not suit the Pope to hold his office by so uncertain a tenure. He hastened to place his supremacy where no future decree of emperor or king, no lapse of years, no shock of revolution, could overturn it. He claimed to rest it upon a Divine foundation; to be not merely chief-bishop, but the successor of Peter, the prince of Apostles and the vicar of Christ.

With the assertion of this dogma, the Papacy was essentially completed, but not practically. It had to wait the full development of the vicarship which was not until Gregory VII. But here was the embryo of that empire which bears two swords and wears a triple crown. Heretofore the Fisher of Galilee had sat only in the throne of the Cæsars. Hereafter he is to sit in the throne of God.

In the eighth century there came a moment of supreme

•

peril to Rome. The victorious Saracens had overrun the south of France and threatened to descend into Italy and replace the cross with the crescent. The Lombards in the north had burst the barriers of the Appenines and were brandishing their swords at the gates of Rome.

In his extremity the Pope turned his eyes toward France. The intrepid Charles Martel came to the rescue and in 732 drove back the Saracens, while Pepin his son, who had seized the throne, needed the papal sanction to his act of usurpation, so hastened at once against the Lombards. When he had vanquished their towns he laid the keys of their gates on the altar of St. Peter and thereby laid the foundation of the Pope's temporal sovereignty.

Later still Charlemagne subdued the Lombards and on visiting Rome in 774 ceded to the Pope the territory of the conquered tribes. "In this way Peter obtained his patrimony, the Church her dowry, and the Pope his triple crown."

CHAPTER III.

SUPREMACY OF THE POPE.

You will remember that Charlemagne had appeared, at the throne of St Peter. The first time he ascends the stairs of the Basilica it is to lay the foundation of the temporal sovereignty of the popes. A second time he presents himself lord of all the nations which form the empire of the west, and of Rome itself. He kneels before Leo III, who invests with the imperial title, him who already possessed the power, and the brow of the son of Pepin bears the diadem once worn by the Roman emperors.

But this was not enough. Some recourse to acts of an extraordinary kind became necessary. There appeared an astounding document bearing date from the fourth century, though lying in darkness until 776. The bishop, having become a crowned monarch, was not content, he must become a king of kings. Supremacy—sole, absolute and unlimited must be his.

The famous document which appeared nearly four hundred years after the coronation of Charlemagne was called the “donation.”

The legend which we are expected to believe informs us that Constantine found Sylvester in a monastery on Mount Socrate, and having mounted him on a mule walked at the bridle rein all the way to Rome and there placed Sylvester upon the papal throne.

But this was only the beginning of princely gifts, as the following extract from the deed will show:—



CHARLEMAGNE IN THE PALACE.

“We attribute to the See of Peter all the dignity, all the glory, all the authority of imperial power. We give to Sylvester and his successors our palace of the Lateran, we give him our crown, our mitre, our diadem, our vestments, we transfer to him our imperial dignity; we bestow on him in free gift, the city of Rome, and all the western cities of Italy. To cede precedence to him we divest ourselves of our authority and withdraw from Rome, transferring the seat of our empire to Byzantium; inasmuch as it is not proper that an earthly emperor should preserve the least authority where God hath established the head of His religion.”

We certainly admire that modesty which withheld this document from the world for nearly four hundred years; and we also admire the policy of selecting the darkness of the eighth century as the fittest time for its publication. Unfortunately, to quote it is to destroy it. Constantine is made to speak in the vernacular of the eighth century while living in the fourth. During more than six hundred years Rome impressively cited this deed of gift, permitted none to question its genuineness, and burned those who declined to believe it.

Then appeared the false decretals of Isidore; a collection of pretended decrees of popes, in which ancient bishops, contemporary with Tacitus and Tertullian, were made to speak in the barbarous Latin of the ninth century. The burden of this compilation was pontifical supremacy. It was the clumsiest but most successful of all those forgeries which emanated from the “native home of inventions and falsification of documents.” Nicholas drew from its stores the means by which to prop up and extend the fabric of his power. It became the foundation of the canon law, and yet the exposure of the fraud has not shaken the system.

The vices and crimes which were grafted upon the successes of the church suspended for a time the effect of these decretals.

The Papacy, having gained admission to the table of kings, celebrated its triumph by shameful orgies. "She became intoxicated, her senses were lost in wild revellings." About this time tradition places upon the papal throne an abandoned woman ; but let us hide the shame of even legendary facts. At last Rome became a wild theatre of disorder. The Counts of Tuscany, in 1033, placed upon the chair of St. Peter a boy of twelve, brought up in debauchery ; who continued even upon the pontifical seat his shameful and degrading vices.

The emperors of Germany, assuming the paramount right, purged Rome with the sword ; drew the triple crown from the mire, and placed it upon the heads of men of their own choosing. They created and deposed at will.

But the power of the popes is maturing slowly and silently. It will rise from humiliation and place a heavy foot upon the princes of earth. There lacks yet one grade of power to complete and crown this stupendous institution. Spiritual supremacy had been achieved in the seventh century ; temporal sovereignty in the eighth ; and now there yet remains only temporal supremacy to raise the pope supreme above kings, as he now is above peoples ; that achieved, and he holds a jurisdiction which arrogates all powers, absorbs all rights, and spurns all limits.

Before terminating its career it will crush beneath its iron heel thrones and nations, and masking the ambition of Lucifer into a dissimulation as profound, it will vault the thrones of monarchs into the seat of God. This is its ambition.



HENRY IV. SUING FOR FORGIVENESS.

In the year 1073 the Papal chair was filled by the greatest of all Popes, Gregory VII, the noted Hildebrand, He lived in one idea, the founding of a Theocracy, of which the pope as vicar of Christ should be the head. The traditions of Rome's universal dominion haunted his imagination and filled his dreams. Ambitious beyond all who had preceded him, he claimed that the reign of the pope was but another name for the reign of God. He would emancipate the church from all subjection to empire. He promulgated the maxims of the decretals, "The Popes name is the chief name in the world." "It is lawful for him to depose emperors." "His decision is to be withstood by none but it is lawful for him to annul those of all men.'

He broke the ancient ties existing between churches and their pastors with royal authority, only to bind them to his throne at which he chained kings, priests and people alike. The Pope must become a universal monarch if he would stand in the place of Christ. It was Rome that every priest should fear; in her alone was all his hope. All nations should tremble at the thunderbolts hurled by this Jupiter by the Tiber. This was the gauge which Hildebrand threw at the feet of the kings and nations of this world, for no less dominion was embraced in this pontifical supremacy. The strife was long and often bloody. Yet for a time Hildebrand tasted the luxury of wielding more than mortal power. It was a gleam of light along the Rhine lighting up the awful darkness of the tempest he had raised.

He saw Henry IV. of Germany whom he had smitten with excommunication, barefooted and clothed in sackcloth, waiting three days and nights at his castle gates, amidst the winter snow drifts, suing for forgiveness.

But for a moment did Hildebrand stand upon this dazzling height; the vanquished became the victor and

Gregory died in exile on the promontory of Salerno. But to his successors the project was left and by arms and anathemas the world was well-nigh reduced to the sceptre of papal authority.

For nearly two hundred years the dismal work went on. The stricken field, the empty throne, the city sacked, and countries bathed in blood; these are their tearful record.

Rome was again mistress of the world. Kings were her vassals. Hilderbrand's idea was fully realized. It was the noon of the Papacy but the midnight of the nations.

Innocent III appointed all Bishops; summoned to his tribunal all causes, from the affairs of kingdoms to private concerns; claimed all nations as his fiefs, all monarchs as his vassals; launched the curse of Rome against all who withstood him, and prohibited the reading of the Holy Scriptures by the people.

Here is something out of the ordinary course. A succession of the ablest worldly rulers which have appeared, "they carried their enterprise as much higher above the vast schemes of other potentates as their ostensible means of achieving it fell below theirs."

They took the Gospel as a basis and built thereon a colossal fabric, while every line and letter repudiated and condemned the structure. They imposed it upon the world without an army or a fleet, they bent the necks of people and haughty conquerors alike. They persuaded monarchs to rally their armies in defence of a power which they could hardly but foresee, would crush them; they held the forces of earth and the thunders of heaven in their hands, and through successive centuries they pressed on without once meeting a serious check or repulse. The administration of 130 popes, through 700

years lost not an inch of conquered ground, and these successes have always been interpreted into a proof of the divinity of the papacy.

But has this distinction been fairly won?

Rome has always been swimming with the tide. 'The evils and passions of men, which it was her mission to curb she has fostered into strength, and has been borne to power on the foul current which she herself created. Her path has lain amidst battle, blood-shed and confusion. Never wholly false, never quite forgotten of God, yet ministering to her own glory, by "edicts of servile councils and forgeries of hireling priests, and arms of craven monarchs, and the thunderbolts of excommunications. These are the victories which constitute her glory.

How unlike the sublime and silent progress of the Gospel of peace ; winning its way by the force of its own sweetness ; healing the wounds of society and hushing the passions of men ; it enlightens, purifies and blesses wherever it goes. It unsheathes no sword, spills no blood, and returns blessings for curses. It will now become our task to trace the action of these two principles through the ages, noting the victories of the latter under the name of Protestantism.

CHAPTER IV.

USURPATION OF THE CHURCH.

During the growth and aggrandisement of the Roman Church, there was no time when the voice of protest was not raised against its usurpations and its dogmas. God never left his Gospel without witnesses. When one company of true believers yielded to the darkness or were slain by violence, another company arose, perhaps in some far off land, to bear testimony against the errors of Rome, and in behalf of the Gospel which she sought to destroy. The earliest and the foremost, lifting the white banner of the Gospel, were the Waldenses.

It seems that there were men more unfettered in mind than the rest of the church, inhabiting the Alps of Piedmont, the plains of Lombardy, and the southern provinces of France, who from their mountain heights, protested through a long series of ages against the superstitions of Rome. They contended for the lively hope which they had in God through Christ, for regeneration by faith, hope, and charity, through the merits of Christ, and for the sufficiency of his grace and righteousness.

As early as 555 Pope Pelagius I. writes, "The Bishops of Milan do not come to Rome for ordination, which is an ancient custom with them." His attempt to subvert this "ancient custom" resulted only in a wider estrangement between Rome and Milan. This independence of Milan was not extinguished until 1059.

The great Ambrose, the teacher of Augustine, the greatest orator which Italy has produced, held aloft in Milan a theology of which Christ alone was the foundation ; in which justification and remission of sins came only by the expiatory sacrifice of the Cross. For many centuries after his death, which occurred in 397, the evangelical light cast its brightness over the darkness which covered the southern plains. Darkness gives relief to light, and error necessitates a fuller development and clearer definition of truth. It was upon this principle that the ninth century produced the most remarkable, perhaps, of the great champions who strove to fix limits to the growing superstitions. When the eloquent voice of Ambrose was hushed, the voice of Claude, Archbishop of Turin was heard, hurling defiance to the stealthy approaches of that power, which putting out men's eyes, bowed their necks to its yoke and bent their knees to idols. He grasped the sword of the spirit, and the battle he so courageously waged delayed though it could not prevent the fall of his church. It was against the innovation of image worship, advocated by the Bishop of Rome, that Claude fought his greatest battle. He resisted it with all the logic of his pen and all the force of his eloquent tongue. Where his voice could not reach the sybilline leaves were borne on every wind. "Your worship," he says, "terminates in the image. God commands one thing, you do another. He commands us to bear the Cross, not to worship it. If we ought to adore the Cross because Christ was fastened to it, how many other things are there which touched Christ? Why don't you adore mangers, and old clothes, because he was laid in one and wore the other? Let them adore asses because he entered Jerusalem riding upon the foal of an ass."

When Claude died there was no one to take up his

mantle. Beyond the Alps many churches had submitted to the yoke of Rome. Attempts were renewed to induce the Bishop of Milan to accept the badge of spiritual vassalage to the Pope. The Roman Pontiff received the submission of Lombardy amid such popular tumults as showed that the spirit of Claude still lingered at the foot of the Alps. But if the plains were conquered, not so the mountains. The Scriptural faith burned brightly in the heart of the Alps of Piedmont and the Waldensian valleys.

It is an error to suppose that Christianity did not exist before the Reformation except under the Roman Catholic form, and that it was not till then that a part of the Church assumed the form of Protestantism. What we now relate of the churches of Northern Italy settles that question. The apostolic character and independence of these churches continues from the earliest history of the Church in Italy to the fifteenth century, and in some instances to the present day. About thirty miles west of Turin there opens before the traveller a great mountain portal: this is the entrance to the Waldensian territory. A low hill across the portal serves as a natural defence while the stupendous mountains shoot up into the clouds. Pasturage and chestnut forests clothe their base, eternal snows crown their summits. But to one mountain—the Castelluzzo—a higher interest than that of beauty attaches. It is forever linked with martyr memories and borrows a halo from the achievements of the past. Often in the days of old was the confessor hurled sheer down its awful steep and dashed upon the rocks at its foot. And there in one ghastly heap, growing bigger and ghastlier as victim after victim was added to it, the mangled bodies of pastor and peasant, mother and child, commingled and fell to dust. It was the

tragedies, of which this hoary summit holds the record, which called forth from Milton the sonnet :

“Avenge, oh Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.”

* * * In Thy great book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks; their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven.

In the heart of these mountains is situated the school of Protestant theology which has existed here since an early date. After passing a certain time in school it was common for the youth to attend the seminaries of the great cities of Lombardy and other places, and thus get a wider horizon of thought than these valleys afforded. They became expert reasoners, so that priests never cared to encounter Waldensian missionaries. They were evangelistic and wished their truth to be known to all Christendom. In going out to teach they saw in prospect no rich rewards, only possible martyrdom. They went out two and two, often under the guise of pedlars, carrying silks and jewelry and other articles not easily purchased save in distant marts. They were welcomed as merchants where they would have been spurned as missionaries. Cottage and castle opened alike to them, but they sold without money and without price rarer and more valuable merchandise than jewels and silks. Concealed among their wares were portions of God's Word to which they sought to call attention.

Other communities arose along the centuries. Among them the Paulicians, who occupy a place in the East similar to that of the Waldenses in the West. They took their rise in Syria in 653, by one Constantine an Ar-

minian living near Samasata. Under the Empress Theodora one hundred thousand Paulicians suffered death by the sword, the gibbet, and the flames. Her sanguinary fires well nigh consumed the empire of the East.

In the early part of the thirteenth century a great movement was awakened in the south of France. One would infer that all opposition to Rome had died out. Her power secretly tottering. She is yet to rise higher, but decadence has set in. There is a movement which by its silence is more to be feared than an army with banners such an one was entering the minds and hearts of the subjects of Rome. All over the fair plains watered by the Rhone apostolic men had taught Christianity. Polycarp and Ireneus, in days before Rome was, had taught in these cities; hundreds of thousands of martyrs had witnessed for Christianity, and now after a thousand years their story is not forgotten. The light which had gleamed from Milan and Turin had been lost and night had deepened here as elsewhere. One Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, caused the Scriptures to be written out in the vernacular and copies multiplied until books could be sent out, each copy serving scores and hundreds of readers. The Bible was sung by minnesingers. It was recited in the discourses of the Waldensian missionaries. Disciples multiplied, congregations were formed, various cities and provinces joined the mighty movement.

The dauntless spirit of Pope Innocent III. was aroused. He saw the danger, and sounded the tocsin of persecution. Mail clad priests, prelates and bishops, barons and counts, ambitious of enlarging their domains, and peasants eager to wreak their fanaticism on their neighbors, assembled at the Pontiff's summons. Fire and sword speedily did the work of extermination. That nothing might be lacking Innocent III. set up the tribunal of the

Inquisition, and what escaped the sword of the soldiers perished on the racks of St. Dominic.

The torch of persecution was fairly lighted in the thirteenth century. The baneful fires which had burned low since the fall of the Empire, were rekindled by the Church. Rome founded her domain upon the dogma of persecution. She proclaimed herself to be "Lord of the conscience." Then follows a succession of fulminating edicts. She pronounced sentence of extinction on the Saracens. "The golden crown of Paradise" had been won by Crusaders. The clouds of extermination and the hopes of Paradise were to hover over the fields of southern Europe. The far-seeing eye of Innocent detected the new life which was springing from the seeds sown by preacher and troubadour along the shores of the Mediterranean, the line of the Pyrenees and southern Gaul. He resolved to crush the movement. Cities might be drowned in blood, art and civilization might perish, and the progress of the world rolled back for centuries, still Rome must be saved. A series of persecuting edicts paved the way for horrible butcheries, and for the hot breath of the Inquisition to blast the fairest fields of Europe. Of these we cannot speak. They were issued and enforced in order that the protest raised against the vices of Rome might be crushed.

Twenty years of this cruel work of rooting out the seeds of heresy by the Inquisition, followed the massacre of a hundred thousand souls. The valleys and woods were searched for food for the gibbets and stakes, whose dismal array covered the face of the country of the Albigenes. Blood never ceased to flow nor flame to devour their victims.

In the year 1229, a council was held at Toulouse. The foundations of the Inquisition had already been laid. It

yet lacked full authorization and equipment. This council developed and perfected its working. It erected in every city a council consisting of one priest and three laymen, whose business it was to search every house, cellars and lurking places, also caves, woods and fields for heretics, and to denounce them before bishops, lords and bailiffs. Once discovered a short ordeal was the way to the stake.

The Crusades were at an end, but they were continued under this later and more dreadful form. Their wildest tempests in spirit would find an end, that of the Inquisition marched on and on, day and night, century after century, with a regularity that was appalling. It piled its dead in ghastly heaps in every country of Europe. These tragedies were the deliberate act of the Church of Rome. They were planned in solemn council, enunciated in dogma, and executed by the authority of the "vicar of Christ. These were the marks of her true genius at the time of her glory; these she holds as her rights to-day.

The spirit has not changed, and the "Holy Inquisition" is the title by which Rome breathes its name. In our day all this horror has been reviewed and ratified by the Church which enacted them. First by the *Syllabus* of 1864, and second by the dogma of infallibility which lends to all past actions, as well as present movements, the character of undisputed right and truth.

Side by side with the growth of external power grew and expanded those deep spiritual principles which were to move the world.

Keeping step with the great principle of Papal domination, was the great idea of Christianity — the idea of grace, of pardon, of amnesty, of the gift of eter-

nal life. This supposed that man was alienated from God, and unable of himself to return.

Salvation, when considered as coming from man himself, is the source of all error, the creative principle of all abuses. The excesses which grew upon this fundamental error caused the Reformation. This feature must therefore become prominent in the history of such reform. "By grace are ye saved" are the words of the Apostle. What had become of this idea? Had the Romish Church preserved it? Was it the inspiring cause of faith? Had that which the Apostle declared to be the "gift of God" come now to be given or to be withheld at the caprice of man?

Let us see what did happen.

Faith soon came to be a simple act of the understanding. An assent to authority. Faith being stripped of its character, it could not save, and being destitute of works, they could not. It became necessary that the ground of salvation be outside of man, having its foundation in works without faith.

Following this came the idea that man suffering from no hereditary taint of sin, having received the power to do right, has only to will, in order to perform. This idea by placing goodness outside of a man, rather than in his heart, necessarily laid great value upon external actions and penitential works. The more these were observed the better a man became; by them he gained heaven, and soon the absurd idea prevailed that a man could gain more holiness than he personally needed. Imagining that he could deserve much grace, he saw no means of meriting it, save by external acts. Ceremonies therefore were multiplied and rites became complicated. Penance was introduced, first as a public expression of repentance and afterwards as a punishment necessary to

secure the forgiveness of God through priestly absolution. Great importance was attached to marks of repentance—to tears, fasting and abuse of the body.

In the eleventh century, voluntary flagellations were added to these practices. It soon became a mania among young and old. Nobles and peasants, even children five years of age, clad in scantiest garments, went in pairs by tens of thousands through towns and villages, and armed with scourges, flogged each other without pity, while the streets re-echoed their cries of agony.

By degrees penance was extended to every known sin; the most secret, or the most execrable, and by degrees ecclesiastical penance became confounded with Christian repentance, without which there can be neither justification nor sanctification.

But even the priests felt the uselessness of these proceedings. They proposed, therefore, for certain sums of money to remit these penances. In place of seven weeks fast, the rich should pay twenty pence, if less wealthy ten, and three pence if poor. The Pope soon discovered the advantages to be derived from the sale of indulgences, and was quick to make use of them. Courageous men raised their voices against this traffic, but in vain. It was extended and complicated.

There was little to be expected from the state of the Church at the time of the advent of the Reformation.

No longer did the people of Christendom look to a holy and living God for the free gift of eternal life. To obtain this they must have recourse to all the means which an alarmed conscience and depraved superstition could desire. Heaven was crowded with saints who acted as mediators, and earth with trading hypocrites who had made it a "den of thieves."

Christ's death was an idle tale told in a drowsy ear.

His merits and sacrifice became as the mild fictions of Homer. The Virgin Mary became later the Diana of Paganism, the only object of worship. Heresy mediates were multiplied by the order of Popes whose intercession could only be obtained by favored applicants, who had deserved well by leaving costly gifts at their earthly shrine.

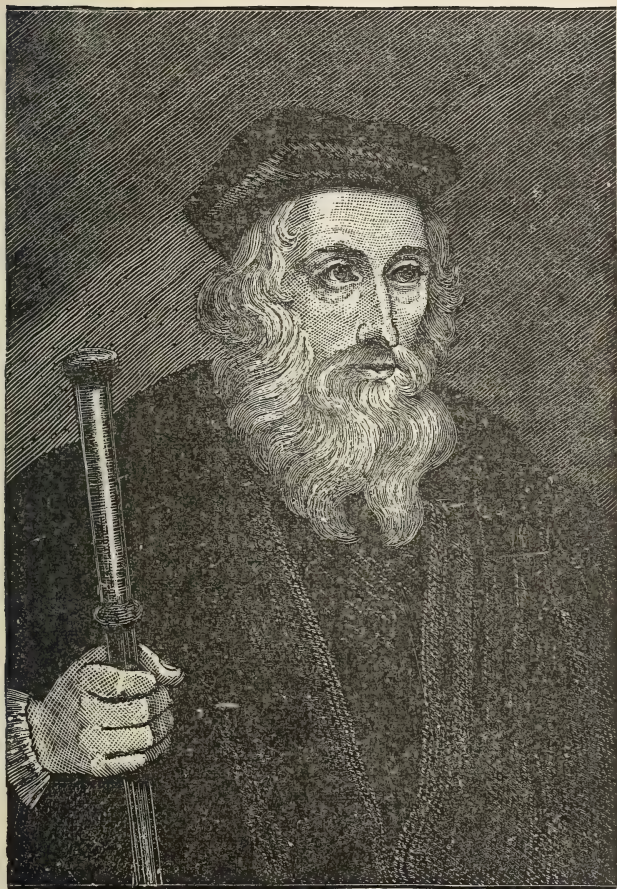
The Pope "sat as God in the temple of God," and could not err. In the Church of All Saints at Wittenbërg was shown a piece of Noah's ark, some soot from the fiery furnace, a piece of wood from the cradle of Christ, and nineteen thousand other relics. Saint Louis of France, erected the Saint Chapelle, in Paris, to contain a piece of the true Cross, a part of the crown of thorns, "and the sword which Baalam wished he had when the ass rebuked him." A seller of indulgences went about with a feather on his head plucked from the wing of St. Michael. The Kingdom of Heaven had disappeared and in its place was a market of abominations. About this time certain men declared that on the outer confines of this world, there was a fire in which men were purified. The Pope declared this to be a tenet of the church and by a bull "annexed purgatory to his domain." By indulgences, he could liberate men from this torment. The priests depicted in horrible colors the action of this purifying fire upon all that became its prey. The celebrated Tariff of Indulgences is too scandalous to be repeated, although it has passed through fifty editions. There was a stated price for murder, infanticide, adultery, perjury, and the whole catalogue of human sins. In thirteen hundred the Pope declared that every hundred years, all who visited Rome, should receive a plenary indulgence, that is an entire remission of all penalties due to all sins

which have been or may be committed. In the first month following this announcement, two hundred thousand persons visited the Pope and with princely offerings overflowed his well replenished coffers. The inducement was too great. His avarice could not restrain itself, and he proclaimed a Jubilee every twenty-fifth year. For the convenience of buyers, and the profit of sellers, indulgences were now sold from door to door.

It was time for the Reformer. A light is about to appear greater than any which has illuminated the darkness of the ages gone before.



CHARLEMAGNE IN COUNCIL.



JOHN OF WYCLIFFE.

CHAPTER V.

BIRTH OF WYCLIFFE.

It is the beginning of the fourteenth century and we turn our eyes for the first time to the British Isle. In a manor house in the north of Yorkshire, was born a child who was named John. Here his ancestors had lived since the days of the Conquest, and following the manner of the times they took their surname from the parish in which they lived. Hence the son now born to them was known as John of Wycliffe. Of his boyhood nothing is recorded. Few have acted so large a part, of the personal incidents of whose life, almost nothing is known. He was a man of noble aspect and commanding attitude. A dark, piercing eye and firm set lips mantled ever with a sarcastic smile. Not blameless merely but holy was the life he lived in an age of unexampled degeneracy.

About the age of sixteen young Wycliffe was sent to Oxford College. At the time of his entering Merton, which was the oldest hall save one at Oxford, there were not less than thirty thousand students. Quick apprehension, a penetrating intellect, a retentive memory enabled young Wycliffe to progress rapidly in the learning of those days. To his knowledge of philosophy he added great proficiency in the laws of both Church and State. This branch of knowledge stood him in after years in far more stead than other and more fashionable sciences. By his studies of the constitution and laws of his country he was fitted to take an intelligent part in the great conflict which soon

arose between the usurpations of the Pope and the rights of the Crown of England. But it was not Wycliffe's intellect nor his education that made him a reformer. It was the illumination of his mind and the renewal of his heart through the Scriptures which made him next to Martin Luther, the greatest of all the Reformers of that era. Without this he might have been remembered as a theologian of the fourteenth century, but he never would have been known as the John Baptist of the Reformation, carrying the axe into the wilderness of papal abuses and striking at the roots of the tree of which others were content only to lop off here and there a branch. To him belongs the honor of raising that great Protest which other men and nations shall bear onward till it encircles the earth with the glad anthem, "Fallen is every idol, razed is every stronghold of darkness and tyranny, and now is come salvation and the kingdom of our Lord and ~~his~~ Christ and he shall reign forever."

In 1365, John of Wycliffe received the appointment as head of Canterbury Hall. This was a new college founded in Oxford by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The arrangement of the founder was, that four monks and eight priests should hold the fellowships, which plan resulted in so much rivalry that the monks were dismissed and their place supplied by four secular teachers with Wycliffe at the head.

Within a year the Archbishop died and was followed by a zealous monk who replaced the regulars, as the monks were called, and Wycliffe was deposed.

Appeal to the Pope failed to reverse this decision, and happily gave to the world a man who might otherwise have remained within the walls of Oxford.

It was no longer against the monks of Canterbury,

nor the Primate of England, but against the Pontiff of Christendom that Wycliffe was to battle.

It will now be necessary for us to turn back the pages of England's history for a hundred years. Upon the throne sat King John, a vicious, cowardly and despotic monarch. The See of Canterbury was the Episcopal throne of England, and next to the king was the primate seated there. Hubert who occupied this seat died in 1205, and the junior canons met that very night and elected Reginald to the Archiepiscopal throne before midnight, and had him on his way to Rome before daylight hoping to secure the Pope's sanction.

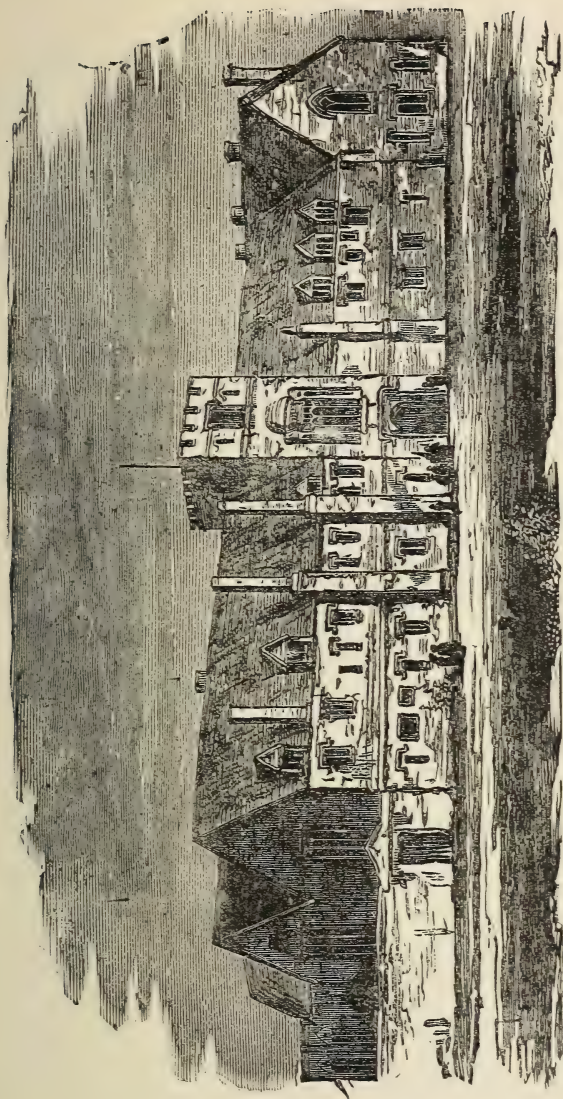
Naturally John was very indignant, and summoning all the monks, elected the Bishop of Norwich, who was the king's favorite, and dispatched a delegation to Rome for the Pope's approval of this choice.

The man who filled the chair of Saint Peter was Innocent III. of whom we have already heard, and he was at this time vigorously engaged in subjecting the rights and power of princes to the Papal See, and taking into his own hands the appointment of all high church officials, that through the bishops and priests he might as supreme ruler of nations govern even absolute monarchies, which he strove to make dependent upon the Vatican. Accordingly he annulled both elections; made his own nomination, and placed on the chair of Canterbury, Cardinal Langton. But he did more than this. He informed King John that the Pontiff would hold this right for all coming time.

John saw the danger and felt the humiliation. The See of Canterbury was the first seat in dignity next the throne. A foreign power had appointed one to fill that seat. Why should it not, when grown more arrogant, appoint to the throne itself? It was but one step above it!

The King declared with oaths that the Pope's nominee should never sit in that chair. The Pope sent three bishops to the King with threats of an interdict. He told them that if an interdict was laid upon his kingdom, he would tear out the eyes and cut off the noses of all the monks he could lay hold of, and send them to Rome in that undecorated state, as a present to their master. He begun the battle as if he meant to win. He turned the canons of Canterbury out of doors, and ordered all prelates and abbotts to leave the kingdom.

The Pontiff smote the land with an interdict, the king had offended, the nation must suffer. Think what that meant to darkened, superstitious minds. The father saw his dying child standing forever outside the gate of heaven which had been locked by the Pope's decree. The aged pilgrim tottering on the verge of time, the last of all his race, was doomed to wander in some doleful region outside the gates of happiness. Not one from that unhappy realm lying under Papal ban could cross heaven's threshold. The church doors were closed; the altar lights put out; the bells ceased to ring. Marriages were celebrated in the church-yards, the dead were buried in ditches in the open field. No one durst rejoice for so did men account the Church's ban. John braved this for two whole years, and the Pope was as obstinate as he. It was now proposed by Innocent to bow the stubborn monarch and accordingly he issued the ban of excommunication; deposed him from the throne and absolved his subjects from allegiance. To accomplish this, Innocent instigated the King of France to invade England, promising, or rather giving him a full title to the kingdom. The prize was tempting. The French monarch collected a mighty armament and prepared to cross the channel.



OXFORD COLLEGE.

When John saw the brink on which he stood he was filled with terror. In an interview with the Pope's legate he submitted unreservedly to the Vatican, "Resigning England and Ireland to God, to Peter, to Paul, and to Pope Innocent and his successors." He promised to hold all these as feudatory of the throne of Rome by the annual payment of a thousand marks, failing which he forfeited all right to his dominion.

He ended this remarkable transaction by placing his crown at the feet of Pandolf, the Pope's Legate, who kicked it about like a worthless bauble, after which the craven monarch picked it out of the dust and placed it upon his degraded head. This was on the 15th of May, 1213.

The barons however had more spirit. They would not be slaves of the Pope. By their intrepidity and patriotism they wiped off the ineffable disgrace which the baseness of their monarch had inflicted upon them. In the name of their country, they unsheathed their swords, and vowed to maintain the ancient liberties of England, or die in the attempt.

Appearing before the King at Oxford in April, 1215, they said, "Here is the charter which consecrates the liberties conferred by Henry II., and which you have solemnly sworn to observe.

The King stormed, "I will not grant you liberties which would make me a slave." But the dauntless barons soon taught him to realize that he had become odious with the whole nation, and wrung from him the unwilling assent to sign the charter. It was not however until the barons had set up their banner in London, and the despairing King feared all the people would flock to join them.

It was Monday, the fifteenth day of June, 1215, the King came down from Windsor Castle to a little island

in the Thames, still known as Magna Charta Island or Runny-Meade, and the barons came from Staines and they met there in the morning sunlight, and the King signed the Great Magna Charta.

This was in effect to tell Innocent that he revoked his vow; freed his nobles and people from vassalage, and took back the kingdom to himself. But when he reflected on what he had done, his anger knew no bounds. If he had broken the yoke of the pontiff, he had put himself in unwilling fetters to deal justly with his subjects. He returned to Oxford where his anger was terrible to behold.

No less, however, was the ire of Innocent. Magna Charta was a political protest against him and his system. It inaugurated political ideas, inimical to popedom. It was constitutional liberty standing up before papal absolutism and throwing down the gage of battle to it.

The divine or evangelical element came first, the political liberty came after. The evangelical principle among the Albigenses in the south of France was nearly crushed out by the living horrors of the Inquisition, but not until its light had touched at least one heart in England—not only one but thousands. From the north there was arising a power; the product of this spiritual quickening, which would not bow before him who from his seat upon the seven hills, was absorbing all rights and enslaving all nations.

Innocent went to the grave, and feebler men succeeded him. The kings of England mounted the throne without the oath of fealty to the Pope, although the thousand marks a year were sent to the papal treasury. At last, under Edward II., this ceased and no remonstrance followed.

For a generation this payment was interrupted, when in 1365 Pope Urban demanded its renewal under threats



JOHN'S ANGER AFTER SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

of excommunication. But the England of Edward III. was not that of King John.

When England began to resist papal power she began to grow in power and wealth. She had fused Norman and Saxons into one people; had formed a language, had created a commerce; fought great battles; and won brilliant victories in the hundred years since the Charta was signed. The pontiff was bidden, somewhat gruffly, to stand off. These nobles knew but little of theology, but a great deal about independence. This was the moment chosen by Urban V. to advance his insolent demand.

Edward assembled the Parliament and laying the Pope's letter before it, demanded what answer should be returned. "Give us," said the estates, "a day to think over it." They assembled on the morrow, king, lords and commons. "Shall England, now becoming mistress of the seas, bow at the feet of the Pope?" It is a great crisis. The wavering pulses of prophecy and history are stilled. We eagerly scan these rough, earnest faces. The future of England, yes, and America, though undiscovered, hangs on their resolve. The record is full of interest. A military baron rises, and laying his hand upon his sword-hilt says, "The Kingdom of England was won by the sword, and by it has been defended. Let the Pope gird on his sword, and come and exact this tribute. I am ready to resist him." So spake they all; prelate, baron, and commoner united in repudiating the demand. The decision was unanimous, and behind those rough voices may be heard that of John of Wycliffe. He had been the teacher of the barons and the commons. He had propounded and maintained from his chair at Oxford and elsewhere, even in Parliament, these truths before they were uttered by the estates assembled in the

name of the realm. And in the private and public discussions where Wycliffe met the challenge of the Pope's legates he demonstrated with unanswerable argument and invincible power, the falsity of the papal assumption. It must never be forgotten that though Edward III. and his Parliament occupied the foreground, the real champion in this battle was Wycliffe.



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MENDICANT FRIARS.

It now becomes necessary to consider a second phase of the great conflict in which our Reformer is engaged. We refer to his contest with the mendicant friars. It continued during his battle against the temporal power, and in fact on to the end of his life. There were great principles involved in this controversy, the discussion of which had a marked influence not alone upon the mind of Wycliffe, but also upon the minds of all who sympathized with his ideas. From questioning the mere abuse of the Papal prerogative he very naturally came to question its legitimacy. Every step forward brought him face to face with new questions which sent him back to the Scriptures instead of to Papal traditions. Every page he read illuminated his inquiring mind and forced upon him the conviction that the system of the Gospel and the system of the Papacy were irreconcilable. Fox, the historian of the martyrs, tells us that "this decision was not made without many tears and groans." "After he had a long time professed divinity in Oxford, and perceiving the true doctrine of Christ's Gospel to be adulterated and defiled with so many filthy inventions of bishops, sects of monks, and dark errors, and that he after long debating and deliberating with himself, could no longer suffer or abide the cause, he at the last determined with himself to help and to remedy such things as he saw to be out of the way. But for as much as he saw that this dangerous meddling could not be attempted

without great trouble, he thought the matter should be done by little and little."

He first assailed his opponents with logical and metaphysical questions which they found it difficult to answer. Availing himself of their confusion upon minor points he pushed them sharply upon the greater questions of the Sacraments and other abuses of the Church.

We have briefly spoken of the rise of the Monastic orders, it is necessary now to allude to their rapid and marvellous diffusion throughout and even beyond the limits of Christendom. They built their rude cells amidst the tombs of Egypt, upon the African deserts, amongst the mountains of Sinai and on the islands of the Ægean and Tuscan seas. These places were peopled with colonies of hermits and anchorites, who fled from the world to devote themselves to lives of solitude and spiritual meditation. The secular spirit and corruption of the regular clergy which was engendered by the wealth that flowed in upon the Church, made necessary, it was thought, a new order that might exhibit a virtue which the others so signally lacked. These men lived in seclusion or gathered in fraternities taking vows of poverty, frugality, chastity and obedience, and thought by their austerity to redeem Christianity from the stain which lordly priests and gilded cathedrals had brought upon it. "So the world believed and felt itself edified by the spectacle."

There is no doubt that the monastery was for a time, the asylum of piety, of purity, and of benevolence, which had been banished from the world.

Glowing pictures have been drawn of the sanctity of these monasteries. Peace fled affrighted to their walls when violence distracted the outer world. The land smiled like a garden around them, when through bar-

barism or the fire-floods of war the rest of the soil was sinking into a desert. Here learning found a home, letters were cultivated, and the arts of civilized life pursued. To their gates came the distressed, the halt, and the blind, and their misery never failed to find comfort, nor their needs succor.

While the neighboring castle resounded with the clang of arms, or the brawl of wassail, the holy chimes of the monastery bells, called the penitent to prayer.

These pictures are so lovely that we would fain leave them as they are, rejoicing that in the midst of war's rude buffetings there were quiet retreats, where the din of arms did not drown the voice of song, or restrain the muses from visiting the earth. We feel it to be almost an offence to religion to doubt their truth, and yet, we are a little skeptical. History has few records, alas, we know not where to look for one of the originals of these enchanting descriptions. Sentiment, poetry, and tradition vie with each other in presenting in an alluring light, these somewhat spectral elysians, and we are compelled to admit that much of it belongs to the poetic emotions of a later age.

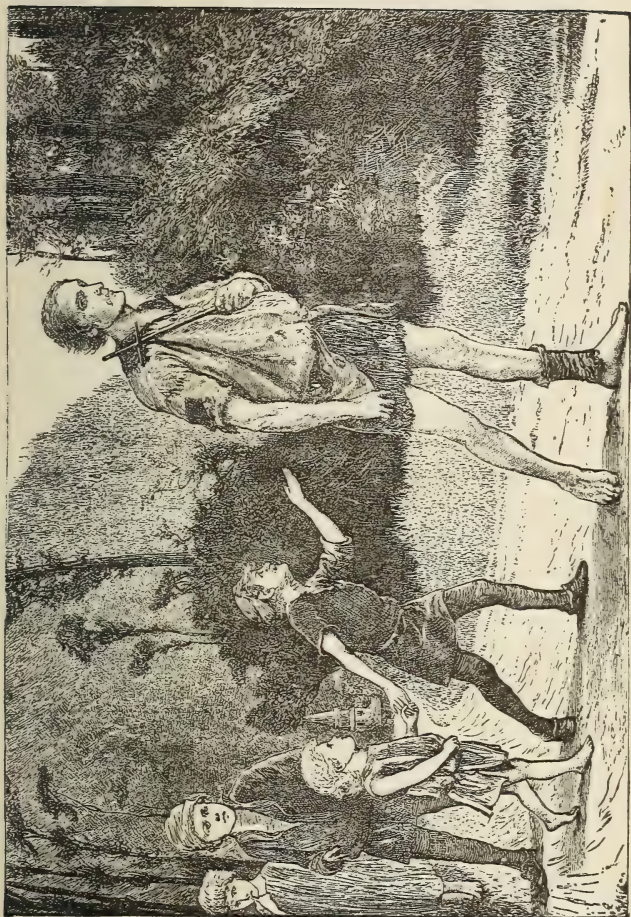
History confirms one fact, that at a very early age in their existence the monastic orders became to a fearful degree corrupt, more so than the world which they had forsaken. The famous Abbot of Cluny, says: "Our brethren despise God, and have passed all shame." "They run here and there, and as kites and vultures fly with great swiftness where the smoke of the kitchen is. Those that will not do as the rest, they mock and treat as hypocrites."

One of the most renowned of these orders was the Franciscans whose founder, St. Francis, was born in Umbria, in 1182. Certain signs accompanied his birth

which foretold his greatness, in spite of which he grew up in debauchery. Having robbed his father, he was disinherited, and soon after he was seized with a malignant fever, which seems to have induced a frenzy which never left him. He lay down upon his sick bed a profligate, he arose from it engrossed with the idea that holiness and virtue consisted in poverty. He carried out this theory to the letter. He gave away all his property ; exchanged his clothes with a beggar on the highway ; and squalid, emaciated, covered with filth and rags, his eye burning with a strange fire he wandered around his native town, followed by a crowd of boys who hooted and yelled at him as a madman. Being joined by seven disciples he started for Rome to lay his plans before the Pope.

The tides of prosperity had placed the Pope on the highest pinnacle of honor. Not a Pontificate, not a decade since Hildebrand but had added to the heights of that stupendous Babel which the genius of those ages was uprearing. Rome was more truly mistress of the world than in the days of the Cæsars. Her sway went deeper into the hearts of nations. Her legates governed subject kingdoms, her edicts all the world obeyed. Kings and suppliant princes waited at her gates ; and her highways were filled with ambassadors and suitors from every realm of Christendom. The Pilgrim and devotee from distant nations prayed at her shrines. Day and night without intermission there flowed through her gates which received in turn into worldly coffers the tribute of the world. On such pleasurable subjects dwelt the thoughts of Innocent III. as Francis with his band of beggars drew near.

It was a subject for the painter. The mightiest Pontiff, at whose Jove-like nod kings tumbled from their thrones,



ST. FRANCIS.

and thrones crumbled into dust, was pacing to and fro beneath the pillared entrance to his palace questioning the prospects of new additions to the glory of the Papal throne ; when his eye lights upon a strange figure. Beneath his beggar garb, proud mien and wild eye there is something which betokens a spirit of dauntless energy.

“Who and whence art thou?” demanded the pontiff.

“I am come with a mission, therefore do I enter thy presence. Beggar as I am, I beg not ; rather will I bestow alms upon the Popedom. Few kings have power to lay at the feet of Rome greater gifts than I, in rags have come to bestow.”

Curious to learn his mission Innocent commanded him to speak on.

His scheme seemed so wild, his power to accomplish it so pitiable, the Pope bade him begone.

Silent, disappointed and downcast, he retired.

But the Pontiff was ill at ease upon his couch that night. The beggar with wild, fierce eyes stood before him. In a dream a stately palm sprung up at his feet and spread out its branches until they covered the heavens. Again ! he dreamed that the pillars of the Lateran seemed tottering and ready to fall, when this beggar from Umbria stretched forth his hand and sustained it.

When the Pope awoke he sent couriers to find this wild-eyed man. He convened the Cardinals, and when he went forth again ; though clad in rags, he bore Rome’s commission to arrange and set a working such an Order as he had sketched out.

The subtle enthusiasm with which he left the presence of Pope and Cardinals kindled a similar enthusiasm in the hearts of others. A dozen men came to his standard. This dozen multiplied into hundreds, the hundreds into thousands, and before his death, St. Francis saw five

thousand of his monks, two from each of twenty-five hundred convents, assembled to hold a general chapter at his convent in Italy.

The solitary fanatic had become an army. His disciples filled all countries. Every object and thought was subordinated to their chief; banded together by a vow, and all laboring with indefatigable zeal in the service of the Church.

From this Order has sprung five Popes and forty-five Cardinals.



A GROUP OF FRIARS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOMINICANS.

We now come to consider another order of Mendicant Friars, called the Dominicans. They received their name from Saint Dominic, the founder, who was born in Avignon, about 1170. He was cast in a very different mould from Saint Francis ; with an enthusiasm as fiery, a zeal as intense ; but with a cool, calculating judgment, a firm will, a somewhat stern temper, a great knowledge of worldly affairs, he was well fitted to rule the strange and remarkable Order of which he was so long the head. He had witnessed the rise of heresy in the southern provinces of France ; he had seen the futility of the magnificently equipped missionaries that Rome sent forth to convert heretics : he saw that these missionaries left, wherever they labored, more heretics than they found ; mighty dignitaries, followed by sumptuous trains of priests and monks too proud to gaze at the multitude, went forth on these errands, and Dominic decided that wealth had not the power over the souls of men that simple truth had. Instead of bishops on horses he called for monks in wooden shoes and coarse raiment. He visited Rome, laid before Innocent III. his plan ; offering to raise an army that would wander throughout every town in Europe in the interests of the Papal See. It should be organized after a fashion differing from any other army that had unfurled its banners, and through its instrumentality, he offered to return a better account of the subjugation of the heretics than had any other agency

which had been sent forth. Their garb was to be plain and humble, their habits austere and simple ; with speech so plain that the common peasant could understand them ; and thus they would go out to win back to the faith the heretics who had been seduced therefrom. They proposed, furthermore, to live entirely upon alms, and cost the papal exchequer nothing for their support. Innocent, however, declined to grant Saint Dominic the commission. But Pope Honorius was far more complaisant ; he saw the utility of such a scheme when governed by a man like Saint Dominic. He confirmed the proposed order ; and from beginnings equally small with those of the Franciscans, the growth of the Dominicans was equally great in popularity and numbers. Unlike the Franciscans, however, the Dominicans were divided into two companies. The business of the first company was to preach ; the business of the second company, which followed the first, was to assail those whom the former could not convert,—the one refuted heresy, the other burned the heretic. Through this happy division of labor it was thought that the work could be thoroughly and successfully done. Preachers multiplied with great rapidity ; the sound of their voices echoed throughout Europe. Their learning was small, but it was made up by eloquence, fiery zeal, and intense hatred. Their words were listened to by admiring crowds.

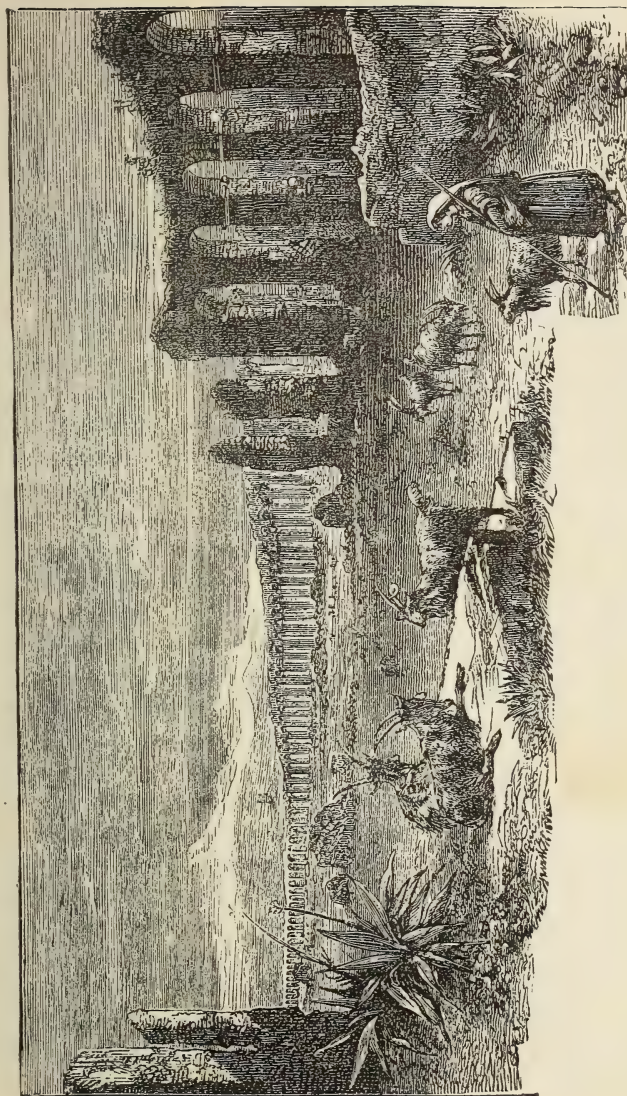
These two orders of men, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, did for the papacy prior to the Reformation what the Jesuits have done for it in the centuries which have followed. If the rise of these orders was unexampled in its rapidity, they were equally unexampled in the rapidity of their decline. The rock on which they split was the same as that on which the Church of Rome was foundering at the time of their organization, namely,

riches. But it may be asked how was it possible for the possessions of wealth to enter when the door of the monastery was so effectually barred by vows of poverty? Not as individuals, however, but as corporations, were these orders permitted to hold property. The original constitution remained of course unaltered; their vows of poverty still stood unrepealed; they lived on the alms of the faithful; they wore gowns of coarse cloth, girded at the waist with knotted cords, curiously provided with numerous and capacious pockets, in which little images, consecrated bits of paper, sacred amulets and rosaries were mixed with bread and cheese and morsels of flesh collected by begging; yet in the midst of these outward signs of poverty, they grew richer every day. The curiously knotted cords with which they girded themselves had power to heal the sick, chase away the devil, avoid temptation, and serve whatever turn they pleased. Among these preachers were men of subtle intellect and refined intelligence. They taught a happy distinction between a proprietor and a steward. As proprietors they could possess nothing; as stewards they could possess everything. This ingenious distinction unlocked the gates of their convents, threw back the bar of poverty, and made way for a stream of gold to flow in, fed by the piety of their admirers. They did not become landed proprietors, but they surpassed all others in the splendor and magnificence of their churches, cloisters, convents and castles. Edifices which monarchs might have been proud to inhabit, arose in all countries for the use of the friars. With wealth gained; indolence, insolence, pollution of manners, corruption of morals, the abuse of all privileges and powers granted by the Papal See increased until as Matthew Paris exclaimed relative to its awful presage, "that in three hundred years the old monas-

tic orders have not so entirely degenerated as these fraternities."

Such was the condition of things when Wycliffe entered upon his work of reformation. A plague had fallen upon the people; it was daily spreading and hourly intensifying its ravages. The condition of the Mendicants far exceeded in degradation the sketch which Matthew Paris has left for us.

The Dominican friars entered England in 1321. In 1360 Wycliffe began his public opposition to them. Forty years before, thirteen men of this order had settled in Oxford; they recruited their ranks so rapidly that they soon spread throughout the kingdom. Finding themselves powerful they attacked the laws and privileges of the University of Oxford, and claimed independence of jurisdiction. The first to oppose them was Fitz-Ralph, the chancellor of Oxford. He declared that under this pestiferous canker everything that was good and fair, letters, industry, obedience and morals, was being blighted. He carried his complaints to Avignon, where the popes then lived, hoping to reform the crying abuses of his time. In vain did the archbishop undertake his long journey; in vain did he urge these complaints before the pontiff at Avignon. The Pope knew they were well founded, but what did that avail? The friars were indispensable to him; they had been created by him, they were in a sense dependent upon him; they were his obsequious tools; and, weighed against the services they were rendering the papal throne, the interests of literature and morals in Europe were but dust of the balance; not a finger should be lifted to curtail their privileges or check their abuses. Fitz-Ralph died in the year 1370, much to the joy of the friars, whose enemy he had proved to be; but their rejoicing was of short duration.



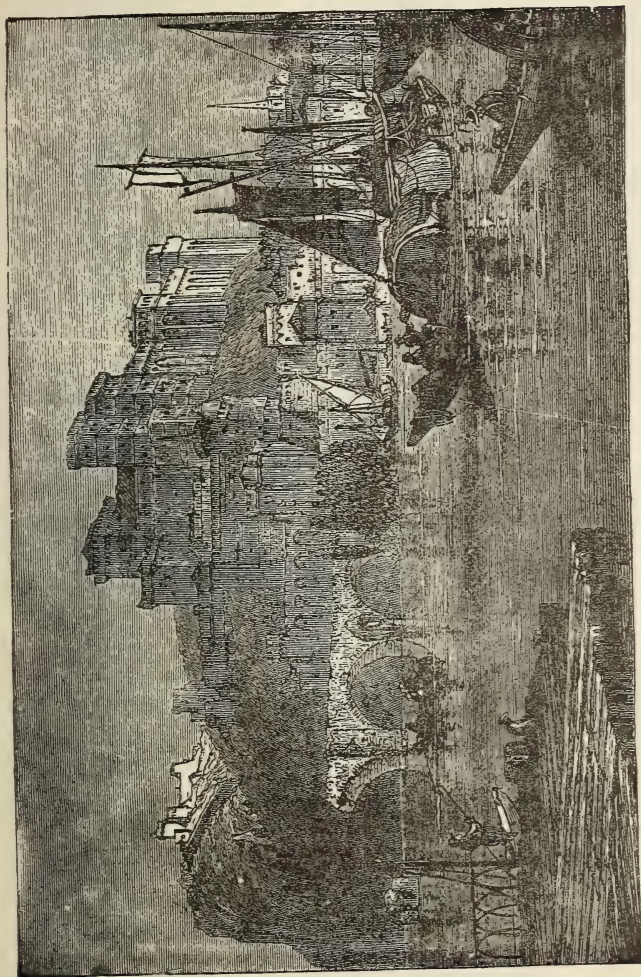
ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

John Wycliffe stood up before these Mendicants to engage in the conflict which he would maintain until the end of his life. He saw deeper into these evils than his predecessors had done. He recognized the very existence of the order as unscriptural and corrupt, and he knew while it existed and had power, nothing but abuse could flow from it. Therefore he was not content as his predecessors had been with the reformation of the order; he demanded its abolition. It seems that the Pope had, moreover, conferred upon them the right of shrieving men, and they performed their office with such hearty good will and gave terms of absolution upon such easy conditions that malefactors of all descriptions flocked to them for pardons, and in consequence there was a frightful increase of immorality and crime. Alms which ought to have been given to the needy were devoured by them. Not the money only, but the secrets of the nation did they obtain through the confessional. To obey the Pope, to pray to some saint, to give alms to the friars, was the sum total of all piety. This was better than all fruit of learning or of purity, for it opened the gates of Heaven to every one that fulfilled these conditions.

Wycliffe saw nothing in the future, provided the Mendicants were to carry on their trade, but the speedy ruin of both Church and State. The controversy that Wycliffe now engaged in was a wholesome one—one of purification and cleansing; it touched to the bottom the principles of Christianity; it compelled men to understand the teachings of the Gospel. Mendicants went throughout England selling the pardons of the Pope, and the question was asked, “Can our sins be forgiven with little money? Is it with Innocent or with God that we

are to deal?" Thus the controversy became not a quarrel between men, but the opposition of principles.

John Wycliffe thus, with the instinct of a true reformer, struck at that ghostly principle which served as the foundation stone of the Papal kingdom. Luther's first blows were in like manner aimed at the same principle. He began his career by throwing down the gauntlet to the pardon mongers of Rome. Wycliffe perceived that he could not shake into ruin that great fabric of spiritual and temporal power otherwise than by exploding the false dogmas on which they were founded.



AVIGNON. RESIDENCE OF THE POPE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COMMON AT BRUGES.

The futile warfare which the English parliament was waging, while it accomplished little practically, was an evidence of the growing power of Wycliffe in the nation. The treasure of the realm went into the hands of church dignitaries, principally French and Italian. The clergy was almost entirely alien. The Pope had removed to Avignon in France, where the King addressed to him another communication, asking that Papal assumption be removed or modified. He declined to receive the embassy at Avignon and appointed a meeting at Bruges, then a city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants. The result was simply a hollow truce. The power of the Pope remained equal to that of the Sovereign. He simply abstained from the exercise of his authority.

Wycliffe, who was a member of that commission, returned home in disgust at the time wasted and the result gained. But the time had not been lost to him. His intercourse with the foreign princes of the Church, had not raised his ideas of their character. He gained an insight into a circle which would not have readily opened to his view in his own country, and when he returned to England, he proclaimed upon the house-top what he before had only spoken in the closet. "Avarice, ambition, hypocrisy, these were the gods they worshipped in the Roman *Curia*. These were the virtues which adorned the Papal throne." So did Wycliffe proclaim. In his public lectures he now spoke of the Pope as "Anti-

Christ, the proud and worldly priest of Rome, and the most accursed of clippers and purse-knivers."

Parliament now decided to take more aggressive measures. A battle must be fought for their country's independence, and they knew of no one but themselves to fight it. A document was drawn up, setting forth the manifold miseries under which the country was groaning from foreign tyranny, and asking that this source be removed. "God has given his sheep to the Pope," say they, "to be pastured, and not to be shorn and shaven," therefore, "it is good that no Papal collector or proctor should remain in England, and that no Englishman, on like pain should become such a collector or remain at the Court of Rome."

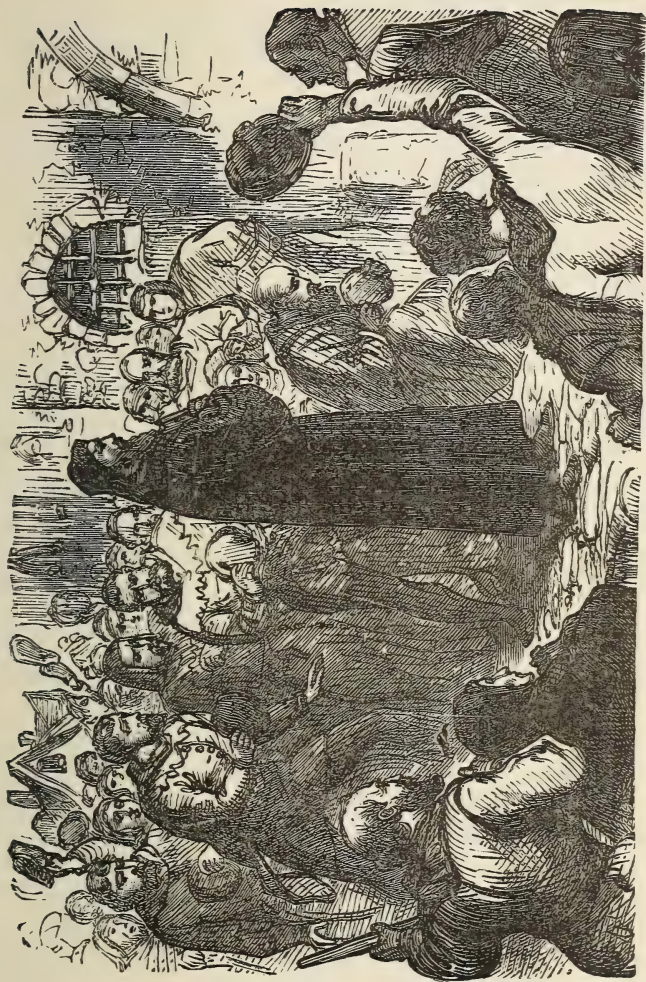
It was Wyckliffe who breathed this spirit into the Commoners of England. It was his earnestness that emboldened them to fight the battle for their rights. His graphic and trenchant words are easily distinguished in that document. His spirit formed the basis of England's independence.

The Pope stormed with impatient fury when he found the gage of battle thrown down in this fashion. He caught up the gauntlet with hands hot with fury, and showed his contempt for England's assertion, by appointing an Italian priest to an English church.

The Parliament stood in the pass of this thermopylae of principle, "We will support the crown against the tiara," is their resolution, and they did it.

This was the second great defeat which Rome sustained. England had refused her tribute to Urban and now she repels pontifical jurisdiction and claims the right to rule over her own territory.

The author of this movement was easy to discover. Through many channels he was leavening the nation.



WYCLIFFE ENTERING LAMBETH PALACE.

The chair of Oxford, his pulpit at Lutterworth, the Parliament whose debates and edicts he inspired and the Court whose policy he moulded, were each proclaiming his position to be a throne of power. The tide was rising. His sentiments were being echoed from mouth to mouth, and public opinion became a living commentary upon them.

The hierarchy took alarm. They were powerless in the hands of this man. They called aloud for help. The Pope took up their cause. In his infallible might he rose to crush this poor scholar of Oxford. "The whole glut of monks and begging friars," says Fox, "were set in a rage of madness." "They assailed this good man on every side, fighting for their altars and their bellies."

The man who is at the heart of this movement must be struck down. His writings were examined. He had taught that the Pope had no more power than an ordinary priest to forgive sins, excommunicate and absolve men, and that he has received the rights of no temporal lordship and no supremacy over kings. For similar doctrines, Arnold of Brescia had done expiation amidst the flames. Wycliffe must recant or suffer also. Then several bulls were despatched from Rome, demanding the immediate silence of this heretic.

One commanded the King to provide against heretics; another to the University of Oxford, denouncing the writings and teachings of one whose propositions were "detestable and damnable," ordering his apprehension and imprisonment. They threw a wolf's hide over the reformer and then let loose the war dogs of St. Dominic in full cry upon his track. His persecution had already begun before these bulls reached England.

Wycliffe was summoned before the Bishop at St. Paul, Feb. 19, 1377, to answer for his teaching. A great

crowd had assembled. Wycliffe, attended by his powerful friends, Duke of Lancaster, better known as John of Gaunt, and Lord Percy, appeared in the crowd.

Here stood the man whom the Bishop feared, at whose utterance the whole Papal world trembled. Before his judges he stood erect, his meagre form covered by the long black mantle worn by scholars of that day girded at the waist, his eye clear and piercing, lips firmly closed, and his whole appearance betokening great earnestness.

His friends had found great difficulty in getting through the crowd, and in forcing a passage something like an uproar took place, much to the annoyance of the court.

Lord Percy was the first to enter the chapel, 'Percy' exclaimed Bishop Courtney sharply, evidently offended at seeing this simple man so powerfully befriended, "If I had known what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you from coming hither."

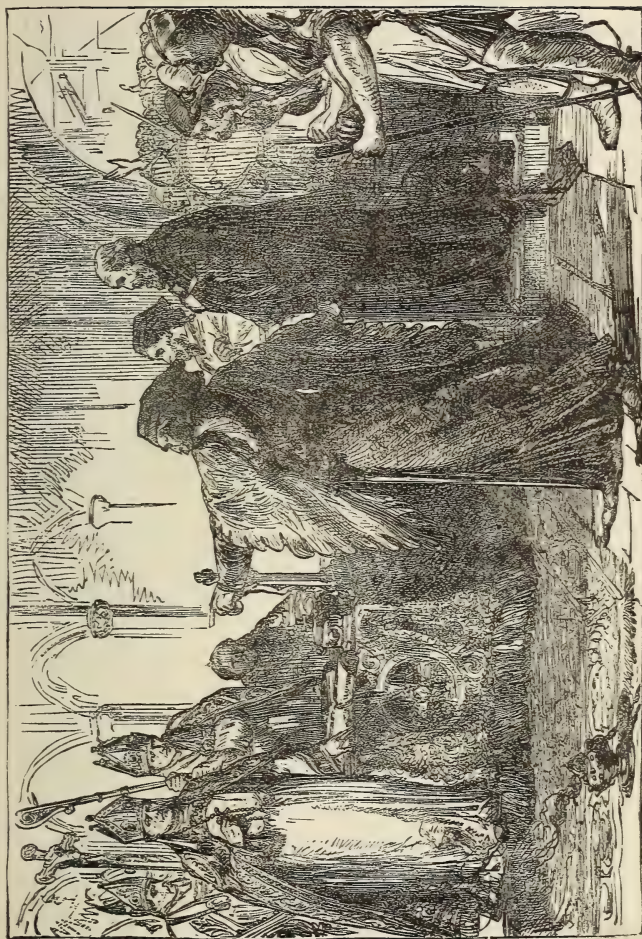
"He shall keep such masteries, though you say nay," said John of Gaunt gruffly.

"Sit down, Wycliffe," said Percy, "sit down. You have many things to answer to, and have need to repose yourself upon a soft seat."

"He must and shall stand," cried Courtney. "It is unreasonable that one on his trial before his tribunal should sit."

"Lord Percy's proposal is but reasonable," said Lancaster. "And as for you, Sir Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride of not you alone, but that of all the prelacy in England."

To this menace the Bishop made reply, but John of Gaunt was heard to mutter, "rather than take such words from the bishop he would drag him out of court by the hair of his head."



ALTERCATION BETWEEN JOHN OF GAUNT AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

It is hard to say how this strife would have ended had not other parties appeared upon the scene.

The crowd hearing a noisy altercation going on within, burst the barrier in front of the chapel and precipitated itself *en masse* upon the court.

The clamors of the mob drowned the angry contention of the doctor and bishop, and to proceed with the trial was out of the question.

These legates of Popedom had pictured to themselves a humble, trembling suppliant standing at their bar. Now they found themselves trembling, not only at the bar of public opinion, but face to face with an angry, excited populace. Like a dangerous spell which recoils against the one who uses it, their citation had recoiled upon themselves and had created a tempest which they were powerless to allay.

The issue of this affair was favorable to the Reformation. The hierarchy had received a check and Wycliffe had been brought prominently into notice, his ideas better understood and more widely discussed.

On the 21st of June, 1377, Edward III. died, who had reigned with great glory but had outlived his fame. His still more renowned son, the Black Prince, had preceded him, and the heir to the throne was but eleven years of age. But his mother, the dowager Princess of Wales, was a woman of spirit, friendly to the sentiments of the Reformer, and not afraid to avow it.

A new Parliament was called, and Wycliffe summoned to its councils. His influence was rapidly growing. We do not wonder that the Pope singled him out as the man to be struck down.

While the Papal bulls which were to crush him were on their way to England, the Parliament was manifesting increased confidence in him by submitting the following

question to him: "Whether the Kingdom of England might not lawfully, in case of necessity, declare and keep back the treasure of the kingdom, for its defence, that it be not carried away to foreign and strange nations, the Pope himself demanding and requiring the same under pain of censure."

Of course this to us appears a plain matter, but had we for ages been bearing the fetters of hereditary slavery we would find difficulty in solving such a problem. Nothing could better show the thralldom in which our fathers were held and the slow and laborious steps by which they found their way out of the house of bondage.

Meanwhile the three bulls of the Pope had arrived. That addressed to the king found Edward in his grave. The University gave a cold reception to the one addressed to it, only that addressed to the Bishops received a warm welcome.

Alarm mingled with rage possessed the prelates. The University manifested no inclination to silence the mightiest voice, and extinguish the greatest luminary within its walls.

Parliament recognized the fact that it was chiefly by the instrumentality of this one man that England had been rescued from political vassalage to the Papal See. He it was who had put a stop to Papal nominations, thereby vindicating the independence of the English Church. One after another of his aggressive and bold measures Parliament adopted, removing farther each time from the dreaded encroachments of papal authority. Backed by such interests the humble rector of Lutterworth became a formidable antagonist. He was recognized not alone in the political sphere—but the reactionary movements were based upon principles which shook the whole fabric of Roman power, and threat-

ened the overthrow of the entire structure, both temporally and spiritually.

This was easy to foresee, and the arrival of the bulls in England was hailed with delight, by the hierarchy who lost no time in summoning Wycliffe before them. He had too many friends to be seized and imprisoned as a common criminal, and the prelates, therefore, observed the caution to summon him to appear, thinking that his path would lead directly from their tribunal to a dungeon.



LAMBETH PALACE.

The Palace of Lambeth where this assembly was held, was the cradle of Protestantism in England. It was lustily rocked by rude and stormy times. A concourse far greater than that which witnessed their former gathering in St. Paul's now assembled giving anything but an assuring augury to the Bishop.

But John of Gaunt and other sturdy friends no longer stood at the Reformer's side. When the contest seemed to be shifting from a political to a spiritual one, these men fled from the prospect of heresy. But if forsaken by the barons, Wycliffe saw on his arrival at the gates of Lambeth that the populace was coming to his side, and he recognized the power of popular opinion. The crowd opened reverently to let him pass and then followed him into the prison chamber of persecution.

The reading of the citations against him began. Each in turn seemed calculated to provoke a tempest about the judgment seat and excite the people to the wildest fury. The Primate was consulting how they might eject or silence the people when the courtly form of Lord Clifford pressed forward before the Count. Dismay and silence fell upon the assembly:

"In the name of the Queen Mother I forbid this court to exercise judgment or pass sentence upon John de Wycliffe."

The proceedings were instantly stopped.

"At the wind of a reed shaken," says an old writer, "their speech became soft as oil, to the public loss of their own dignity and the damage of the whole church."

The only calm and self-possessed person in all that assembly was Wycliffe. A second time he departed unhurt, even from the jaws of danger and perhaps death.

Looking back on history and looking around in the world Wycliffe could see nothing but dissent from his

doctrines. To his political views, so far as they held the Pope's power at bay in England, he had many adherents. But when he arose to combat the false ideas advanced under the spiritual banner of Rome he stood alone. All men, all the ages, all the institutions of Christendom were against him. He believed that the Bible was on his side. To that he clung. It seems that one man and truth proved to be a majority in the world at that time. He held his place and advanced opinions which kings dare not utter. To men of his own time the Reformer's ideas seemed extravagant. It was a bold request that the Crown take possession of all church property and appoint the clergy, but men thought it out, and twenty-four years after his death the plan took shape in the form of a petition that the "Crown take possession of all the property of the church; that it should appoint fifteen thousand clergy for the religious service of the kingdom, assigning an annual stipend to each, and that the surplus of ecclesiastical property should be devoted to almshouses and other state purposes."

In these events we note the march of England out of the house of bondage. There was but one leader to this exodus. No Aaron marches at his side. The nation follows along the sublime path of its emancipation. What a change since the days of King John! Then Innocent III. held his foot upon her neck and England bought off with gold his hated interdicts. The crowned priest upon the seven hills shut up the nations of Europe within the charmed circle of his curse. Thanks to John Wycliffe, England stood up erect, and following his lead she marched out of her prison house followed by other kingdoms in grand procession. We celebrate in song the movements of that people, God-led from the slavery of

Egypt to the thunder-beaten crags of Sinai's desert. But here is a Red Sea opened, here is a reality of which the former was but a figure. England taught all nations that there was no terror in a papal curse, if there was indeed no mercy in its blessing. The bondage was broken, and other nations have rejoiced in following her example.

There is hardly a spectacle more grand in all history. a drama more sublime.

While Wycliffe was trying to break first his own fetters and then those of the nation God seemed to be working for his preservation. His enemies multiplied on every hand. The broad shield of John of Gaunt no longer sheltered him. Friends fell from him and foes fell on him, until he seemed to be left naked and defenseless to the rage of his enemies. For a hundredth part of what he had already done hundreds of men had done expiation in fire. But he contemplated greater and more sweeping things. He became a man marked for slaughter. The bulls Gregory had placed in the hands of the king, the bishops and the hierarchy all commanded his arrest and imprisonment as a rank heretic—the short road to the stake. Death was about to fall, but it was not on Wycliffe. There was a gorgeous bier at the Vatican instead of a burning stake at Oxford.

The Pope returned from Avignon to Rome with the haughty expectation of enjoying “much good for many years,” but it was only to die.

Death struck a second time, and a bier was borne from Westminster, and the Archbishop, who was about to summon Wycliffe to his bar of judgment for heresy was called himself to the bar of God for judgment for the deeds done here in the body. Edward III. is also summoned, and John of Gaunt becomes regent. So, when

the toils of the Pope were slowly and steadily closing around the Reformer, death stiffened the hand that wove them, and the commission which was commanded to try and execute him was by Supreme decrees dissolved.

In still another way did the death of the Pope give Wycliffe and the Reformation a breathing time.

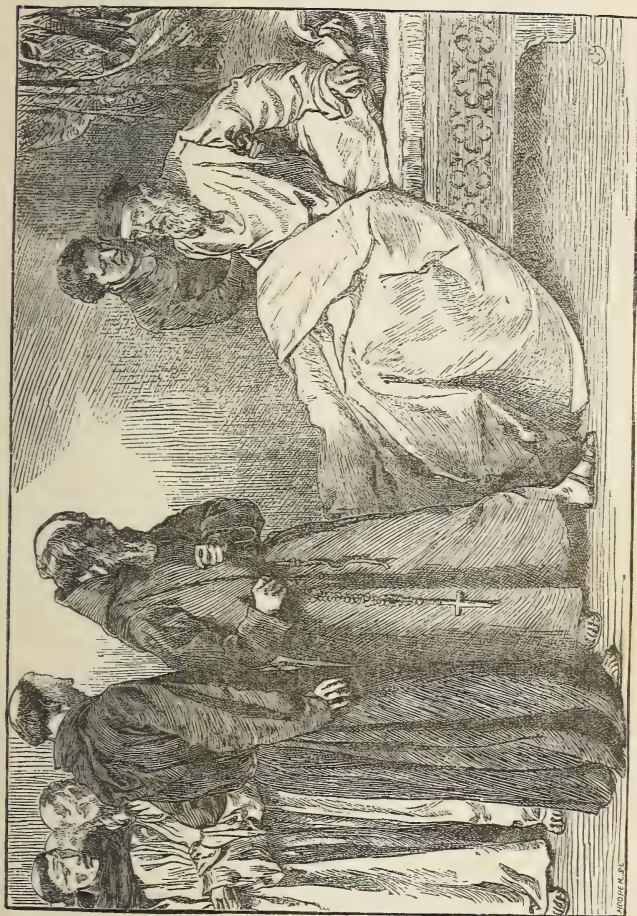
CHAPTER IX

TWO POPES.

On a bright spring morning in 1378, the Cardinal College assembled at the Imperial Palace in Rome to elect a successor to the late Pope. The majority of this college were Frenchmen and could safely be attributed to have a Frenchman's prejudice. The Italian populace, fearing that the Papal Court would again return to Avignon, and the chair be filled by one of that nation, they gathered around the palace and with terrible threats demanded a Roman for their Pope. They vowed that not a Cardinal should come out alive unless their demand was complied with. An Italian was chosen and the mob, instead of receiving the cardinals with stones shouted *vivas*. The end was not yet, however. The cardinals, disgusted with the new Pope, escaped from Rome and chose a Frenchman for Pope, stating that the former election was null on the ground of compulsion.

This gave rise to the famous schism by which the popes for half a century divided and scandalized Christendom.

Which was the true Vicar? Which held the keys of St. Peter? By whose blessing were men enabled to enter heaven? Whose curse debarred them forever from peace and rest? These were questions of mighty import to men of those days. Germany and England adhered



WYCLIFFE AND THE MONKS.

to the first elected Pope, while Spain, France and Scotland gave allegiance to the second.

But for this division Wycliffe would no doubt have been struck down. But there was other work demanding attention than the pursuit of heresy. From Rome to Avignon and from Avignon to Rome the bolts flew fast and furious. The thunders of war muttered far above the head of the Oxford scholar, and the lightnings which flashed from the seven hills or towards them, disturbed him little. But true to his nature the Reformer was not idle. He conceived it to be the best opportunity to show the world the foolishness of the papal assumptions. While the rival popes were hurling curses at each other, and drenching their lands with blood, Wycliffe was sowing quick seeds by the peaceful Avon and in quiet Oxford. He published a monologue on *The Schism of the Popes*, in which he appealed to the people, whether these men, denouncing each other as Anti-Christ, were not both speaking the truth. This was followed by a work *On the Truth and Meaning of Scripture*. Here is claimed for the first time the supreme authority of the Word of God and the "right of private judgment." "This was to discrown the Pope and rock the foundations of his kingdom."

In the last of these pamphlets we have the first hint of his purpose to translate the Scriptures. He was now getting old. Worn out with harassing cares he fell sick. With exultant joy the friars heard their enemy was dying, and hastened to his bedside. Surely he would be penitent at the evil he had done them. Surely, on his departure they would receive his expressions of penitence. The little crowd of shaven crowns waited at the sick man's couch. They spoke him fair at the outset, but changing their tone exhorted him to make full con-

fession before he died. Patiently he listened till they made an end of speaking, and then, raising himself upon his pillow and fixing his keen eyes upon them, he said, "I shall not die, but live to declare the evil deeds of the friars." With terror-stricken haste they rushed from his presence to find that in a few days his sickness left him and he arose more powerful than ever.

Although there had been portions of the Scriptures translated it had never been fully done.

The earliest translation from the Latin into Anglo-Saxon was by Bede, whose life and works ended together. It is related that on the morning of his death there remained a chapter of John's Gospel to be finished.

"Take your pen," said he to his amanuensis; "quick, take your pen and write,——"

"Dear master," said the scribe "there is one verse yet."

"Be quick," said Bede.

It was read in Latin, repeated in Anglo-Saxon, and written down.

"It is finished," said the aman-uensis.

"Thou hast truly said," responded in soft and grateful accents the dying man, and expired.

Wycliffe's idea was to give the whole truth in the vernacular, so that all England might read it. No one had thought of it before, but his heart warmed at the thought of following the sun rather than the flickering taper lights of popish traditions.

If he could accomplish this work he would do more than anybody had done to place the liberties of the nation on a permanent basis, and to raise his country to a prouder height than could a hundred brilliant victories by flood and field.

But he was old and broken. There remained at best

a decade of years, and this would be broken into by death.

He sat himself down in the quiet little study at Lutterworth. The world was convulsed by the papal thunders which filled the heavens and the wars of blood which covered the earth, but he wrote on. The thunder was far above him, and the lightning scathed him not.

Verse after verse was wrought into the vernacular, and Wycliffe rejoiced that another arrow of light had been formed for the nation's heart; that the darkness which flooded his native land would be freed more and more, as ray after ray of truth fell down upon the shackles which bound it.

In four years that task was ended. The dawn of heaven broke upon England. It was in 1382 that the Reformer completed his work. He had placed in the hands of the nation a Magna Charta greater than that which John placed in the hands of his Barons at Runnymede. He saw a pillar of light arising which the sturdy people would follow, marching steadily on until liberty was consummated, even though it be a journey of five weary centuries.

The Bible in their mother tongue. The doors of the prison-house thrown open. Nothing would hinder them from realizing their emancipation.

The laborious work of publishing was begun. No printing press multiplied copies indefinitely. Only by the toilsome process of writing was it accomplished. But copies were chained up in public places. Persons would combine and purchase a copy, or a portion, and the whole populace began to read it, rejoicing with exceeding great joy.

Quite different were the feelings of the hierarchy. They were filled with consternation. They had hoped

the Reformer would die. They could not expect this preacher would. With silent foot, upon the wings of the wind the sibylline leaves were traversing, the length and breadth of England. Wycliffe must rest; this preacher never sought a pillow. It entered homes. It won hearts, and popedom raised a great cry.

The question of the right of the common people to read the Bible was raised.

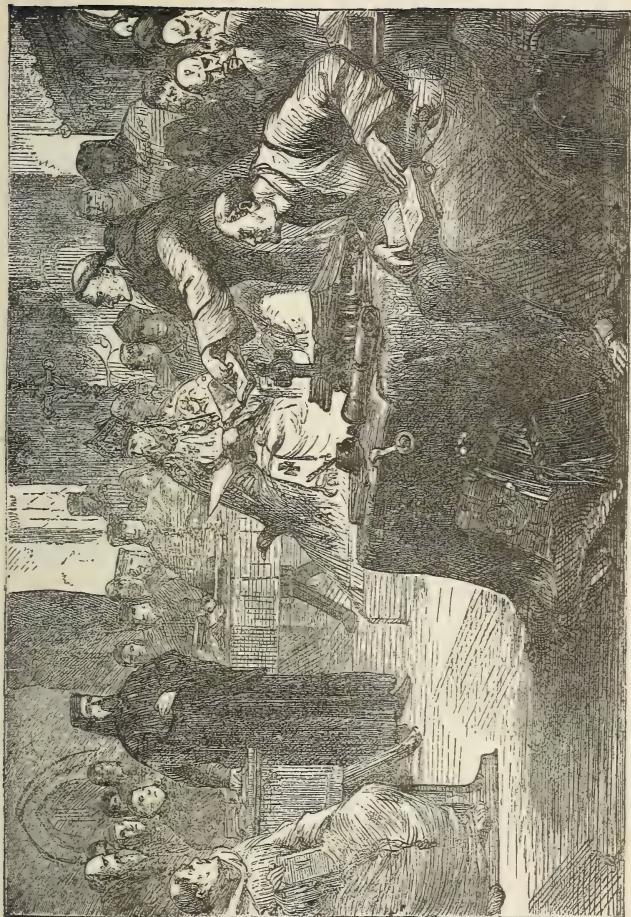
But if not legal a moral interdict was promulgated against it. "It was the work of a heretic," "a sacrilegious man." "He had committed a crime unknown to all the ages of the Church." "He had stolen the sacred vessels; he had fired the House of God;" he had made it possible for man to read his Master's will, concerning him

Wycliffe had his battle to fight alone. No peer, no great man. All forsook him and fled. He stood alone. With tranquil eye he looked his foes calmly in the face, ringing back on his enemies with triumphant fearlessness the shafts they hurled at him.

The end was drawing near. He resolved to press the war, and, if possible, to secure the same freedom for the souls of his people that he had for their bodies. He attacked the dogma of Transubstantiation as the culminating point of Rome's error. It was the vital part, and a blow struck here would shatter the whole, and in the spring of 1381, he posted up twelve propositions denying the dogma, and challenging all with contrary opinions to debate the matter with him.

Oxford fairly blazed with crimination. All cried "heresy," but no one ventured to prove it to that one lone old man.

A council of twelve was summoned. Wycliffe's opinions are unanimously condemned, and divers heavy pen-



TRIAL OF WYCLIFFE.

alties were denounced upon those who taught or held or listened to such teaching.

One day he was in his class-room, expounding the doctrines of the Eucharist, when a member of this council appeared, holding in his hand a document embodying the sentence, which he proceeded to read. It enjoined silence on Wycliffe in relation to Transubstantiation, under pain of imprisonment.

"You ought first to have shown me my error," said Wycliffe.

"You can submit to the sentence of the court, or take the penalty," replied the monk.

"I appeal to the King and the Parliament," said the Reformer, and resumed his instructions.

But time must elapse before the meeting of Parliament; meanwhile the Reformer withdrew to Lutterworth.

The Primate of England convoked a court to try the Rector of Lutterworth, which, after three days, unanimously condemned him as heretical on ten propositions and in error on sixteen. Copies of this sentence were sent to all the Bishops of England warning them against the teachings of this pestiferous doctor, and especially to Oxford, which was then considered the hot-bed of heresy. The chancellor of Oxford did not give a ready ear to these denunciations, and the Primate finding himself powerless, carried his complaints to young King Richard II. The king was gained over. He gave authority "to confine in prisons of the State any who should maintain the condemned propositions."

The Reformer was now within their grasp.

Till now the hierarchy had withstood and persecuted him, but the mailed hand of the king was raised to strike him, and the prison doors were opened through which he could not pass out alive.

But Wycliffe did not lose heart. Nay, rather did he chose this moment to aim more terrible blows at the Papacy.

Parliament met November 19, 1382. He could not prosecute his appeal before the king, inasmuch as the prelates had already gained the sword of the state against him. "Well, they might burn him to-morrow, he lived to-day, and the doors of Parliament stood open," he would lay his appeal before it.

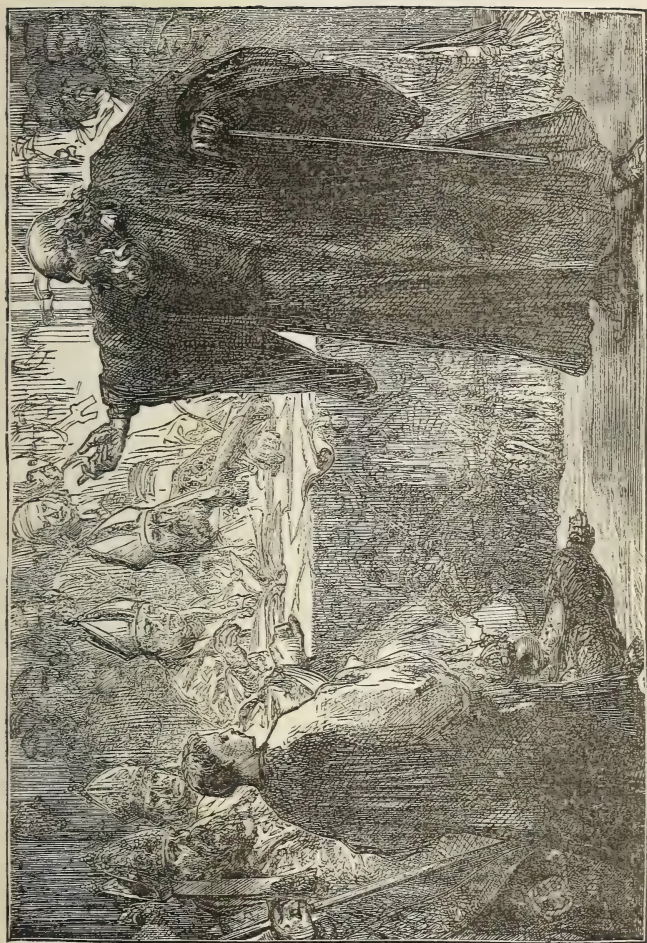
The hierarchy had secretly accused him. He would publicly accuse them. He stood before the estates of the realm. He demanded a very sweeping measure of reform.

First, that monastic orders should be abolished, and these "men released from their unnatural vows, which made them the scandal of the Church and the pests of society." "Since Christ shed his blood to free his Church, I demand its freedom, that every one may leave these gloomy walls, and embrace a simple, peaceful life under the open vault of heaven."

Other propositions followed, but the last struck deepest. It touched the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He denied the real presence of the body of Christ, understood in the corporal sense. He unveiled the sophistries by which the dogma was upheld and brought men's minds back to simple reason and truth.

His enemies were confounded anew at his bold attack. They had waited to see him come forward and bow his majestic head, and then they would lead him to the stake as a trophy of victory. He comes forward but with no apology upon his lips, only to refute their calumnies and to repeat his charges, proclaiming in the face of all the nation the corruption and tyranny of the hierarchy.

His sentiment found echoes in the hearts of the com-



WYCLIFFE BEFORE THE CONVOCATION AT OXFORD.

mons, which at once repealed the persecuting edict of the King, and thus, the victory still remained with Wycliffe.

Baffled before the Parliament, the primate now turned to the convocation. He could reckon on the subservience of his court. He assembled a large party to give *eclat* to the trial. He fondly hoped that a grand victory awaited him, and his pride required a host to enjoy with him his triumph. The concourse was swelled by the officers and dignitaries, and the youth of Oxford.

There was much in this trial to stir the emotions of the Reformer. It was forty years since, a boy of sixteen, he entered these halls a student. Here had been wrought out the great successes of his youth, the labors of his manhood. The most brilliant of his achievements had here been witnessed, his name mentioned with honor, and his learning and genius formed not a little of the glory of the university. But this morning the gates of Oxford slowly swung on their hinges to admit him in a new character. He is to be tried, perhaps condemned and burned outside the walls. It may yet be that the same university which has borrowed a lustre from his name shall be lighted up with the flames of his martyrdom.

The indictment turned especially on the dogma of Transubstantiation.

“Do you affirm or deny that cardinal doctrine of the Church?” inquired the prelate.

Slowly the Reformer raises his venerable head in the august presence and vast assembly. His eye seeks out Courtenay, who has been made Archbishop, and after a long, searching gaze, he proceeded to reply :

“What I have before given utterance to I now affirm. In this, my last address before any court, I retract noth-

ing, I modify nothing, I only reiterate and confirm the whole teaching of my life."

Throughout his address he directly condemns the tenets of Transubstantiation, affirming that the bread continues bread and there is no other purport save a *sacramental* and a *spiritual* one.

He defended himself with rare acuteness and a rarer courage, and refused to accept even an acquittal from such a court.

"In one of these transformations which it is given only to majestic moral natures to effect, he mounts the judgment seat and places his judges at the bar. Smitten in their conscience, they sit chained to their seats, deprived of even the power to rise and go away, while the words of the bold Reformer were burning arrows in their hearts. 'You are the heretics,' cried he, 'who affirm the Sacrament to be an accident without a subject. Why do you propagate such errors? Why? because, like the Priests of Baal, you wish to sell your masses. With whom think you you are contending? With an old man on the brink of the grave? No! with truth—truth which is stronger than you and will ever curse you.' With these words he turned to leave the court. His enemies had no power to stop him, and, like his Divine Master, 'he passed through the midst of them.'"

Although confounding his immediate enemies, he was still to bear testimony at Rome. The Pope demanded his presence at the Vatican. Not alone from Oxford but from the Seven Hills must his testimony go forth. But age and its infirmities were upon him, and he sat down in his rectory at Lutterworth to write his answer.

This epistle was filled with the keenest satire, yet eminently Christian and faithful in spirit, and closes by

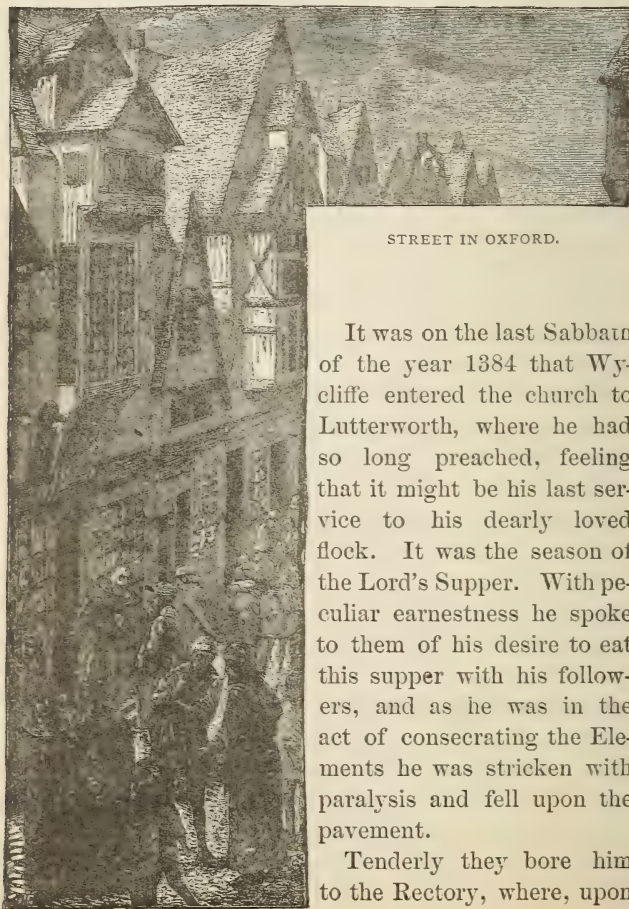
saying, "if in aught I have erred, I am willing to be meekly amended, if need be by death."

There was no vituperation, else had those who received this letter felt only assailed. As it was, they knew themselves to be standing at the bar of the Reformer who sat as Judge. It is not difficult to imagine the revengeful, scowling faces, as they saw themselves traced almost by name in those scathing sentences. With tender, truthful hand, Wycliffe draws a portrait of the Master they professed to serve, of a servant worthy of such a Lord, and holding up the two portraits, asks with pertinent severity, "Is this your likeness? Are these your works? Is this the poverty in which you live? This the humility you cultivate?" With monuments of pride on every hand, the gold and glory of the Vatican, broad estates and princely revenues, Urban and his Cardinals dare not say, "This is our likeness." Condemned they were indeed, but it was the poverty and purity of Christ which condemned them.

The Pope had summoned the Reformer to kneel at his throne and recant; but, instead, the humble English minister erected a pulpit in the Vatican, from which lofty elevation he proclaimed in the hearing of all the nations of Europe "that Rome was Anti-Christ."

With this letter Wycliffe finished his testimony. He might go aside now and rest awhile, and then go in unto his everlasting rest. He expected that his death would be violent, his chariot a fiery one, his last moment a baptism of agony. With king, pope and prelate seeking to compass his death, what could a lone old man do? The circle of hatred was contracting around him day by day. It must soon crush him—in a few months—in a year at most. He stood alone. He thought not of present safety. He had defied the whole hierarchy of

the Church. He never gave ground by a backward step, but always pressing on to battle. He would burn, but not recant. The time was approaching—nay, had come. They sought to take him, but Wycliffe had departed whither they could not follow.



STREET IN OXFORD.

It was on the last Sabbath of the year 1384 that Wycliffe entered the church to Lutterworth, where he had so long preached, feeling that it might be his last service to his dearly loved flock. It was the season of the Lord's Supper. With peculiar earnestness he spoke to them of his desire to eat this supper with his followers, and as he was in the act of consecrating the Elements he was stricken with paralysis and fell upon the pavement.

Tenderly they bore him to the Rectory, where, upon

his quiet bed, his life passed peacefully away with the dying year, in the afternoon of December 31st.

No fear now of burning stakes or haughty prelates. No terrors in Rome's fiercest curse. He had borne these, if need be; but in tenderness his Master called him ere the fatal bolt could be launched by the hands of any man. None of his years had been fruitless. The moment his work was done, a voice called him to enter into its rewards.

"He stood before the earthly symbols of the Lord's Passion, a cloud suddenly descended upon him, and when its darkness had passed, it was no more a mere memorial or symbol that he saw, but the Lord himself in the august splendor of his glorified humanity." He had gazed long at the sombre side of these out-swung portals; they now closed upon him, and he stood within their pearly radiance. Blessed transition! Through the gates of an earthly temple he entered that morning, and they became at nightfall the vestibule of the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The evening twilight of time met and mingled with the morning twilight of eternity, and the deeper evening shadows were banished by a brighter sun than that which gilds our earthly horizons.

In Italy, in France and Germany there were forerunners of all great movements toward purity of doctrine and of faith; but in England Wycliffe appears as a sort of spiritual Melchisedec, without father or mother, having no predecessors, from whose accumulated ideas he could form his plan of church reform or the spiritualizing of religious truth.

Nor did his mantle fall upon an Elisha who could carry on and perpetuate the work begun. He stood alone, a solitary Priest of Truth in that dark period of the middle

ages. And to him it was given to put the Word of God into the vernacular of the common people—for the first time on earth—and then to disappear, leaving only that radiant light flashing forth his example to all mankind. For a hundred years his work remained as he had left it. Three generations of men passed on and off the stage in the darkness which covered both mind and heart with spiritual bondage and mental ignorance before his successor appeared.

He stood, and ever will stand apart from all other reformers in this,—that in a dark age he bursts upon the world with a light borrowed from no schools nor from the church, but from the Bible. He was not an answer to a felt want, not a man made to fit the circumstances of the times. The people, either before or after him, did not want him; the circumstances he made for himself.

He preached a reform so sweeping that his best friends fled from him; so comprehensive that no reformer since has been able to add one essential principle. They have only developed the ideas he expressed.

Poor fungi of a day
On trunks of greatness! To our graves we walk
In the thick footprints of departed men.
* * * * * We live on them,
Feed on their thoughts; each of us strives to speak
The finest words about them.

Wycliffe possessed that combination of qualities which marks a leader of men. His mind was subtle, clear and acute as any schoolman's, yet practical withal as that of any pensioner of the nineteenth century. Intuitively he penetrated to the roots of the evils which afflicted his time, and sagaciously devised the remedies. Where there was darkness, he prescribed light; where there was ignorance, he advocated knowledge.

He translated the Bible, and set that to preaching its own truth in all the homes of England. He trained a body of devout teachers, and sent them forth to labors which were more successful than he dared to hope.

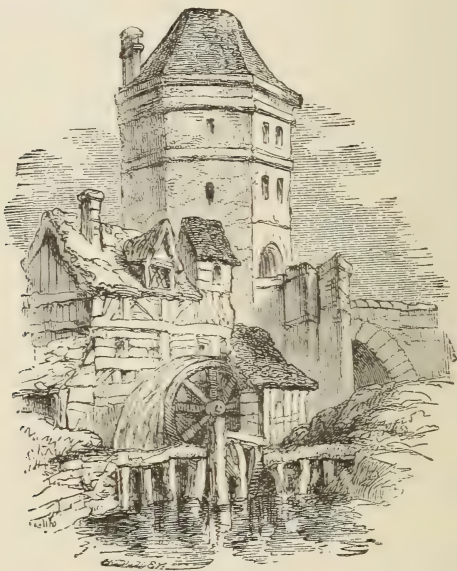
The political measures which Wycliffe prepared for adoption by the Parliament, show how necessary it was to guard the government from the encroachments of Papal authority. Wearing a spiritual guise to conceal its true character and gain its real object, the Papacy preyed upon the substance, and devoured the liberty of the nation. A sacerdotal autocracy was threatened. The whole of Christendom was fast becoming a kingdom, with an aristocracy of shaven crowns and anointed persons, to whom the laymen were but hewers of wood and drawers of water.

In the might of his great strength Wycliffe rose up and declared, "This shall not be." The proof of his consummate statesmanship is in the fact that one after another, during the five hundred years which have elapsed since he went down to his grave, the nations of Europe have adopted the same measures of defence against their common enemy.

The voice from the Seven Hills grows faint and tremulous among earth's nations. It finds its way barred and its echo thrown back by the walls of the Apennines and the Pyrenees. If, with less advantage to themselves than England found, in rising up in defence of political liberty, other nations have only themselves to bame for not resisting it at an earlier day.

Under Wycliffe, English liberty had its beginnings. It was not John's Charta signed at Runymede, but it was the moral constitution of the Divine Magna Charta which Wycliffe gave her in an open Bible and a plea for the right of private judgment that proved to be its foundation.

The English Bible was written, not upon the page of the English Statute Book, but upon the hearts of the People. Fear God. Honor the King. Here is summed the whole duty of nations, and the prosperity of states. It was Wycliffe who laid the basis of this political freedom.



FRIAR BACON'S STUDY, OXFORD.

“But above all his other qualities—above his scholastic genius, his intuitive insight into the working of institutions, his statesmanship—was his fearless submission to the Bible. It was in this that the strength of Wycliffe’s wisdom lay. It was this that made him a Reformer, and that placed him in the front rank of Reformers. He held the Bible to contain a perfect revelation of the will of God, a full, plain and infallible rule of both what

man is to believe and what he is to do; and turning away from all other teachers, from the precedents of the thousand years which had gone before, from all the doctors and councils of the church, he placed himself upon the Word of God, and listened to God's voice speaking through the Word, with the docility of a child."

He turned the eyes of men from the authority of Church, Popes and Councils to the inspired oracles of God. By resisting *authority* to the Church—that is, by putting her under the authority of a Divine Will, he restored her liberty also. The two prime conditions of a church are Authority and Liberty; an infallible guide, and freedom to follow it. One cannot exist without the other. Liberty is freedom under law; without law there can be no such thing as liberty. Liberty without order becomes anarchy. Where there is not obedience to God, there is always the usurpation of man. Authority and freedom live and die together.

You must remember that in engaging in this fundamental controversy, Wycliffe was obliged to lay all the foundations with his own hands. It was impossible for him to do this without a combination of rare qualities fused in the alembic of a strong spiritual character. He was singularly pure. Free from all the vices of the age, they fell from him, leaving his garments white. As a pastor he was faithful, sympathetic and loving; as a patriot he was intelligent, incorruptible and fearless. As a reformer, he never hesitated or moved backward. His views enlarged. His feet were ever climbing. His eyes continually sought wider ranges of vision. His sermons were clear, terse, and expressed in vigorous rudimentary English, fresh as a breath of the morning. Looking backward to those who were before him, for one to measure him by, we find none. Had he lived two centuries later.

he would doubtless have been to England what Luther was to Germany and Knox to Scotland ; but standing where he did, he was, in a sense, greater than all others, because their forerunner.

Standing before the Bible, Wycliffe forgot the teachings of man. He led the minds of his followers back from the scholasticism of a hundred years to stand beside the cradle of the Christian's faith. Systems had been built up, dogmas invented. Bulls of Popes had been piled like Ossa upon Pelion. Wycliffe dug through all these, and rested his work upon the first foundations laid by Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner-stone. Constantly he held up to view the fact that the preaching of the Word of God is the instrumentality by which men are converted and the church edified. It was not, nor is it now, possible to make the ceremonies—which are but the machinery of the church—take the place of that vital truth flashed from the pages of God's Word by the subtle fire of a soul and voice touched by its spirit and power.

Wycliffe is at rest, and there is night in England. The people sink back into the darkness, and only here and there one is found with outstretched arms seeking to touch His garment who sitteth upon the Throne, which they do through the flame shroud of martyrdom. There is silence in the halls of learning ; science and literature are forgotten ; nothing is heard but the tread of armed feet, nothing seen but blood.

CHAPTER X.

PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA.

We have witnessed the turning of the soil on one of the great fields of Christendom ; have noted the convulsions, mental and moral, which the unfettering of men's minds led to ; the wars which convulsed France ; the civil feuds which marked the English attempts at an exodus from Papal bondage,—and now the movement seems to halt. The fourteenth century is ended. A new one begins, and the scenes shift to more eastern lands. In Bohemia a lamp has been lighted whose rays struggle out into the darkness, only to make its blackness more visible.

When the Russian devotee stands at the end of his painful pilgrimage, beside the altar of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, he counts it his dearest boon to catch from the eternal fire which burns there, a spark, by which he ignites a taper, which with incredible toil he bears, still burning, to his hearthstone. This he watches with unwearied fidelity, never suffering it to go out, but keeping it ever replenished, and rejoices in living ever in the rays of sacred fire brought from the tomb of Christ. So we read that a pilgrim bore, in the year 1400, a fire destined to illuminate some pages of Bohemian history, and to

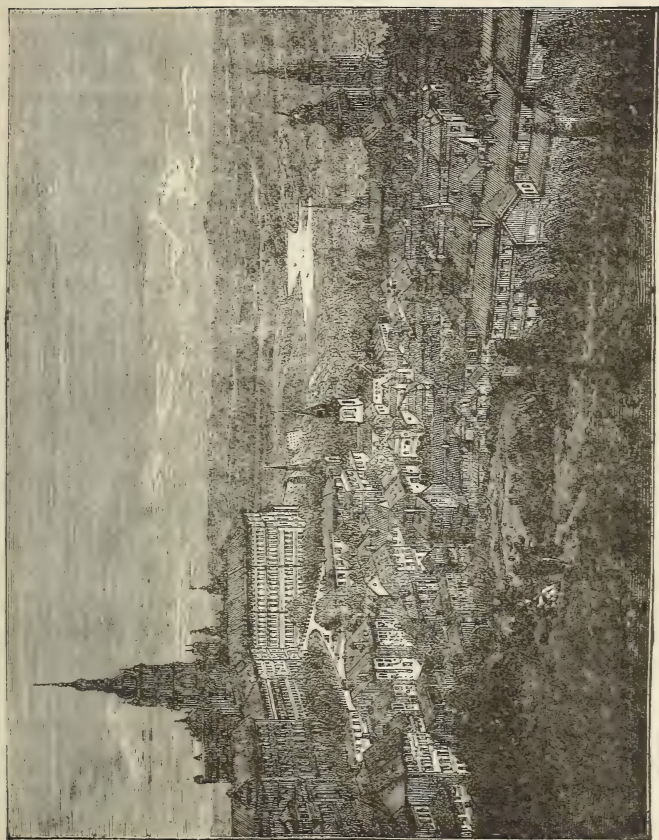
kindle anew the fires of martyrdom on the banks of the Moldau.

Jerome of Prague returned from England to his native city in that year, bringing with him many of the writings of Wycliffe. These books opened the eyes of one John Huss, as he read and re-read them with his followers. Such is the chain which binds Bohemia to England. We said in the beginning that Protestantism was a principle, not a church; an idea, not a ritual. Therefore, states could not bend it, oceans stop it, nor varied languages confound it. It had a voice which it could utter amidst the mountains of the Waldensees, by the stately flowing Danube, or quiet Avon. Every tongue has enrolled its disciples, and every nation in Christendom, has heard and understood the voice of Wycliffe.

The first drama had ended, only to be re-enacted in Bohemia before it began its brilliant course in Germany. There was but a short career, but so prolific in tragic incident, so rich in the development of heroic character, as to deserve more than a passing notice. "It was the presage of the grandeur of elevation to which human character should attain, when Protestantism as a principle of life touched the hearts of *nations* as well as men. It transformed a people into a nation of heroes," while all Europe, and later the whole world, gazed in admiration of its wisdom in council and its prowess in the field.

When Christianity entered Bohemia we cannot tell. Doubtless it followed in the wake of the armies of Charlemagne, and the land partook of that nominal conversion which is aptly characterized as baptized heathenism.

In 1079, Gregory VII. issued a bull forbidding the use of the Oriental ritual, and the reading of the Scriptures in the vernacular, on the ground that, "After long study



PRAGUE.

of the Word of God, he had come to see that it was pleasing to the Omnipotent that His worship should be celebrated in an unknown language, and that many evils and heresies had arisen from not observing this rule."

Thus every church was in effect closed, so far as religious instruction was concerned. But the hot breath of this Papal monarch, in scourging the Waldensees of Italy, blew them over the Alps, carrying their message of good will to every country of Europe. Thus where this man scorched the nations, thousands of the persecuted saints became as the dew or the gentle rain to refresh them.

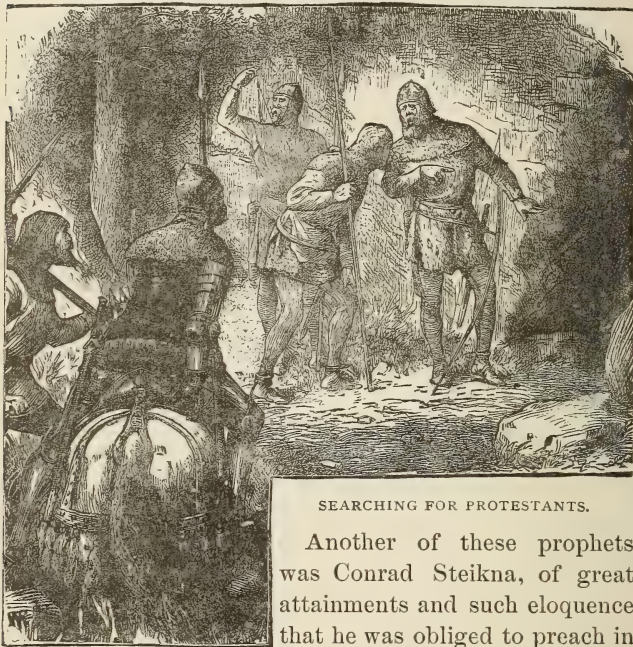
All great revolutions are preceded by forerunners. Great events cast shadows before, and their advent is sensibly felt. Throughout all nations of Christendom, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, there were men foretelling the approach of great moral and spiritual changes.

Bohemia had its pioneers of truth, who more or less distinctly prophesied concerning the advent of a greater than they.

One of these was a man of rare learning, named John Milicius, Canon of the Cathedral Church of Prague. He was an eloquent preacher, and his holy life bore faithful testimony to the truth. A vast throng looked up to him whenever he entered the pulpit, and like all great men he used the native tongue of his people. With scathing words he lashed the abuses of the clergy, and finally undertook to plead his cause at Rome, whither he went in fasting and in tears; but, alas! the scandals at home paled into comparative virtues amidst the abominations of the Pontifical city; and "shocked at what he saw at Rome he wrote over the door of one of the Cardinals, 'Anti-Christ is now come and sitteth in the church,' and departed."

On reaching home he found that a bull from Gregory had preceded him, ordering the arrest of "the bold priest who had affronted the Pope in his own capital and on the very threshold of the Vatican."

But prisons were not strong enough to hold him, and rather than withstand a popular outbreak the archbishop set him at liberty.



SEARCHING FOR PROTESTANTS.

Another of these prophets was Conrad Steikna, of great attainments and such eloquence that he was obliged to preach in the open air, as no church could accommodate the crowds which gathered to listen to him.

He was succeeded by Janorius, who, we are told, not only thundered in the pulpit of the cathedral, but traversed the country, preaching everywhere against the corruptions and iniquities of the times.

This Rome could not endure, and persecutions were commenced against him and all confessors.

The Communion could not be celebrated openly, and disciples resorted to the mountains, caves and wild ravines. It fared hard indeed with those who were discovered by the armed bands sent upon their track.

Those who could not escape were put to death ; and in 1376 the stake was decreed against all who left the established rites of the church. This was the condition of things during the boyhood of Huss, up to the time he began his work.

John Huss was born on the 6th of July, 1373, in the market town of Hussenitz, on the edge of the Bohemian forest. His father died when he was yet very young, and at an early age his mother placed him in the University of Prague.

The excellent talents of the young student were sharpened and expanded until his career in the University became exceedingly brilliant. He had a pale, thin face, which bore an expression of intense earnestness. He seemed to be overmastered by a passion for learning, yet with a singular affability of address, he won all who came in contact with him.

He received the degree of Bachelor of Theology, and three years later, in 1396, that of Bachelor of Arts.

He entered the church, and by his sincerity and eloquence quickly won distinction, and was appointed confessor to the queen of Bavaria. A zealous Catholic, a devout Papist, he seemed the last man to imbibe the ideas of the English reformer.

In 1402, Huss was appointed preacher to the famous Bethlehem Chapel, which was founded by a company of gentlemen who laid great stress upon the preaching of the gospel in the mother tongue.

The sermons of Huss "formed an epoch in Prague." All the vices imaginable were unblushingly enjoyed by nobles, priests and people. In this midst "Huss stood up like an incarnate conscience." He excited clamor, but the powerful influence of the Queen shielded him from all harm.

He now became acquainted with the theological writings of Wycliffe, which he eagerly studied; but while he admired the learning and piety of the author, he shrank instinctively from the sweeping reforms he promulgated.

He had the wish to break with the Church of Rome. He believed, as did others, that Reform was an idea consistent with its principles, but like all others, even to the present day, he learned that, like oil and water, there was an eternal antagonism between them.

The University had given Prague an important place, calling to it teachers and students from all nations. Among them were two theologians from England, James and Conrad of Canterbury. They were graduates of Oxford, and had visited the banks of the Moldau to spread the gospel ideas they had learned in England. They engaged in public discussions, and threw down the gage of battle on the subject of the Primacy of the Pope. These discussions were at once stopped by the authorities, inasmuch as the doctrines enunciated were fatal to the papal claims.

The reformers were not so easily silenced, however, and resorted to their limited knowledge of art to express what they were forbidden to do in words. In a corridor of the house where they lived, by the host's permission, they drew rudely upon the walls two pictures. Upon one side the humble entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem "upon a colt the foal of an ass." Upon the other, the royal magnificence of a Popish cavalcade. The purple

crown, the gorgeous robe, the richly caparisoned horse, the trumpeters announcing his approach, a brilliant crowd of cardinals and bishops surrounding him ; these offered a strong contrast to the other side of the corridor.

You will remember that printing was not known ; that preaching had nearly fallen into the same state, so that this became a far more powerful sermon than it could have been later on. Thousands came to gaze, and went away to meditate upon the pride and haughtiness of the pretended vicar of Christ. "The whole city was moved," and the Englishmen deemed it prudent to withdraw, but the thoughts which this sermon had awakened by its graphic eloquence, did not pass away.

As John Huss gazed upon this graphic "anthesis of Christ and anti-Christ" he felt a new power moving him, and a conviction steadily growing that the breach between the simplicity of the gospel and the traditions of the Church was too wide to span with any bridge of compromise. Yet he was not ready to accept the broad conclusions of the English Reformer. He still clung to the mystic rites of the Church, and saw not how its complex requirements could be met by the simple ministry of the Word. The hierarchy was a broad organized power, guiding men by actual close contact. How can men stand when upheld only by spiritual emotions? How walk when led only by the mild guidance of a book? He had indeed turned his eyes to the Bible ; but his eyes were weak, and its simple radiance was too strong for them. He could not take in its grandeur, nor realize its power. It is doubtful if he ever yielded himself so completely to its spirit as did Wycliffe ; therefore he could not enter into the sweeping reforms which the English preacher advocated.

Various forces were strongly at work to unveil the

lying oracles of the Bohemian Church of that period, among which were the pretended miracles at Wilsnack. Fostered in a church in this town was a small phial of the blood of Christ. Many were the pilgrims which flocked to it from all parts of Bohemia and the surrounding countries, and wonderful cures were reported as having been wrought by those whose money purchased just one look at this holy relic. From Hungary, Poland, Norway, and even the frozen shores of the far North, came hosts of pilgrims, praying for the comforting touch of its healing power. The archbishop of Prague, a man of sincerity and honesty, placing but little credence in the reports, appointed a commission to inquire into the character of the miracles which had been wrought. It became the duty of Huss to make this investigation, in obedience to the bishop's command.

He found the blind still blind, those having sores as bad as ever, and the whole thing an imposture; whereupon the archbishop commanded all preachers throughout his domain to publish, at least once a month, from their pulpits, the Episcopal prohibition of all pilgrimages to Wilsnack.

This discovery also aided Huss in realizing the degraded condition of the Church which could tolerate, even in its lowest order of priests, such an infamous fraud, simply for money.

In the year 1409, Huss was raised to the rectorship of the University, in which position he was able to advance the ideas of a reformation with greater success. He soon became too outspoken for the Pope, who ordered the archbishop to "proceed at once against all private chapels, and those who read the writings and taught the opinions of Wycliffe." They had not been able to burn John Wycliffe, but now they could at least burn his



A CALL TO ARMS.

books. All Prague was searched, and upward of two hundred volumes, beautifully written and bound, set around with precious stones, were piled in the streets, and amid the tolling of bells they were burned in the presence of the hierarchy and an immense multitude.

But the zeal of Huss burned brighter, lighted by the flames of this holocaust, and the next mandate concerned himself. He must answer for his doctrine in person, in the presence of the Pope.

"To obey was to walk into an open grave. The Queen, the University, and many magnates of Bohemia sent a joint embassy requesting the Pope to dispense with Huss's appearance in person, and to hear him by his legal counsel." To all these entreaties he was deaf, and with calm malignity he drew around the fated city the holy interdict of Rome. The city opened its eyes with horror. Its startled pulses refused to beat. Men looked into each other's eyes, and felt their hearts failing them for fear. The imagination conceived horrible images of grief from all the tokens which met their gaze. The altar lights went out. Church doors were closed. The unburied dead lay stark, with upturned faces, at the wayside. Their ghostly feet were ever doomed to wander in the unquiet places of the lost, and every day increased the terror, both present and prospective, of those in whose midst dwelt that one man who dared to resist the Papal mandate. Tumult and slaughter, rapine and terror, walked hand in hand in the streets of the fated city.

"What shall I do?" exclaims the despairing apostle. "Shall I flee before the storm, leave my friends, and desert my disciples? The Master said, 'The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep;' and yet he saith, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.'" Believing that his pres-

ence could only entail greater distress upon his friends, he departed. He wrote tender letters to his little flock at Bethlehem Chapel, saying that he had retired "not to deny the truth, but because impious priests had forbid the preaching of it." He immediately began a journey, going through all the towns of Bohemia, preaching with wonderful eloquence the pure gospel message.

In the abuse of authority which Huss was warring against, he could not see the false principle upon which was based this authority. He failed to recognize the inseparableness of this abuse and the claim which led to the exercise of any supreme authority in spiritual things. Even while the Church was launching all her thunderbolts at his devoted head, he did not dream of leaving it. He carried on a terrible warfare between the "convictions of the mind and the claims of conscience." If authority be just, how is it that he felt impelled to disobey it? "To obey is sin." "How can an infallible Church demand obedience to such an issue?" He came gradually to teach the supreme authority of the Bible as the guide for man's conscience, and thus adopted one of the fundamental principles of Protestantism. There is no doubt but had he foreseen the result of such a step, he would have recoiled from laying the axe at the root of the tree of papal supremacy. His eye was not clear, his soul still fettered, and the law of Liberty he could not comprehend.

The storm which resulted in Huss's leaving Prague gradually subsided. The interdict was removed, and the Reformer was permitted to return to the scenes of his former triumphs, and stand again in the pulpit of Bethlehem Chapel. More popular than before his banishment; more fearless than ever, he thundered against the

claims of the Pope, the tyranny of the priesthood, and declared the gospel to be free to all men.

But a tempest was gathering. Men were looking forward to some great event. The air seemed to palpitate with expectation of convulsions. Huss began to realize that a revolution was imminent. As the signs thickened, he became calm and courageous. A powerful party was formed against him, composed partly of friends—now turned to foes. Bethlehem Chapel was the target for their poisoned arrows. Its doors would have been summarily closed, and its eloquent preacher silenced, had they dared to brave the people.

As the hatred of foes waxed stronger, the Reformer's friends multiplied, and their courage grew bolder. The Queen was his friend. Her powerful influence brought nobles and courtiers to his cause, where his eloquence and convincing arguments won them to discipleship. Both people and aristocrats were learning to despise the pride, debaucheries and avarice of the priests, and to resist the demands of Rome. But Huss was the head and heart of the movement. He stood and taught alone. Few could stand beside him on the heights of spiritual vision, in that age—few appreciate the lofty character and resplendent virtues of the man they loved and followed. He stood apart in a singular loneliness, carrying out great deeds, and holding the pass of a Christian Thermopylæ—one man against ten thousand.

But it was not always to be thus. In the providence of God, a man of great intellect, fearless courage and marvellous eloquence, espoused his cause, and became a true yoke-fellow.

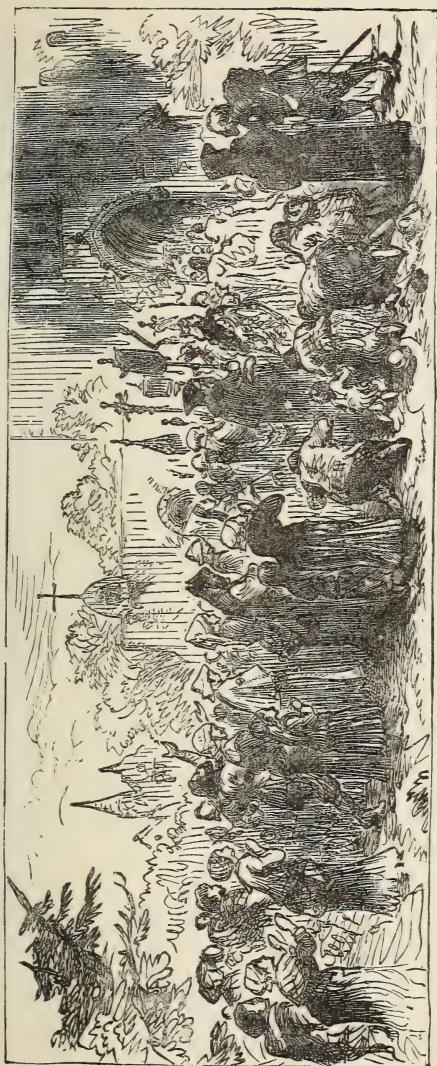
A Bohemian knight—Jerome by name—had in the year 1400 brought from England many of the writings of Wycliffe, and, better than all, much of his spirit and

lofty devotion. He had passed through Paris, and challenged public discussion, also in Vienna, where by a triumphant defeat of his adversaries flight became his only safety. He had reached Bohemia, where he "spread, with all the enthusiasm of his character and all the brilliancy of his eloquence, the doctrines of the English Reformer."

Huss and Jerome—names which henceforward appear inseparably connected—stand forth in the morning twilight of the world's emancipation. The rays of light which stream earthward are but the faint streaks upon the cheek of the great ocean of Stygian darkness and superstition which envelops all lands. And it is not to be wondered at, if the first level rays of the sun above the horizon magnify their proportions into something above human stature. Yet these men were intensely human, both in the weaker and stronger attributes of humanity. Their great qualities and great aims were similar, therefore they run well together along the same bright lines of duty. In minor parts there was sufficient difference to mutually complement each other.

Huss was a man of heroic character, possessed of a glorious battle brunt, a leader of men by virtue of a forceful nature; while Jerome was sensitive, subtle and scholarly, leading men by close argument and matchless eloquence. He was the greater genius; yet with child-like simplicity he sat at the feet of Huss as a disciple. Their union multiplied their usefulness, and enabled them to divide their sorrows, giving a sensible impulse to their work.

The movements now inaugurated were greater than the nation. The drama was too grand for the limits of Bohemia. The curtain was rising, showing the com-



FLOCKING TO THE CHURCH.

motion caused by a tumultuous crowding of the new thoughts in other nations.

Huss and Jerome, by the sheer force of events, were being lifted upon the stage of all Christendom, to enact their part before a world.

But what a world! A world dominated by three Popes, each the object of the other's infallible curse. Balthazza Cossa had been elevated by the Italians to a papal chair set up in Bologna. He called himself John XXIII. At Rimini the French had elected one Angelo Corario, as Gregory XII., while the Spaniards had established Peter de Lune as head of the Church at Arragon, under the title of Benedict XIII. Each claimed to hold St. Peter's place and keys. Each called himself the vicegerent of Christ, and endeavored to establish his claim by excelling the others in the bitterness and rage with which he hurled his anathemas against them.

Such a scene was well calculated to raise some troublesome questions.

If obedience is required, to whom shall it be rendered? John XXIII. sits at Bologna, but is cursed by Gregory and Benedict. Gregory is at Rimini, but is under the ban of John and Benedict, while Benedict at Arragon is anathematized by both the others. All may be infallible; if so, all are damned, each by the other. If both are infallible, why does their testimony conflict? If only one is infallible, even him we are unable to distinguish from the rest.

These rivals, if appealed to, could hardly help toward a solution of the question. The cheerful testimony each bore the other was, "impostor, schismatic, heretic, demon and anti-Christ." The prodigal interest with which each returned the compliments of his opponent was remarkable. This peculiar circumstance reduced the whole ques-

tion of Popery to two problems, either of which destroyed it. If these men were infallible, then there were not three Popes but three anti-Christ, in the world, on their own showing. If, on the other hand, they were not to be believed, what becomes of infallibility and apostolic succession?

But the jealousies of these rivals, and their harmless curses, were a small matter compared with the evils their hatred and fanaticism introduced.

They ransacked the world for soldiers to fight their cause,—and they must have money. One writer says: “They opened a scandalous traffic in spiritual things to supply themselves with needed gold. Pardons, dispensations, and places in Paradise they put up to sale in order to realize the means of equipping their armies for the field. The bishops and inferior clergy, quick to profit by the example set them by the Popes, enriched themselves by simony. At times they made war on their own account, attacking, at the head of armed bands, the territory of a rival ecclesiastic, or the castle of a temporal baron.” . . . “Of piety nothing remained but a few superstitious rites. Truth, justice and order vanished from among men. Force was the arbiter in all things, and little was heard but the clash of arms and the sighings of oppressed nations, while above the strife rose the furious voices of the rival Popes, frantically hurling anathemas at one another.”

Such a frightful picture as society then presented **must** have its effect upon the thinking mind. Huss became powerfully impressed with the exigencies of the case. His Bible seemed to offer the only clue to a proper outcome of it all. Beneath the waves of passion which were lashing men's hearts into an anarchy of disorder he thought he saw a power which could be utilized for good.

From the Church he could expect nothing. She had departed from her early model in both practice and doctrine. Wherein he had till now levelled his shafts only at the abuses of the Church, he sees that these have a root which must be extirpated.

He published a little pamphlet, on "*The Church*," in which he lays down the principle that the Church of Christ is not necessarily an organization having outward form, but that communion with its invisible Head is alone sufficient. This was followed by another, entitled "*The Six Errors*," a list of which was placarded on the door of Bethlehem Chapel. The tract explaining them received an enormous circulation, and all Bohemia was moved by its truth and power.

But a new movement is set on foot. It seemed that the power of the Rival Popes was determined by the effectiveness of their curses. John XXIII., issued a bull condemning the King of Hungary to excommunication, he and his children to the third generation. The pontifical wrath had burst upon him for his support of one of his rivals, and it called for all kings, emperors, potentates, nobles, and people to take up arms against him, and utterly exterminate him and his family from the face of the earth. To all who would engage in this crusade by active participation, preaching, or collecting funds, he promised to pardon their sins, and admit to Paradise when they died. Bohemia was set on fire. The popular heart beat warm and energetically, and when such a brand as this was flung into its very life, there must needs come a tremendous convulsion. Huss seized the opportune moment to point out the difference between this vicar of Christ and Christ himself; and having done this, he raised his valiant protest against indulgences and sales of iniquitous permits to sin. He grew bolder day by day, as he

saw revealed more and more clearly the enormity of the curse pronounced by the hierarchy. His invectives became fiercer, and his denunciations terrible. His indignation knew no bounds as he beheld John XXIII., than whom a more infamous man never wore tiara, proclaiming his power to open and shut the gates of Paradise to whomsoever he would, offering pardons for money, sowing the seeds of war, and lighting the fires of martyrdom all over Europe, only to extinguish a rival claimant to his power. Before the power of Huss even this tyrant trembled. The common people and many nobles "heard him gladly." They spoke out their minds relating to the priests, who "trembled for their lives." The archbishop again drew around the fated city his curse, which should not be removed so long as that pestilential apostate Huss remained within its limits. Huss retires to his home in the mountains, but the movement goes on. No power of man can stay its course. It is the old struggle of two tenses, the past and the present—the conflict of the old and the new.

During his exile he wrote often to friends. In one of his letters he says: "If the goose (Huss is in Bohemian, goose), which is but a timid bird, and cannot fly very high, has been able to burst its bonds, there will come after it an eagle, which will soar high into the air, and draw all other birds."

Huss has nearly ended his career. There is yet one sublime act for him to perform—but one. His spirit was at rest. He feared only for his country. For what he was to suffer he was prepared. He had become emancipated not only from the fatal darkness of superstition, but from the fear of martyrdom as well. But his country was not so happy. Partially rescued, it could not become wholly so until surrounding nations had come to a

higher point of religious enlightenment. He had spoken for the last time in Bethlehem Chapel. His eloquent voice was hushed, to be heard no more. As a preacher, he had done much for Bohemia; as a martyr, he must do as much for all Christendom.

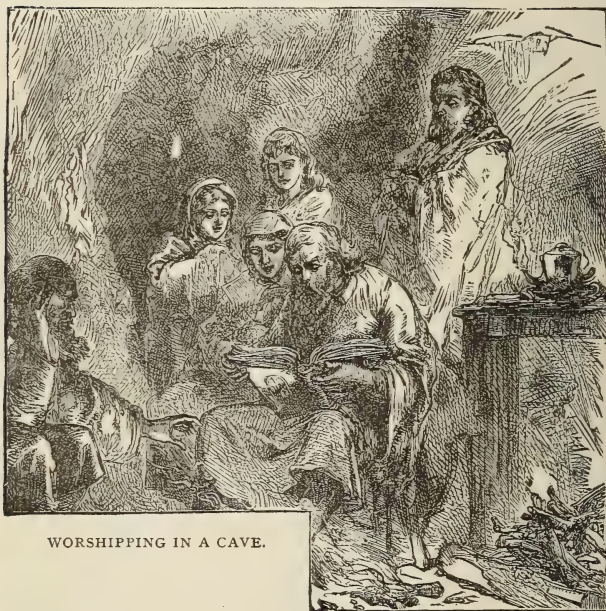
It is an important era in the world's history. The mark on the eternities is the year 1413. Sigismund has recently been raised to the throne of the empire. Nation is warring against nation. The Teutonic tribes are waging cruel wars, characterized by blood and terror. Bohemia is nearly rent in pieces by civil commotion. Italy groans beneath the hand of tyrant princes. Germany is feeling the convulsive throes of her children striving for light. France is distracted in its efforts to organize national liberty out of overmastering defeats, and is being led to her shrines of glory by a peasant girl. Spain is under the hand of Benedict, and the Musselman hordes are gathering on the frontiers of Europe, threatening to subdue all disorders by bending all nations to the common lot of subjects to the Crescent.

The Emperor hits upon the expedient of a Council. Its forerunner at Pisa had failed, but for this he hoped better things. There were two objects—the healing of the schism, and extirpation of heresy. The Pope John, to whom Sigismund appealed, was terrified at the proposition. His conscience asked the question, What if the Council shall demand how you came to be Pope? and you must answer, “Through the murder of my predecessor, Alexander V.” But the King of Hungary, whom he had called all Christendom to destroy, was at Rome with his army, as from him he must somehow be delivered.

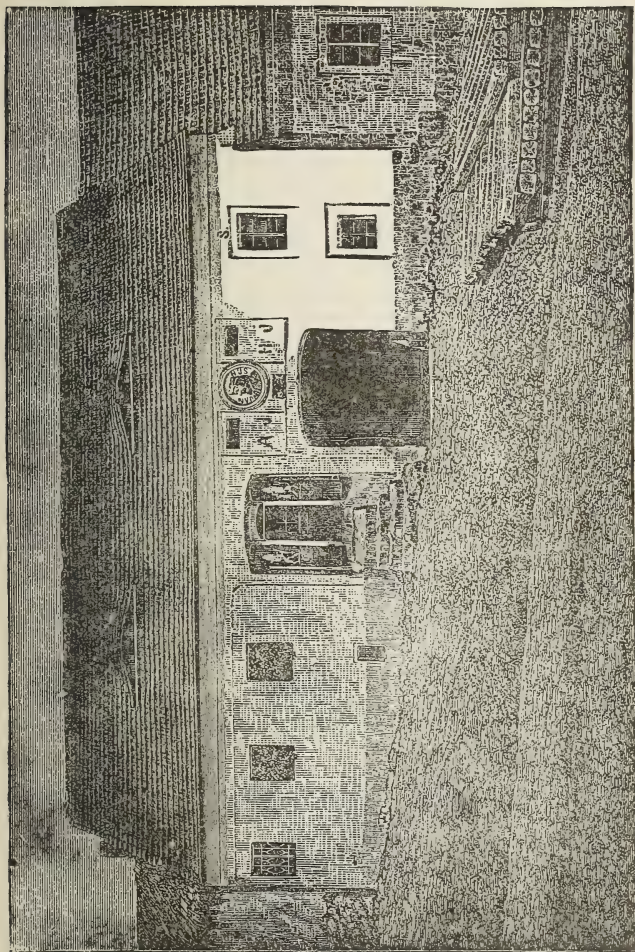
Making the best of a bad matter, he agreed to the Council with terror, but with feigned pleasure, and on

November 1st, 1414, the august body was to assemble.

The day arrived. From almost every city in Europe came delegates. It was a gathering noted for its dignity, learning and princely rank. There were thirty cardinals, twenty archbishops, one hundred and fifty bishops, as many prelates and doctors, abbots innumerable, with nearly two thousand priests, assembled at the famous Council of Constance.



WORSHIPPING IN A CAVE.



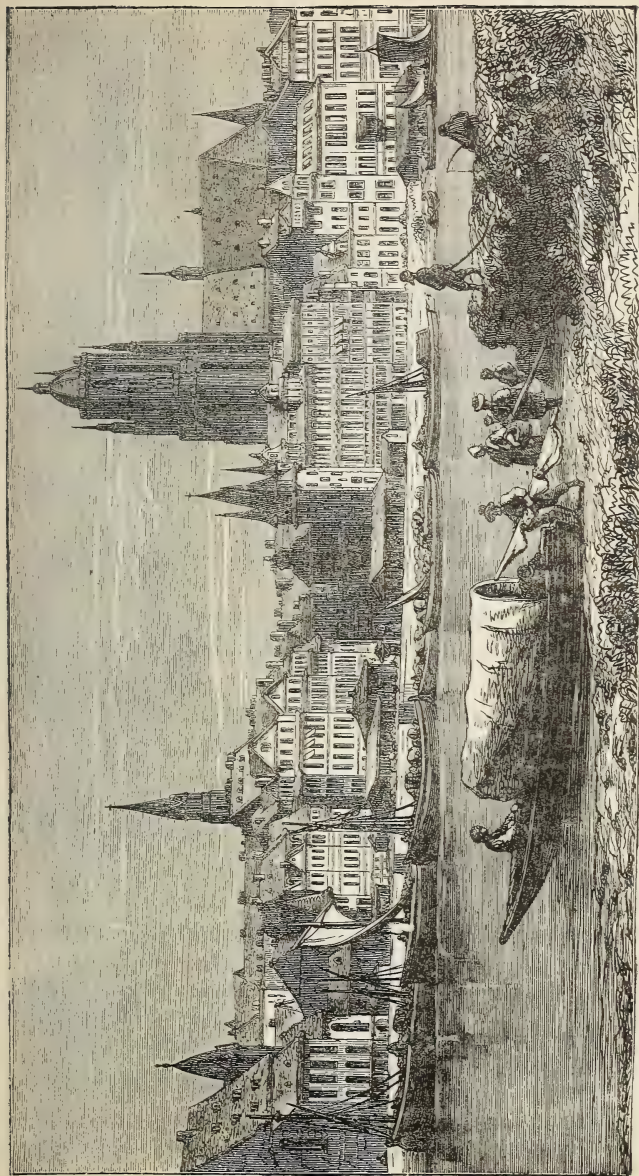
BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HUSS.

This Council was a remarkable assemblage. Many of sovereign rank : among them the Electors of Saxony, of Palatine and Mainz ; three dukes, margraves, counts and barons numberless ; an illustrious scholar named Poggio ; the celebrated Thierry, who, as secretary of many Popes, was said to have been providentially “placed near the source of so many iniquities for the purpose of unveiling and stigmatizing them ;” Sylvias Piccolomini, the elegant historian, afterward Pope ; Gersen, the famous Gallican divine, whose subtle intellect is displayed in the fine distinctions which he draws between the spiritual and temporal forces, suggesting, no doubt, to a subsequent writer that famous theory of “power of *direction* in the Pope,” which became the common opinion until the dogma of infallibility made him absolute in the exercise of his functions. Here, also, was the famous cardinal of Cambray, “surnamed the Eagle of France,” and John Charlier, noted for his brilliant forensic powers.

Nor were these all. Under many a plain, monkish habit were men of great brilliancy. All Christendom opened her doors, and sent over the mountains her ablest scholars, her ripest and strongest representatives. They came from beyond the Alps, from the slopes of the Pyrenees, from the shores of the North Sea, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The city was not sufficient to hold them all. All the hostelries were filled, and still they came. All the houses were filled, and finally outside the city walls and away up the hillsides wooden buildings were erected for their accommodation.

Such a concourse taxed the supplies of the little town beyond its abilities, and all the country round about was laid under tribute. “The wines of France, the milk of



ERFURT.

Burgundy," the venison from the Alps, the honey from Switzerland, came at their call.

Great as was this gathering; great as were its greatest men, there were three who took precedence over all others, the Emperor Sigismund, Pope John XXIII, and John Huss. It is because he was there that the Council of Constance is prominent in the annals of the Church to-day. It was their relation to him which marks the other two with the reprobation of all mankind. Between the Emperor and the Pope, it was simply a play of circumvention. Each feared and despised the other. Yet, with cunning craftiness, each professed to esteem the other at what he claimed to be. Sigismund, while assuring John that he regarded him as the legal possessor of the triple crown, secretly determined to depose him, in company with the other two Popes who had failed to appear.

It was not without great misgiving that John set out for Constance with a retinue of more than six hundred persons, and as he passed he took good care to make to him "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," so that in case he had to flee, he would find arms open to receive him. Not a step did he proceed on his way without these precautions, yet every incident of his journey he construed into auguries of evil. When descending the mountains, his carriage was accidentally overturned, and he thrown upon the highway. "By the devil!" cried he, "I am down. I had better have stayed in Bologna." On the 28th of October he entered Constance in state, having taken the caution to present the Abbot of St. Ulric with a cardinal's hat.

Quite opposite was the humble journey of Huss. Accompanied only by eight chosen friends, he plodded patiently on to his death. Before setting out he had taken

precaution to secure a safe conduct to Constance and return, "calling on all to allow him to PASS, SOJOURN, STOP AND RETURN FREELY AND SECURELY." This was granted by the Emperor on the 18th day of October, in the year 1414. Before starting Huss posted upon the doors of churches and even the palace a notice of his departure, and asking all who could testify either to his guilt or innocence to appear at the Council.

He began his journey. It was the lowly triumph of one who went to martyrdom. Yet crowds pressed to catch a glimpse of the man who was stirring the world by the forces of moral and spiritual truth. He took an humble abode in Constance, and awaited the hour of trial.

On Christmas Eve the Emperor arrived, and the Pope received him by the celebration of a pontifical mass. It had cost Sigismund infinite trouble to convene this Council, and through it his name was to become infamous, and descend to posterity branded with an eternal blot.

There was little of interest in the earlier sessions of the Council, but in the fifth it was decreed that a Council was superior to the Pope, thus paving the way to the dethronement of the present pontiff, at least. In the eighth session John De Wycliffe was summoned from his quiet sleep, and cited to appear before the Council; but he being beyond their reach, his writings were condemned, and later his bones were dug up and burned.

Immediately after this the subject of the sacrament was discussed, and the cup taken from the laity, a decree being issued that the communion should be celebrated in only one kind, namely bread. Next follows a terrible indictment against the Pope. More than forty crimes were charged and proved against him, beginning

with the murder of his predecessor, and then following with heretic, simoniac, liar, hypocrite, murderer, enchanter, dice-player, and adulterer, "and finally what crime was it that he was not infested with?"

He made an unsuccessful struggle to outwit the Emperor's party, but signalized his defeat by an ignominious flight. He was shortly after deposed, and all Christendom absolved by an edict of the Council from obedience to him.

The case of the other two Popes was easily disposed of, and Otto de Collonna was unanimously elected by the cardinals, and ruled the Church under the title of Martin V.

A striking contradiction in the actions of this Council presents to the thoughtful mind the query as to the basis of action, or the principle by which it would vindicate its course.

It would seem that in condemning and deposing the Pope for crimes identical with those for which Huss arraigned the priests, these Fathers erected a monument to his innocence and nobility of character. The crimes proved against the Pope were fouler and more atrocious than any charge which the Bohemian Doctor had levelled at the lower clergy; therefore the deposing of John XXIII. was a clear vindication of Huss. It was not against his theology they brought their accusations, for he was a Catholic and a Romanist unto the end. He believed fully in the fundamental doctrines of the Sacrament, and while demanding it in "both kinds," he held firmly to the theory of transubstantiation. If he followed Wycliffe in his views regarding the authority of the Pope, he stopped far short of the Englishman's advanced position. He was ready to receive the Scriptures as interpreted by the Church, and but feebly

grasped the idea of Christ as the sole mediator between God and man. Therefore it was not for these views he was to suffer.

The Council had condemned the Pontiff for infamous practices. It was virtually a justification of the Reformer's bold denunciation of these practices. So they saw it; so the world has **seen it**. How shall the Council avenge itself on the man who laid their gangrene open to the world, and made them probe it with their own hand. As a warning to others, at least, this simple priest, who has brought a pontiff to the dust, must burn.

Notwithstanding the *safe conduct* granted by the Emperor, Huss is, by imperial consent, arrested, and thrown into a narrow vault, where the damp, pestilential air brought on a raging fever. Fearful that the fever might cheat the stake, he was removed, and the Pope's physician sent to attend him, and preserve him for burning.

It was a terrible day in Bohemia when the tidings reached there that Huss was arrested. A flame of indignation swept over the country, and burning words stigmatized the emperor's act of treachery as that by which he would fall from the respect of every Bohemian subject.

A remonstrance, headed by the most powerful barons, was dispatched to Sigismund, which, after reminding him of his tarnished honor in suffering his "safe conduct" to be cruelly ignored, demanded the instant release of Huss.

But **vain** was an appeal to kingly honor or churchly truth, in that hot-headed time. To vindicate its action the Council formulated this principle: "*That no faith is to be kept with heretics to the prejudice of the Church.*" This doctrine was not new. It had been promulgated

by the Lateran Council in 1167, under Alexander III. It was decreed by this Council of Constance, and afterward confirmed by the Council of Trent.

Of course in the hands of men whose collective morality was of this supple character, and whose individual morality was much worse, Huss had no mercy to expect. Completely in their power, proceedings went rapidly on.

The flight of the Pope occasioned a lull in their movements against the Reformer until they caught the fugitive, who was brought back and cast into the same prison with Huss. A strange sight, surely. The preacher of purity, and the man by whom he was arrested. The accuser bearing bonds of infamy, shame and disgrace, the accused bearing bonds of virtue and of truth. The former chained for being what the latter says he is, and yet the latter dies for having said so. But the foulness of one, and the spotlessness of the other, reflect little credit to the crown of Sigismund.

But little delay was now experienced in bringing Huss to trial. His books were produced, and he was asked if he acknowledged being the author of them, which he did. The accusation was then read, containing some fair statements, many unfair ones as well; and others imputing to him ideas which he did not hold. Naturally, he attempted to reply to this, eliminating false accusations, and giving grounds for his just opinions. He uttered a few words, when an uproar occurred which drowned his voice. He stood still, and waited. Again he essayed to speak, and having occasion to refer to the Scriptures, he was assailed by a terrible uproar of greater violence than before. Again he is silent. "He is silent," cried his enemies. "I am silent because I am unable to make myself heard amidst this noise," said the Reformer.

It was impossible to agree upon any course to pursue, and Huss was remanded to prison.

At the earnest solicitation of many Bohemian nobles, the Emperor, being informed of the treatment Huss was receiving, concluded to be present at the next sitting of the Council. There he met Huss face to face. Loaded with chains, the humble Reformer stood before Sigismund, not with reproachful words, but the silent reproach of a broken pledge of honor on the part of the highest Prince in all the land.

But whatever secret resolve the Emperor had to save his life, it availed nothing. Standing in ghostly awe of the Council, he lent himself a willing tool to its measures.

The trial presents a series of paradoxes—just enough was found against the victim to insure his condemnation. He accepted the idea of transubstantiation, and so declared to the Council. He admitted the divine office of the Pope, but claimed that his official acts were dependent upon his spiritual character for their efficacy. He did not, even to the last, abandon the communion of the Church. His divergence from her was more on matters of policy than dogma. It is true he held the Scriptures to be the supreme guide in matters of faith, yet he submitted, in a great degree, to the interpretations the Church placed upon them. One thing the Council could not brook, and that was his ideas of liberty of conscience to the extent that heresy should not be punished by death until the heretic should be convicted out of the Holy Scriptures. Instinctively they felt Huss was not one of them. “He had transferred his allegiance from the Church to God.” “He had broken the bond of submission,” had snapped the shackles of infallibility, “he must undergo the doom of a heretic.”

Long confinement had enfeebled him. Fettered hand

and foot in a small dungeon by day, and chained to a rack on the wall by night, his vigorous frame had lost its activity—become weakened by disease and pain.

The Council drew up a form of abjuration. It was presented to him in prison, and warm-hearted friends tried to prevail on him to sign the paper.

“I will abjure those things of which I am falsely charged,” said he, “but those things which I have written, which I have taught, I will not abandon. I would rather be cast into the sea with a mill-stone around my neck, than offend one of those little ones to whom I have preached the gospel, by abjuring it.”

This was a fiery trial. Every inducement was held out to him. The slightest act or word of assent to the “corporate divinity” of the Council, and he shall go free. But freedom such as this Huss would not purchase by a word.

The commissioners withdrew. “I write,” said Huss, in a letter to a friend, “in prison, and with my fettered hand, expecting my sentence of death to-morrow. . . . When, with the assistance of Jesus Christ, we shall meet in the delicious peace of the future life, you will learn how merciful God hath shown himself toward me—how effectually he has supported me in the midst of temptations and trials.”

A month passed rapidly away, and the morning of July 6th, 1415, broke over the rugged mountains, touched the fair Lake Constance, and reflected in its tranquil bosom the towers and gabled roofs of the city which rose above the dungeon walls of Huss. A calm like that mirrored in the bosom of the lake, filled the soul of the Reformer, as he was led out into the last earthly sunlight which he should ever see. To-day his enemies triumph. Sigismund is there ; princes, patriarchs, arch-

bishops, bishops, priests and nobles. It was a stage worthy the great enactment. A Mass was said, while he stood without, that he might not profane its sacred presence; a sermon preached against "THAT OBSTINATE HERETIC;" the accusation against him read, and his refusal to abjure obtained.

Sentence of death was passed, followed by the ceremony of degradation.

A chalice was placed in his hand. "Will you abjure?" once more was asked.

"With what face, then," said he, "shall I behold the heavens? how should I look on those multitudes to whom I have preached the gospel? No, I esteem their salvation more than this poor body, now appointed unto death."

They took from him the various priestly garments in which they had arrayed him; and as each was removed, a separate curse was pronounced upon the martyr. They cut his hair, thus obliterating the mark of the crown, which, according to canon law, renders a priest forever incapable of exercising the functions of office.

They now placed upon his head a pointed cap, painted with figures of devils, with the words "Arch Heretic" thereon. "When thus attired, the priests said, 'Now we devote thy soul to the Devil.'" "And I," said Huss, "commit my spirit into thy hands O Lord Jesus, for thou hast redeemed me."

The Bishop delivered him to the Emperor; the Emperor gave him to the Duke of Bavaria; and he in turn delivered him to the executioners.

A procession was formed, the martyr between armed men, surrounded by a cavalcade of horsemen; the population followed.

Near, but outside the gate of Gotelehen the procession halted. The stake was driven deep into the ground.

Kneeling on the spot where he was to die, Huss employed his time in prayer, and reciting the penitential psalms. His painted cap fell off, and was replaced by a soldier, who said "he must be burned with the devils whom he served."



THE EXECUTION OF HUSS.

As they bound him to the stake, he said, "It is thus you silence the goose, but a hundred years hence there will arise a swan whose singing you will not be able to silence."

"He stood with his feet on fagots which were mixed with straw, that they might the more readily ignite. Wood was piled all around him up to the chin. Before applying the torch, Louis of Bavaria, and the Marshal of

the Empire approached, and for the last time implored him to have a care for his life, and renounce his errors. 'What errors,' asked Huss, 'shall I renounce? I know myself guilty of none. I call God to witness that all that I have written and preached has been with the view of rescuing souls from sin and perdition; and, therefore, most joyfully will I confirm with my blood that truth which I have written and preached.' At hearing these words they departed, and John Huss had now done talking with men."

When the fire was applied, Huss began to sing "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me," and as he was repeating it the third time, the wind blew the fire in his face, and his voice was heard no more.

The Secretary of the Council, who afterwards became Pope, writing an account of this martyrdom, bears a high witness to the heroic demeanor of Huss, who went to the flames as to a marriage feast. He uttered no cry of pain, the last tones heard being songs of praise and supplication.

When the flames subsided, it was seen that the upper half of the body remained unburned. The fires were re-kindled, and the scorched and shriveled remnants of the martyr reduced to ashes. These were carefully collected, the very soil dug up, and the whole carried and thrown into the Rhine.

Huss has given up the ghost. Not a vestige of him remains. Outward to the sea his ashes are borne, on the currents of the Rhine. His enemies can rest in peace. Every vestige of the Reformer will perish from the earth. The Pope may oppress the priest, and the priest the people. No voice shall raise in their behalf its warning utterance. Huss is dead. Many looked upon the heroic scene with the keen relish of the dramatic critic—natural,



MONUMENT OF JOHN HUSS.

good acting, well done ; but there were others who felt a light shining into their hearts brighter than the flame-shroud of the martyr—a spirit moving there which turned out the corrupt deities of baptized paganism, and let Jesus Christ in instead. Huss was dead ; but who gained the victory ? All the victories of Rome, from the days of the Cæsars until now, pale before this which Huss achieved at his martyr stake. He died indeed, but the prophecy he uttered had quick seeds, and the swan song was soon heard. He died indeed, but his name became a power in the cause of truth ; his stake became a lever ; his words became a hammer, breaking shackles from men's intellects, and chains from men's consciences, emancipating from every usurpation, and speeding on the enfranchisement of nations and the freedom of the Gospel.

How his enemies have been surprised since that day ! An alabaster box of ointment was one day broken in the house of Simon the leper, for the anointing of the Master, who said of the woman's act, that in every land where His gospel should be preached, the story of the woman should be told. The four winds of heaven have been fanning the perfume of this simple act through eighteen centuries, and it lives yet.

The winds which blew over Constance that fair morning, bore the smoke of Huss' funeral rite as a cloud of confusion to his enemies, and fanned the flame of the truth for which he died, southward to the equator, and northward to the shores of the frozen sea.

Bearing his ashes in its bosom, the Rhine will sweep on, and become mingled with the waters of the ocean, never to be separated, never to be recalled. So will the subtle influence of his life go forth as a forceful energy in the world, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race ; nev-

er to be gathered up, never, indeed, to be measured ; but there, living and acting over and over again in other lives his glorious deeds, enjoying in each free, emancipated soul, a resurrection, through all coming time. The withering body sinks slowly into ashes ; but Bohemia feels the flame upon her cheek, and rejoices in the thrill of coming day. "A hundred years." Germany, England, and all Christendom lend a listening ear—He foretold it—listen—"In the course of a hundred years you will answer to God and to me."



A STREET STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER XI.

TRIAL AND TEMPTATION OF JEROME.

During the account we have given of the life of Huss, we have several times referred to Jerome, his co-worker in the reform of Bohemia.

It is necessary that we now retrace our steps a little, to gather up the threads, and present the story of the temptation, the fall, and the final conquest of Jerome.

Immediately after hearing of the arrest of Huss, Jerome started for Constance, in the vain hope of succoring in some way his beloved master. He found that he could, not only, not serve Huss, but had placed his own life in peril, and to save it he must flee. He went to Iberling, an imperial town a short distance from Constance. From here he wrote to the Emperor, stating his readiness to appear before the Council on receipt of a safe conduct. This, however, he was refused. He then appealed to the Council with like success. Failing to obtain a satisfactory response from either the Emperor or the Council, he caused placards to be posted in all the public places in Constance, and particularly upon the Cardinal's house.

In these papers he professed a willingness to appear and answer before the Council for both his character and his doctrines. He declared still further that, if any

error was found in his belief, he would willingly retract it. To these papers he received no answer, and immediately he set out to return to Bohemia. He had proceeded but a little way when he was seized by an officer, who hoped thereby to receive the commendation of the Council, and was conveyed in irons to Constance.



JEROME BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

On the journey thither he was met by the Elector Palatine, who caused a long chain to be attached to his body, by which he was dragged, like a beast of prey, to a jailer, and there fastened to a block with his feet in the stocks, where he remained for eleven days and nights. He was then brought forth and threatened with torments

and death. These were his moments of weakness. He clung tenderly to life. Worn in body, broken in mind by confinement and ill treatment, he shrank from the burning stake. On the twenty-third of September, 1415, he made a retraction, submitted himself to the Council, and acknowledged the justice of the condemnation of Wycliffe and the martyrdom of Huss. He furthermore promised to live and die a Catholic, and never to preach anything contrary to that faith.

Is it astonishing that Jerome, after so many days of suffering, should have thus fallen? Having come so far in the footsteps of his master, whom he had seen pass through the fire into the sky, is it surprising that he could follow no farther? No, Jerome has not fallen. He stands in a position of terrible uncertainty. He is upon the brink of a great decision; that decision made, he will arise, endure the stake, and "follow fully" in the footprints which Huss has just made.

Perhaps it is worth while to pause a moment, and consider what is going on in the Council. But a few days previous to the retraction of Jerome, an eminent preacher had delivered a sermon before this august assemblage on the text, "Where is the word of the Lord?" With great force and beauty the author pictured the church as a grand and beautiful queen who lamented that there was no longer any virtue in the world, ascribing the lack of it to the avarice and the ambition of the clergy. "For who are they who are the greatest opposers of the Reformation? Are they the secular princes? Far from it. These are the men who desire it with the greatest zeal, and demand it with the utmost earnestness. Who are they who rend the garments of Jesus Christ but the clergy? Men who may be compared to hungry wolves, that come into the sheepfold in lamb skins, and conceal

ungodly and wicked souls under religious habits."

Another preacher, a bishop, inveighed against the Council in similar terms. Both painted ugly pictures, upon which they invited the world to gaze, and "had not even the poor consolation of saying that the heretics had painted them." And yet these very pictures were those for the painting of which they had condemned Wycliffe and Huss.

There were men here who were determined that Jerome, following in Huss' footsteps, should not escape the same penalty. A wide, as well as a false accusation was preferred against him, amounting to over a hundred distinct charges. Of the main accusations, relating to differences of doctrine, Jerome purged himself by repeating the creeds of the church; but he did not believe, and feared not to say, that a priest either "be he scandalous or be he holy" had power to curse whomsoever he would. He held pardons and indulgences to be worthless, and it is believed that he had less reverence for relics, and even for the Virgin herself.

Of the truth of the accusation which he brought against the priesthood, the city of Constance was a notable example; she was a second Sodom, and it seemed that only a shower of fire and brimstone could cleanse her from her corruption.

Meanwhile a remarkable change was taking place in the mind of Jerome in his dungeon. The courageous form of Huss going bravely to the stake, rose before him in his martyr shroud of living fire. He could not conceal from himself that there were yet further objections before he could finish his course with the Council, and the gulf into which he saw himself now plunging, was without bottom. The peace of mind which he had hitherto found so glorious, had deserted him, and darkness

seemed to be shutting him in forever. To escape a quarter of an hour's torment at the stake, he had broken faith with his own conscience. But he rose from pondering this question, his conscience once more at peace, with a determination to face the Council, which could only kill the body, but after death had no more that it could do.

The accusations were presented to Jerome in prison. He demanded the privilege of answering them publicly. Fearing the effect of the prisoner's eloquence upon the people, these learned Fathers attempted to limit his defence to a simple Yes or No.

“What injustice! What cruelty! You have held me shut up three hundred and forty days in a frightful prison, in the midst of filth and noisomeness, stench, and the utmost want of everything; then you bring me out before you, and even though my mortal enemies, you refuse to hear me. If you be wise men, if you are really the lights of the world, take care not to sin against justice. As for me, I am only a feeble mortal, my life is but of little importance, and when I exhort you not to deliver any unjust sentence, I speak less for myself than for you.”

A furious uproar rose around him as he uttered these words; but as a rock amidst the weltering waves, so Jerome stood in the midst of this sea of passion. What a contrast between this face, filled with peace, lighted by a noble courage, and the dark and scowling visages which filled the hall.

Not daring to condemn him unheard, it was agreed that he should fully reply on the twenty-sixth day of May, 1416.

It was an oration worthy of the man, worthy of the place, worthy of the death which followed it. His bitterest enemies acknowledged with admiration his fine

logic, his wonderful memory, his force of argument, and the marvellous witchery of his majestic eloquence. Carefully, one by one, he sifted every accusation preferred against him. He admitted what was true; he condemned what was false. Not for life did he plead,—for that he did not seem to care; not to rescue himself from the stake, but to rescue truth from error, and to exalt his cause. With the consummate art of the orator, he made the stern faces around him melt into a smile, or with biting sarcasm changed the smile into rage, or with tender pathos brought “dewy pity” into the faces of his judges. Never once did he express a thought unworthy of the worthiest; never once, in the recounting of the manner of his own life, or examining the charges against him, or the falsehood of the witnesses, did he indulge in personal criminations or express thoughts of revenge. He reviewed the long list of men who had been condemned by unjust tribunals. “The benefactors of the pagan world, the patriots of the old dispensation, the Prince of Martyrs, Jesus Christ, the confessors of the new dispensation,—all had yielded up their lives in the cause of righteousness.” The Council was not unmoved. Jerome proceeded.

On his former appearance, Jerome had subscribed to the justice of Huss’s condemnation. Now, he repented this wrong, and he would do what he could to atone for it.

“I knew him,” said he, “from his childhood. He was an excellent man, just and holy. He was condemned, notwithstanding his innocence. He has ascended to heaven, like Elias, in the midst of flames, and from thence he will summon his judges to the dread tribunal of Christ. I also—I am ready to die. Of all the sins I have committed since my youth, not one weighs so heavily on my



JEROME RECANTING.

mind as the one I committed in this fatal place when I approved of the iniquitous sentence against Wycliffe and against the holy martyr, John Huss, my master and my friend. I declare with horror that I disgracefully failed, when through the dread of death I condemned their doctrines; I therefore supplicate Almighty God to pardon me my sins, and this one the most heinous of them all. You condemned Wycliffe and Huss, not because they shook the faith, but because they branded with reprobation the scandals of the clergy, their pomp, their pride, and their luxuriousness."

The whole Council quivered with uncontrollable anger. "What need we," say they, "of further proof of the obstinate heretic before us?" With a gesture full of dignity and a voice touching, clear and sonorous, Jerome went on:

'What! do, you think that I fear to die? You have kept me a whole year in a dungeon more horrible than death. You have treated me more cruelly than Saracen, Turk, Jew or Pagan, and my flesh has rotted literally off my bones. I make no complaint; lamentation ill becomes a man of spirit, yet I cannot but express my astonishment at such barbarity towards a Christian.'

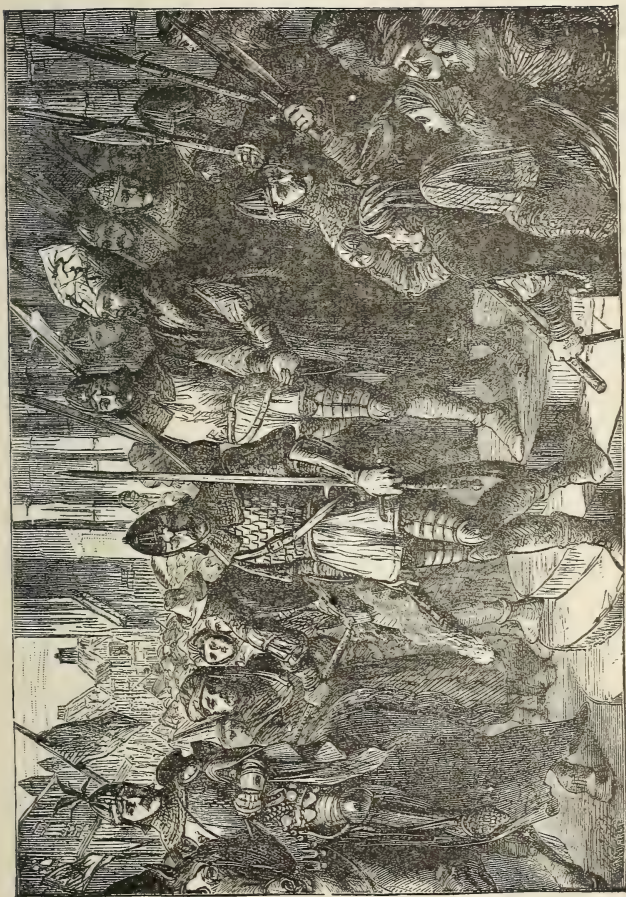
This speech caused an outbreak of rage and confusion, in which the sitting closed. Back to his dungeon Jerome was carried, loaded with heavy chains, and subjected to greater indignities of treatment.

Many of the bishops, however, acknowledging the splendid talents of Jerome, took occasion to visit him in prison, and implored him to retract; but, true to his conscience, he demanded that they prove to him from the Scriptures that he was in error. Last of all to visit him was the Cardinal of Florence. He praised the wonderful gifts of eloquence, the matchless oratory with which

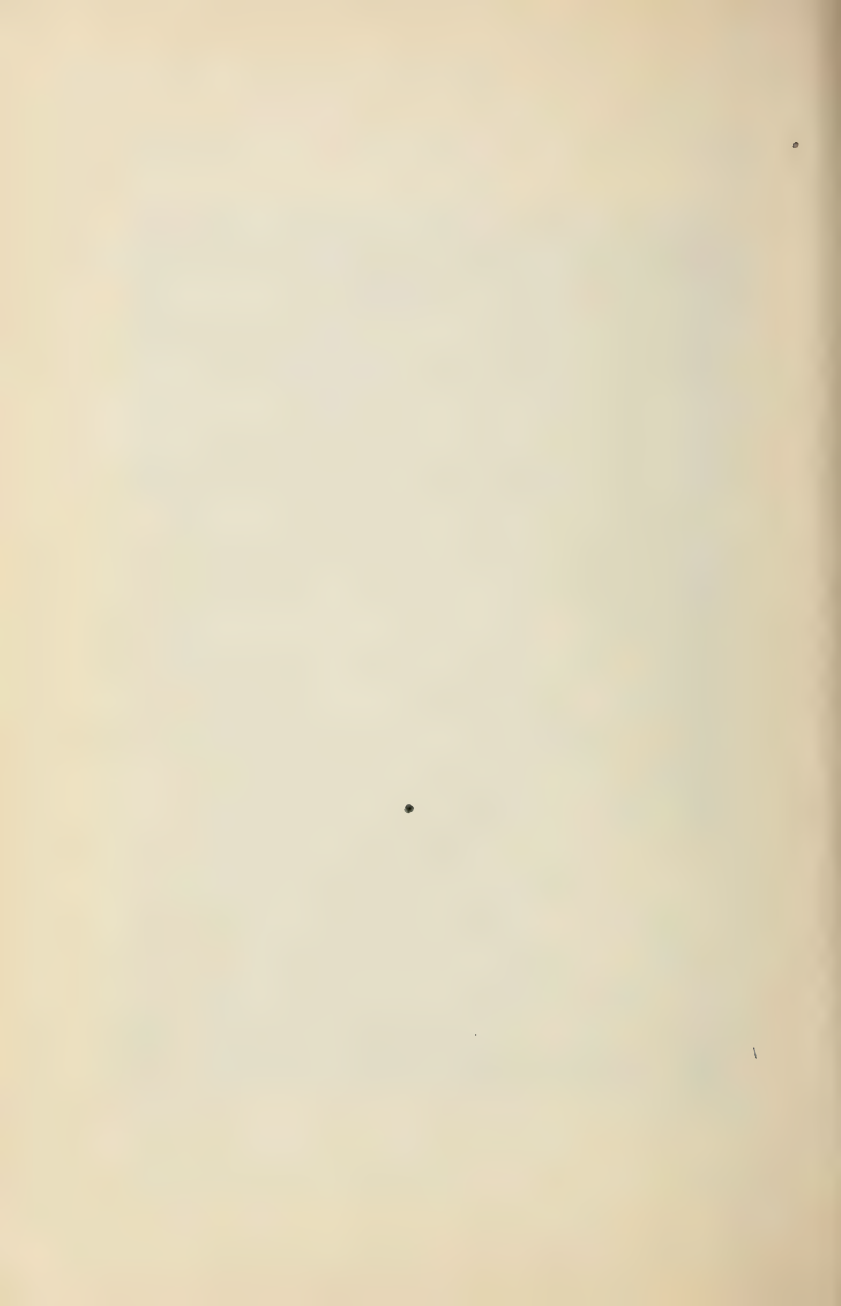
Jerome had been endowed. He sketched a brilliant career open to him, if he would but throw down his hostility to the Church, and return to spiritual obedience; but brilliant words could not dazzle the eye nor confuse the determination of Jerome. He had debated in the silence of his cell, in the bondage of chains; his mind had been made up for all time. "Prove to me from the Holy Writings that I am in error, and I will abjure it." "The Holy Writings!" replies the Cardinal, "who can understand them until the Church has interpreted them?" "What do I hear?" answered Jerome; "are the traditions of men more worthy of faith than the Gospel of our Saviour? Paul did not exhort those to whom he wrote to listen to the traditions of men, but said, 'Search the Scriptures.'" "Heretic!" cried the Cardinal. "I regret having pleaded so long with you. I see that you are urged on by the Devil!"

The morning of the thirtieth of May, 1416, dawned bright and clear over the city and the beautiful lake of Constance. As on another occasion, so now, a man is brought forth to receive his sentence at the hands of the famous Council, whose only claim to a place in history is the infamy which attaches to its destruction of Huss and Jerome.

Again the grandees of the empire filled the church; the officials of the Council, its delegates and nobility, all gathered within and without, celebrating a solemn mass previous to the burning of another heretic. From the gloom of his silent prison Jerome is brought before this brilliant assembly, decorated with its robes of Office State and Rank. Fearing this infirm and broken invalid would succeed in eluding their hatred, they surrounded the place with the troops of the Emperor. Jerome was again asked if he would retract, and on his refusal to do



JEROME LED TO EXECUTION.



so, he was condemned to death as a heretic, and delivered over to the State. It was requested that the civil judge would deal gently with him, and spare his life, which is quite paradoxical, inasmuch as the stake where he was to suffer had been planted, the fagots prepared, and officers of execution sat in readiness. Jerome seemed to rise to meet the occasion. Mounting an elevation that he might be heard by all the assembly, he expressed his sorrow at having given his approval of the burning of Huss. "In dying," he said, "I shall leave a sting in your hearts and a worm in your consciences, and I cite you all to answer to me before the most high and just Judge within a hundred years."

Jerome being a layman, had not to undergo the ceremony of degradation. They had prepared for him a cap in the shape of a mitre, painted with red devils. When this was placed upon his head, he said, "As my Lord did for me wear a crown of thorns, so for him do I wear this crown of ignominy." As they led him out of the church, he sang the Credo as it is accustomed to be sung in the Church. As he passed along the way through the streets, his voice was still heard, clear and loud, singing Church canticles. The spot where he was to suffer had already been consecrated by the ashes of Huss. He was bound to the stake, the wood piled to his neck, his garments thrown upon the pile, and the torch applied. The executioner was applying the torch behind, when Jerome said, "Come forward, kindle the pile before my face, for had I been afraid of fire, I should not have been here." As the scorching flames beat upon his face, and choked his utterance, the voice was heard saying, "O Lord God, have mercy upon me!" but for the space of a quarter of an hour his lips were seen to move in the

midst of the flames, showing that he was engaged in prayer.

When his body had been reduced to ashes, all that had been left behind him in the cell, which had been contaminated by his touch, were thrown upon the same spot, and burned, after which the whole was carefully gathered up and thrown into the Rhine.

What rejoicing in the ranks of the enemies! Heresy in Bohemia is dead forever! Huss and Jerome both are dead. The Council may sleep in peace now. No John the Baptist lays the axe at the root of their popular traditions. No Wycliffe presses the point of his clear logic between the joints of their armor. No Huss assails the scandalous practices of their priesthood. No Jerome fires the popular heart with the fervor and love of truth. The short-sightedness of those who looked thus upon this extinction of the last martyr, can only be compared with the intensity of their bigotry.

They had not quenched the light; they had only scattered ten thousand torches over the face of Christendom, and instead of erasing the names of these men from the world, they had raised them to a height where all men could see them, and had built an eternal monument to their memory.



JEROME IN HIS DUNGEON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUSSITE CHURCH.

There tachery by which the Vindicator and the Reformer of his nation's wrongs had been immolated by emperor and priests at Constance, roused the popular indignation in Bohemia to a great heat. It was evident that some fierce outburst of passion would soon be witnessed. The people spoke of Huss as the apostle of Bohemia, innocent, pious and holy.

Holding the pen in one hand, grasping the sword-hilt in the other, they wrote to the dignitaries assembled at Constance.

“Whoever shall affirm that heresy is spread abroad in Bohemia lies in his teeth, and is a traitor to our kingdom. While we leave vengeance to God to whom it belongs, we shall carry our complaint to the footstool of the indubitable Pontiff, when the Church shall again be ruled by such an one, declaring a new ordinance which man shall render, by protecting the humble and faithful preachers of the words of our Lord Jesus, and defending them fiercely, even to the shedding of blood.”

The throne was at that time filled by Wenceslaus. He had once been dethroned by his brother Sigismund, but had recovered an altered, but not improved tenure. Shut up in his palace, leading the life of a sensualist, the

opinions of his subjects were to him a matter of supreme indifference. He cared little for the church, less for orthodoxy, as heresy was sometimes called. He rejoiced secretly in the progress of Hussism, hoping it would result in destroying the wealth of the priesthood and ecclesiastical corporations. He disliked the priests, and called them "the most dangerous of all the comedians."

The ideas of Huss rapidly gained ground, and in less than four years from the time his ashes were thrown into the Rhine, the greater part of the nation had embraced the faith for which he died. Nobility, as well as peasantry, joined the ranks, together with many of the lower clergy. The cause became national. The Bohemians, in their revulsion of feeling, threw off the chains of their Roman vassalage.

A slight divergence of opinion was traceable, even at this time, among the Protestants. One party claimed the Scriptures as their only standard and rule of faith, and came to bear the name of Taborites, the name of a hill upon which one of their earliest encampments was made.

The other party remained within the communion of the Church, though abandoning it at heart. Their emblem was the cup, meaning to symbolize that they believed in communion of "both kinds." The cup became the national Protestant symbol; it was carried in advance of their armies, and blazoned upon their banners in striking contrast to the Roman symbol, which was the Cross; but whenever they were engaged in a conflict with Rome, the two parties were always found upon the same battle-field, joining their prayers and their arms, which kept them united as one body.

During this time a new Pope had been elected by the Council of Constance. On the 14th of November, 1417,

the Cardinals came to a decision—hastened, no doubt, by the fact that they were put upon a thin diet—and announced Otho de Colonna as Pope.

The election falling upon St. Martin's day, the Pope took the title of Martin V.

Through the same gate which Huss and Jerome had passed to the stake, there swept a different procession. The Pope, upon a white horse, whose bridle rein was held by the Elector of Brandenburg, passed on to be enthroned.

Bohemia was his first care. A great movement was surely advancing. It had Wycliffe for teacher, Huss and Jerome for its early martyrs. Against it the Pope hurled his excommunication ; but more powerful weapons than those of a spiritual machine must be used to crush it. The Emperor was called upon to engage in this service. The customary rewards, crowns, and high places in Paradise, were freely offered to those who would display the greatest zeal in the extermination of the heretics. On the 15th of May the Pope sang his last mass in the Cathedral of Constance, and on the following day set out on his journey to Rome.

Leaving him to pursue his way, we turn our eyes to Bohemia.

Woe upon woe seemed falling upon that devoted nation. Its two noblest men had been sacrificed at the stake ; against it the Pope had hurled his excommunications, and now the Emperor was organizing vast armies to invade its territory, and submerge its fair fields in seas of blood.

The craven king, devoted to feasting, revelry and licentiousness, had neither heart nor power to oppose either the spiritual or the temporal invasion of his realm. Though filled with indignation, the citizens were dis-

tracted, having neither counsellors to advise, nor leaders to guide them. As in the van of all great movements a man seems mercifully raised up to meet the circumstances, even so here, one of the most remarkable men of the ages presents himself to organize a nation and to guide its armies. This man was John Trocznowski, better known by the more pronounceable name of Ziska, that is, the one-eyed.

Adopting at an early age the profession of arms, Ziska had been retained in the palace of the jovial monarch, where he enjoyed with others the feasting and revelry of that boisterous and inefficient court. But the death of Huss, sending a thrill of indignation through the heart of the nation, roused the fury of the gay courtier of the palace. He might be seen with folded arms and thoughtful, earnest brow, pacing the long corridors which looked down on the broad bosom of the Moldau, and on the forests of Prague which stretched away toward the distant horizon which had been so recently lighted by the flames of Huss.

In jesting mood the gay monarch inquired, "What is this, Ziska?"

"I cannot brook the insult offered to Bohemia," was his reply, "by the murder of John Huss."

"What is the use of vexing one's self about it?" asked the monarch. "Neither you nor I can avenge it. But," added he, good-humoredly, "if you are able to call the Emperor and Council to an account you have my permission to do it."

"My gracious Master," replied Ziska, "will you be pleased to give me that permission in writing?"

Richly enjoying so harmless a joke he placed in the hands of this layman who had neither friends, money,

nor soldiers, the document he desired, bearing the royal seal.

Ziska was not in jest. He quietly awaited his opportunity. The Pope had just issued his bull against the Hussites. The citizens of Prague assembled to consider the means for avenging the nation's insulted honor. Suddenly a man appeared in their midst armed with a royal authorization. He placed himself at their head, and demanded for themselves and the nation liberty to act and to worship as they pleased.

The streets of Prague ran with blood shed in civil feud between the almost frantic factions.

The King, unusually disturbed by these exciting scenes, succumbed to a fit of apoplexy, in which he died. The King being dead, the Catholics were emboldened by the Queen's boldly espousing their cause. For seven days and nights the old bridge which crosses the river was the scene of fighting and bloodshed almost unparalleled in the history of civil insurrections. The churches and the convents were pillaged, and often their inmates were massacred. The false-hearted Emperor, brother of the late King, marched his armies upon Prague to quell the insurrection and to seize the crown.

The tempest burst in fury upon the land. The campaign, which lasted through eighteen weary years, now began. It is noted for the intensity of passion, the carnage of its fields, and the miraculous victories of a handful of earnest men. On Michaelmas Day, 1419, the Hussites assembled upon a great plain to celebrate the Eucharist. It is said that forty thousand people assembled there. At the close of their service, which was very simple, they set a time when they would meet again for a like purpose; but the second meeting was not to pass off so quietly. The troops of the Emperor were lying in

ambuscade to meet them. Supported by a small body of soldiers, they completely routed the imperial calvary, and pursued their way flushed with the triumph of their first victory.

The gods seem to help those who help themselves, and without knowing the service he was rendering to this little band of earnest men, the Turk demanded the attention of the Emperor by thundering at the gates of his empire on the opposite side from Bohemia. Ziska saw his advantage. He issued a manifesto rousing the religious fervor and patriotism of his countrymen to the highest degree, and signed it, "Ziska of the Chalice, in the hope of God, chief of the Taborites."

From every village and plain of Bohemia they rallied to the standard of Ziska, which was now planted on Mount Tabor. Almost undisciplined, they presented but a forlorn hope against the arms of the Emperor, but the first body of troops they encountered were completely captured, disarmed, and the weapons the Hussites so sadly needed were thus furnished. Emboldened by the second victory, they entered the city of Prague. Five hundred churches and convents were pillaged, and their immense wealth appropriated for the expenses of the war. That this contemptible little company could worst the Emperor was not for a moment to be thought of, and yet he deemed it prudent to come to terms with the Turk in order that he might deal with Ziska.

He now assembled an army of one hundred thousand men to besiege Prague, but this great host was ignominiously driven from before the walls of the city. The second attempt in 1420 resulted in a second repulse and a greater disgrace.

Soon after this a Diet was held, in which the Bohemians considered what disposition they should make of the crown,



HUSSITE LEADERS.

but as the matter was left undecided, a regency was established composed of nobles and citizens, with Ziska as its president. The Emperor sent proposals to the Diet, which were scornfully rejected, and the four following articles were declared as the indispensable basis upon which they would accept terms of peace :

“First, the free preaching of the Gospel ; second, the celebration of the Supper in both kinds ; third, the secularization of the ecclesiastical property, excepting what might yield a comfortable subsistence to the clergy ; fourth, the execution of laws against all crimes, whether committed by laics or clerics.”

The war resumed its course. It was interesting and terrible. Ziska won battle after battle, performing feats of valor and displaying marvellous ability as a general. He outmanœuvred the enemy, overwhelmed them by surprises, baffled them by new and unaccountable tactics. He became a pillar of cloud to his enemies and a pillar of fire to his followers. Always successful, they forgot the odds against them and the possibility of defeat. The cause they fought for gave even a holy character to their conduct. In their marches their pastors led them. Before entering battle they partook of the Sacrament, and they went into action singing the psalms of David and the hymns of the Church. In the rear of their armies followed the women, caring for the sick and the wounded, or working with the soldiers upon the ramparts.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUSSITE WARS.

Pause for a moment to consider where we stand. The cause of the Hussites has always been misunderstood, often branded with condemnation and abhorrence. The slow ages as they have rolled on have been reluctant to acknowledge the justice and the grandeur of their cause. We speak in glowing terms of the Fathers of America, who left their homes to found a nation upon the principles of religious freedom. More than a hundred years before, the Hussites present the first instance of a nation voluntarily uniting in a holy band to maintain the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. They maintained that right, indeed, by the sword, but you will remember that it was not left for them to choose the weapons with which they were to fight their sacred battle.

Cursed by the Pope, invaded by the Emperor, they had no choice but to fight, and having once taken the sword they used it with a determination and a result which caused their enemies to long remember their prowess. They paved the way of the reformation of the sixteenth century; they fought the battle; they shed the blood, and the sixteenth century entered into their rest. Had they not fought and bled, other nations in later years would have enacted their sanguinary history on other



HUSSITE SHIELD.

fields. The many battles in which Ziska acted his glorious part, it will be impossible for us to enumerate. It is, perhaps, safe to say that no general, either ancient or modern, ever organized out of such meagre material an army which he led to universally victorious fields. We have spoken of him as having lost the use of one eye in childhood. During a famous seige he lost the other, and became totally blind. Taking all things into account; his blindness, the untrained peasantry which he transformed into soldiers, the times of ignorance and superstition in which he lived, and the fearful odds against him, he stands before us as one of the greatest generals that ever lived. Before entering into action he called a few officers around him, questioned them as to the nature of the ground and the enemy's position. With marvellous genius he arranged his army, directed every movement, foresaw every emergency and met every difficulty. The chief who led invincible armies walked before them in a pavilion of darkness. His remarkable success was attained partly by the novel methods of defence which he employed in the field, partly by his generalship, and partly by the belief every soldier had in the justice of this cause.

“The wagons of the train of supplies were linked one to another by strong iron chains; and ranged in line, were placed in front of the host in the form of a circle. This wall sometimes enclosed the whole army. Behind, or within the first rampart rose the second, formed of the long wooden shields of the soldiers stuck in the ground.” This was a most formidable obstruction to cavalry. Mounted on heavy horses, armed only with pikes and battle-axes, the enemy was obliged to force its way through this double fortification.

While they were hewing at the chains and the wagons of the outer row, the Bohemian archers were playing a deadly fire of arrows into their ranks, and when the Germans closed for battle it was with thinned numbers and exhausted strength.

A somewhat remarkable weapon was also adopted by the Bohemians, consisting of a heavy iron flail which they swung with tremendous force. They seldom failed to hit, and when they did so, the flail cut through helmet and skull. They always carried a long spear with a hook on the end with which they dragged the riders from their horses to the ground, where they were quickly dispatched.

Ziska fought sixteen pitched battles, many skirmishes and sieges, in all of which he was successful. His career was suddenly terminated by the plague on the 11th of October, 1424. It is related, yet without truth, that on his death-bed he requested his followers to make a drum of his skin, believing that its sound would terrify the enemy. Although they had lost a great leader, the Hussites were not distressed, for upon his death-bed Ziska named his successor, who proved a greater man, although of less fame. Procopius was the son of a nobleman, who had received an excellent education and had travelled much in foreign countries. His devotion to the cause of Bohemia was as great as that of Ziska's, while he added to the qualities of a soldier and general that of a wise statesman.

The enemies of the Bohemians, not knowing that the loss of Ziska had been repaired by a greater general, confidently expected that victory would now change sides. The terrible blind warrior they had well learned to fear was no more, but the blood of Jerome and Huss made their swords heavy.



PROCOPIUS

PROCOPIUS.

The Emperor now engaged the services of the Pope, who, in addition to writing to all the German princes, encouraging them to join in exterminating the Bohemian heretics, issued a bull ordering a crusade against them. Again the tempests muttered in the horizon, the storm clouds gathered darkly, and the little band of excommunicated men drew closer together. The unsheathed sword which glittered so brightly over their heads reminded them that above all the differences that had risen among them, they had a common country and a common faith to defend. The summons of the Pontiff had been but too generally responded to. An army was gathered consisting of a hundred thousand men, three thousand wagons, and one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon.

On the 15th of June this imposing army entered Bohemia in three columns, and encamped on the great plain which lies between Dresden and Toplitz.

On Sabbath morning, with the generosity for which he was ever noted, Procopius sent to the German camp the proposal that quarter should be given on both sides. The answer was returned that they would give no quarter to those whom the Pope had cursed. "Let it be so then," said the Bohemian leader, "and let no quarter be given on either side." Behind five hundred wagons, fastened to one another with iron chains, the little army awaited its formidable foe. With tremendous fury they broke upon the outer wall, hewing in pieces with their battle-axes the iron fastenings of the wagons. Passing onward, they threw down the shields behind which the soldiers lay. An occasional shot from their swivel guns was the only remonstrance the Bohemians thus far made, the men resting quietly upon their arms. But when face to face with the enemy, their terrible warcry

rang throughout the camp, and springing to their feet, they swung their terrible flails, and plied their long hooks, pulling the Germans from their horses and slaughtering them upon the ground. Rank after rank pressed into the enclosure only to become blended in the fearful carnage of the fatal spot.

From morning till afternoon the battle raged, but the Bohemian ranks remained almost untouched. The day closed with a terrible rout to the invaders, who sought refuge in the mountains and woods around the field of action. The fugitives when taken, implored quarter, but before entering action they had settled it, and no quarter was given. The loss to the Germans in killed and wounded swelled to the number of fifty thousand, while of the Hussites there fell in battle only thirty men.

Scarce had this terrible tempest passed over them, and the sky cleared, when the Pope commissioned the Bishop of Winchester to lead a new Bohemian crusade. On finding no Englishmen willing to follow him, the Bishop crossed into Belgium, where in the surrounding nations he raised an immense army, consisting of ninety thousand infantry and an equal number of cavalry. Here, certainly, were swords enough to convert the Bohemian heretics. The Electors of the Empire, princes, counts, and nobles marched forward to the scene of their coming triumph. The Bohemians went forth to meet them. The armies stood within sight of each other, separated only by a small river. The crusaders, although outnumbering them ten to one, stood in silence upon the river bank gazing upon the warriors they had come so far to encounter. They did not dash into the stream and close in battle, but looked upon those faces begrimed with the smoke and dust of battle, hardened by constant exposure; seeming to realize the wild pictures of terror

which report had made familiar long before they came in contact with the men.

For a few minutes this great army of men stood gazing upon the scene. A sudden panic fell upon them. They turned and fled in wildest terror, and utmost confusion. The Hussites plunged into the river, climbed the opposite bank and hung upon the rear of the retreating army with merciless slaughter. As if to avenge the insults, the peasants, through whose country the army marched, avenged upon the foe in his retreat the ravages committed in his advance.

The booty was so great that hardly any individual in Bohemia was not made rich. But Procopius was desirous of peace. He was ready to die, if need be, in defence of the liberties of his country, but he desired, if possible, to close these fearful wars if it could be done on honorable and safe terms. He assembled the Diet of Prague, and was empowered to go to Vienna and lay the terms of the Bohemian people before the Emperor. But it was vain. With satisfaction that he had held out the olive branch of peace, he again unsheathed the sword and assumed offensive warfare upon those nations which had brought it into Bohemia.

The whole of Western Germany now felt the weight of his sword. He converted whole towns into heaps of ruins, and returned homeward with three hundred wagons groaning under the weight of the immense booty he had secured.

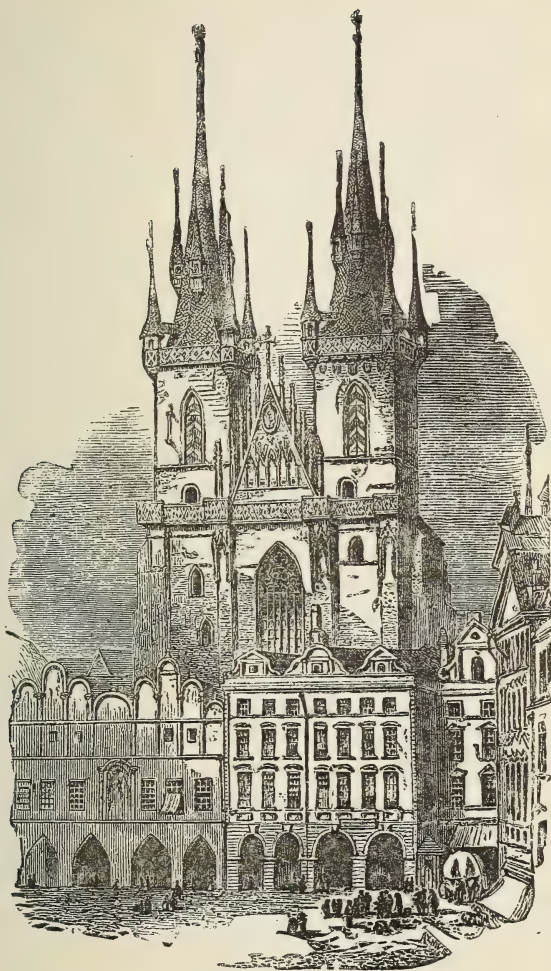
We neither justify nor condemn this invasion. To do so we must take into account the character of the age, the circumstances of the people taking arms in self-defence. They felt justified in chastising severally the nationalities which hated them and hung around them as a perpetual menace. It was not their fault if the fifteenth

century did not put them in possession of clear, well defined truth, and of that wide liberality which the nineteenth century has put within our reach. Both their piety and their patriotism were superior to ours, but if the ethical maxims which control the actions of those virtues were not so clearly nor so fully developed, it is not our place to cavil.

Pope Ulartin V. died of apoplexy in 1431. He was succeeded on the 16th of March by Eugenius IV. It became necessary for him and the Emperor to take counsel concerning the danger which threatened the overthrow of all Christendom, and even their own destruction. Another crusade was proclaimed, and rewards were offered, far exceeding those previously bestowed, to all who could fight or pray for the success of their cause. Even the most heinous crimes were forgiven, that the crusader might be obtained, and permitted to go into battle with a clear conscience. Besides the spiritual enticements, the feeling of exasperation was warm in the breasts of the Germans, wherever their eyes rested upon savage fields and their ruined cities. Besides, their valor had been sorely tarnished, and they hoped now to wipe out the stains of their national disgrace.

The city of Nuremberg became the headquarters of the crusaders, where they assembled an army of horse and foot amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand men. On the 1st of August, 1431, this multitude of warriors crossed the frontier, and poured into the great forest which covered that part of the Bavarian country.

Day by day tidings reached the little army of Hussites of the approach of the enemy. Their feelings we can well imagine. With desperate daring they prepared to stand foot to foot in the defence of their country and their faith. They were outnumbered more than two to



HUSSITE CHURCH.

one, but leaning upon the cross, they looked upward, and calmly awaited the approaching foe. On its near arrival, Procopius retreated, spreading the reports that the Bohemians had quarrelled among themselves, and were fleeing. The enemy fell easily into the trap.

The Bohemians reversed their movements, and suddenly marched upon the foe. Terror filled the ranks of the German army, and, encamped near the river Resinberg, it learned that these terrible warriors, which they had supposed to be fleeing before them, were marching rapidly upon their encampment. The rumble of their wagons, the wild strains of their war hymns, were distinctly heard. The leaders of the German host, roused to the exigencies of the occasion, had but a few minutes to consider their course of action, when they were startled by a strange and unaccountable movement of their enemies. Smitten with terror, they were seen fleeing on every hand; the soldier threw away his armor, and fled; the wagoners, emptying their vehicles, set off across the plain towards the nearest place of safety. The panic extended to officers as well as men. The Duke of Bavaria was the first to flee, followed by electors, counts and nobles. The rear guard of his train was headed by the Papal legate, who had been commissioned to lead his armies in person. He left behind him his hat, his bell, his cross, and the Pope's bull proclaiming the crusade. The booty was immense; even wagon-loads of coin, destined for the payment of the German troops, became their booty.

Finding that arms but poorly served the cause, Rome was compelled to resort to stratagem. The little country, peopled with heroes, would not yield to force, but soon fell when subjected to the unscrupulous wiles of their adversary. The Pope and the Emperor addressed

letters to the Bohemians, earnestly desiring peace, and asking quiet possession of the kingdom which could not be obtained by force

In an ancient city on the frontier, between Germany and Switzerland, washed by the Rhine on one side, skirted by the mountains of the Black Forest on the other, was assembled, in the year 1432, a General Council of the Church.

To this Council the Bohemians were invited to confer on their points of difference. The deputies chosen to represent them were Procopius, John Rochyzana, and others.

The deputies arrived in Basle, and all the inhabitants turned out to gaze upon these men whose ideas were so abominable and whose arms were so terrible. With surprise the spectators missed the "teeth of lions and eyes of demons," credited to them by those who had fled before them in battle. Their tall figures, their gallant bearing, faces scarred in battle, and eyes filled with courage, drew forth their admiration.

These deputies had received their instructions before leaving Prague. The indispensable conditions of peace which they were to offer were: first, the free preaching of the Word; second, the right of the people to the Cup, and the use of the vernacular tongue in the Divine service; third, the ineligibility of the clergy to secular offices; and fourth, the execution of the laws in the case of all crimes without respect to the persons.

Immediately, when they presented themselves to the Council, they demanded that all deliberations be confined to those four points. These four articles were discussed by members of the Council who were chosen to impugn them, and were defended by the Bohemian delegates appointed for the purpose. An easy victory in argu-



CATHEDRAL AT WORMS.

ment was anticipated over these men who had passed their lives on the battle-field. For three months the debate continued, without success on either side, and the delegates left Basle to return to their own country. A division followed which greatly weakened the force of the Hussites. Bloody encounters took place between the parties, in one of which Procopius was slain, and with his fall came the end of the Hussite wars. He fell, weary of conquering rather than conquered, and with him fell the cause of the Hussites.

Bohemia dug the grave of her liberties in the compact which placed Sigismund upon the throne, and practically restored the authority of Rome in Bohemia.

It is well, perhaps, to ask the question as to the result, had the Bohemians maintained their ground. Would the Reformation, begun and carried on as we have now related, have regenerated Christendom? We think not. In principle they fell short of Wycliffe's ideas which preceded them, and of Luther's, which came after.

The spiritual and intellectual forces were less strongly developed, while the patriotic and the military were in the ascendant. This Reformation had not principle of sufficient power to move the conscience of mankind. It had respect mainly to the corruptions of the church, not to its doctrines.

Many checkered years followed the death of the Emperor, yet a few bright ones are recorded under the regency of Podiebrad, who was afterwards elected king. He strove, by an upright administration, to bring peace and prosperity to the distracted nation.

About the year 1455, one branch of the Bohemian church formed itself under the name of the United Brethren. They became the object of murderous prosecution. They were dispersed in the woods and mountains, in-

habited dens and caves, being obliged to prepare their meals by night lest their hiding-places be discovered. They sent messengers secretly throughout all Christendom to inquire if anywhere there was purity of faith and security against persecution. The messengers return; they say that darkness covers the face of the earth, save where men here and there confessed the truth.

In 1471, through the death of Podiebrad, a Polish prince ascended the throne, who delivered them from persecution. Years passed away, and the end of the century found two hundred churches of the United Brethren in Bohemia and Moravia. So it was, in spite of fire and sword, the fury and the hatred of men, that a goodly remnant was permitted to see the dawn of the day which Huss had foretold.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOVEMENTS IN PROTESTANTISM.

It is our purpose to follow along in chronological order the chief events in the great movements in Protestantism, in those nations which have exercised the largest influence in establishing the work of the Reformation. This method brings us, at the present time, to the opening of the sixteenth century. But while we have been speaking of Protestantism in England and in Bohemia, other countries have been agitated to a greater or to a less degree by the same principle, working out in different forms a protest against the misrule of the Catholic Church. We shall endeavor, later in the history, to gather up these fragments, and relate them to the great movement which we now sketch in chronological sequence.

The beginning of the sixteenth century, next to the Christian era, is probably the most important epoch in the world's history. Above its portal the clear light of the awakening intelligence was banishing the darkness of the Middle Ages, touching the hill-tops of the world of thought, of literature and of science, and gradually working its way down to the valleys of common life; the great masters of painting were unrolling their marvelous canvases to the gaze of multitudes, who, seeing them borne aloft through the streets, knelt in reverence before their great beauty; the voice of the early singers

was heard, chanting in clear strains the earliest songs in the mother tongue which have come down to us from the intellectual store-houses of the awakened nations. For thousands of years the foundations of a glorious edifice had been slowly laid in the darkness of earliest centuries. Slavery had corrupted the earliest society, and the experiment of rearing a new social edifice upon the old foundations had ended in failure. During the centuries between the fourth and the sixteenth, the Greek and Roman nations had become corrupted and nearly impotent. Although the Gospel had been embraced by them, they could not advance it to its full maturity. Unable to adapt themselves to new forms of life, or to the guidance of great principles, they fell back upon the past, and turned their eyes constantly towards the setting beauties of their once glorious civilizations. But was it to be?

If the nations pause here, Christianity remains, not merely a half-finished structure, but the defaced ruin which the fourth and fifth centuries beheld. The answer to the question was given by the opening gates of the north, and the issuing forth of those hardy races which spread themselves over Southern and Western Europe. It was a great drama which they performed, and Hun, Vandal, Frank and Lombard played the part best suited to his abilities. They stamped out the laws, the religion and the government of the Old World. This was the first act. There was no past behind these wandering tribes, no storied traditions, no observances which they trembled to break. Unlike the Latin and Greek, there was no spell dangerously working upon their thought of the future. That entered a new path; they were free in it. They loved liberty; they dared to preserve it. Step by step their advance was steady through the convulsions of

the twelfth century, the intellectual awakening of the fourteenth, the literary revival of the fifteenth, onward to the great spiritual movement at the opening of which we stand. It is a moral rather than a civil epoch at which we have now arrived.

It were well if we were able to note the policy which moved the age, the play of its ambitions, and the spirit of its enterprise, but the character of our work will not permit us to do this. It may be well to add to what we have already said, however, that the great movement of the Reformation was not possible at any earlier period in the history of Christendom. There must be, to insure its success, a stable basis in the heart of some nation of great intellectual attainment, and a strong courageous determination. A careful survey of later history would teach us that the Reformation would have been shorn of much of its power if it had been delayed even a century beyond its actual date. Great plans are projected on a small scrap of paper, and yet all the divergence lines which compass that plan are of infinite extent, and every calculation would hold good if the plan were drawn upon the face of the continent. The larger the plan, the more slowly it be carried into execution. The movements of civilization are all agreed to some plan, and so the Reformation was a part of the machinery by which the civilization of the nineteenth century became a fact. It was one of the wheels of the mechanism revolving on the pivot of a great movement coming into prominence just at its appointed time, filling its place, acting its part, and then disappearing as the other wheels come forward to take their place in the great movement. It required the Protestantism of the sixteenth century to preserve the intellectual awakening of the twelfth, and the literary revival of the fifteenth. Without Protestantism it is un-

questionable that the mental torpor and the sensuousness of the religion of the Turk would at this day have reigned throughout Europe.

Christendom at the beginning of the sixteenth century had two things before it for choice,—either to accept the Gospel and maintain the liberty implied by the same in spite of scaffold or stake, or to submit supinely to the gloomy rule of an universal Spanish monarchy, to be succeeded, perhaps, by the still gloomier despotism of the Moslem.

At the time that the Protestant principle was about to appear, the forces of Mediævalism had attained a grandeur and power to which they had been strangers for ages.

The grand elements of these forces may be summed up briefly,—they were vested in the Empire, and the Papacy which dominated the Empire. The power of the emperors, chosen as they were by an electoral diet, composed of both spiritual and temporal potentates, jealous of their rights, and guarding the same by compacts or capitulations, had been for centuries a mere shadow, and this shadow needed the confirmation and approval of the Holy See—the real and overmastering power in Christendom. After Charles V. had been chosen emperor, the imperial power was strengthened by the substantial addition of Spain to the Empire. Dependent on the mighty Iberian monarchy were the fertile plains and vine-clad fields of Sicily and Naples; the vast garden of Lombardy, dotted with splendid cities, and teeming with plantations of olive and mulberry, and corn, and oil, and silk; the Low Countries, intersected by canals, their rich meadows, pasturing thousands of cattle, their stately cities, filled with an industrious commercial and art-loving population. Ample provinces in the New World,

added to the extent of that mighty State, for which Europe seemed too small.

This vast empire was served by numerous hardy and well-disciplined armies, and mighty fleets, led by commanders of consummate ability. When the master of all these men and lands added, as did Charles V. the imperial diadem to all his other dignities, his glory would seem to have been consummated. Yet, so boundless was his ambition, that he meditated and laid schemes for extending his huge dominions. Never, since Roman power was at its zenith, had the liberties of the world been in such imminent danger of extinction. Literature and art had become the allies of this vast despotism, whose shadow was projecting itself further and further over Western Europe, and were forging fetters for the men they had promised to emancipate. Under the Jugger-naut car of this stupendous tyranny the cause of liberty would have been crushed had not Protestantism arrived at that crisis.

From the summit of the European edifice of States, as it existed at the beginning of the sixteenth century, we can look upward and behold a higher power, overlying and dominating everything—that of the Papacy. No historical retrospect would be complete that overlooked this spiritual monarchy, or the means by which it exercised so potent an influence over the affairs of Christendom. We will therefore take a cursory glance at the more important of these means.

First of all comes the “legate-a-latere,” an officer, whose name signifies “an ambassador from the Pope’s side.” This functionary was sent into all countries, representing the Pope and clothed with full papal power, not to mediate but to govern. He entered a country, set up his court, tried causes and pronounced judgment

in the Pope's name, acknowledging neither the sovereign nor the law of the land. He claimed arbitership in all questions of divorce, which naturally involved civil issues, such as the succession to landed estates, and other forms of property. He could impose taxes, he made himself the arbiter of peace and war. Neither the courts of a country nor its sovereign could grant redress against the judgment of a legate. The aggrieved person was obliged to go to Rome in person, and lay his case before the Pontiff himself.

The "interdict" was used by the papal ambassadors to maintain and enforce his vast authority. When a monarch proved obdurate, the legate unsheathed this sword against him. The clergy throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom immediately desisted from the celebration of the ordinances of religion, thus making all the subjects partners with their sovereign in this spiritual but dreadful infliction. In an age which knew no salvation except through the priesthood, and no grace except through the Sacraments, the interdict was a weapon of terrifying power, and never failed to gain its end, for the people sharing the punishment of their ruler, murmured against this injustice, and sometimes broke out into open rebellion, and the Prince, retaining but a shadow of the power filched from him by the Church, finally found himself obliged either to face insurrection or to succumb to spiritual authority.

Another contrivance by which the Papacy undermined the power of kings was the Concordat, an agreement concluded between the Pontiff and the potentates of Christendom. These compacts varied in their details, but their general tenor was to the effect that the papal power was supreme over the princes with whom it condescended to treat. They were bound by them to

profess no religion, open no school, nor allow any branch of knowledge to be taught within their realms, without the approval of the Pontiff. They were obliged also to keep the gates of their dominions open to any legates, or other deputies that the Pope might deem fit to send, to accept his bulls and briefs as laws, although they might be in direct conflict with the privileges and institutions of the country. In return, the advantages secured the contracting parties were of the most meagre description, and, as a rule, were only continued as long as it lay in the interest of the Church to do so. Thus was the Prince bound down in vassalage, and his people in political and religious serfdom. The Pope had the power of appointing bishops throughout the Empire, which placed in his hands the better half of the secular government of its kingdoms. This hierarchy, of which each member had sworn implicit obedience to the Pope was a body, powerful by its union, its intelligence, and its fidelity to the spiritual lord of Christendom, and thus formed another redoubtable instrumentality in compassing his ends. Administering the canon law of Rome in secular matters, the bishops wielded a temporal and spiritual authority over every person in the realm, overriding and dominating the law of the land itself.

There was a multitude of other expedients, besides those we have mentioned, for maintaining the supremacy of the Church. The Confessional, for instance, was to the Papist the tribunal of God, where he trembling confided his innermost thoughts and purposes to him, whom he believed to be God's representative on earth. It afforded, moreover, unrivalled facilities for sowing the seeds of rebellion. Here the priest sat unseen, digging hour by hour, and day after day the mine beneath the Prince he had marked out for ruin, unsuspected by the

latter until he suddenly found himself hurled from his seat. Then there was the infamous traffic in pardons from sin, called dispensations and indulgences. Rome sent the venders of these wares into all countries, and heaped up immense stores of wealth through their efforts. And whatever fell into the hands of the Church she retained with a grip as inexorable as death itself. Her property was beyond the reach of the law: this was the crowning evil. The estates of the nobility could be dealt with by the civil tribunals, if so overgrown as to be dangerous to the public good. But it was the fate of the church property to grow constantly, and with it the pride and arrogance of its owners. No remedy could be applied to check the harmful employment of this wealth, though it sapped the resources of a state, and undermined the industry of a nation. Well might Goethe in his "Faust" put these words into the mouth of Mephistopheles:

"The Church hath a good stomach;
She hath swallowed whole countries
And never overloaded it."

By such expedients did Rome exercise her sway over all the countries of Christendom. "The Pope's jurisdiction," said a Franciscan, "is universal, embracing the whole world, its temporalities, as well as its spiritualities." And behind these expedients stood the fiction of the Infallibility—a reality to the Romanist—which enabled the Pope from his centre to rally around him, as one man, the nations of Western Europe, and permitted him to exercise a power, which for extent and duration in vain seeks its equal in the annals of the world.

Such was the constitution of Christendom, as fully developed at the end of the fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth, century. "The Church of Rome," said

Adam Smith, "is the most formidable combination that was ever formed against the authority and security of civil government, as well as against the reason, liberty, and happiness of mankind." Against such a power the earthly forces of reason and argument, philosophy and literature, skepticism and raillery would have rebelled in vain. A Divine force was necessary to overthrow it, and that force took the shape of PROTESTANTISM.

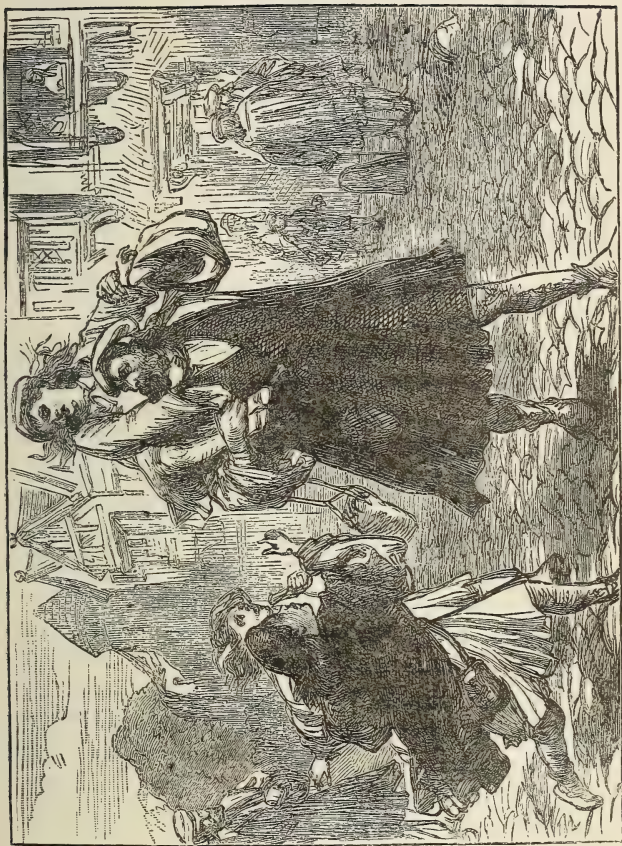
CHAPTER XV.

RECEPTION OF A PURER FAITH.

According to geologists this earth of ours experienced many mighty changes of heat and cold, light and darkness, tempest and calm, before the ceaseless energy of nature had brought it to a state of order, and a carpet of verdure, waving trees and mighty mountains greeted the first human occupant whose abode it was to be.

So it was, when the world was undergoing the changes that were to fit it for the reception of a purer faith and a higher freedom. A period of unprecedented torpor and darkness stretched from the fall of the Western Empire to the eleventh century. All progress seemed dead, and many men believed that the world's best days were over; that it had reached and passed the fullness of its growth, and that the year One Thousand would usher in the Day of Judgment. They were wrong. The world's brightest days were yet to come, though at the cost of terrible political and moral tempests.

The hurricane of the Crusades first broke the ice of the world's long winter. Commerce and art, poetry and philosophy re-appeared, the harbingers of an intellectual spring-time. By-and-by came the printing press, and shortly after that the capture of Constantinople scattered the literary treasures of antiquity over the West, the seeds of new and vigorous thought. Next came the mariners' compass and the discovery of the New World



JOHN LUTHER TAKING HIS SON MARTIN TO SCHOOL.

Man beheld magnificent continents and Arcadian islands rising out of the sea in the dim and distant West ; the world seemed expanding around them and awakened in them the desire of participating in its new career. Compared with the thick night of the eleventh century, the new light must have seemed to mankind like the full opening of the day. But, save a feeble dawn in the skies of England and Bohemia, which gathering clouds threatened to extinguish, the true light had not yet risen. Something better even than philosophy and poetry, ancient learning and modern discoveries was needed to make it day. It was necessary that God's own breath should vivify the world, if it was to continue to live. When the Bible, so long buried under the trumpery of mediæval scholasticism, was translated into the various languages of Europe, this spirit again began to move over society. The light of heaven broke anew upon the world.

On the foremost thrones of Europe sat three mighty princes ; a fourth might be added in the potentate of the Vatican, in some points the least, but in others the greatest of the four. A sort of balance of power was established by the conflicting interests and passions of these men, which prevented the tempests of war from ravaging Christendom. The sword rested in its sheath, and comparative quiet reigned on all sides, from the Carpathians to the Atlantic. Protestantism was about to break the stillness with the blessed tidings of the recovery of the long lost Gospels. It was now that Luther was born.

His father, John Luther, was descended from an old family, but losing his patrimonial inheritance, he was obliged to depend on his daily labor for subsistence. He was a man of superior qualities of mind, and highly respected, though following the humble trade of a miner.

This man married a maiden from the village of Neu-

stadt, Margaret Lindermann by name. At the time of their marriage, they were living at Eisenach, a romantic Thuringian town at the foot of the Wartburg, but soon after removed to Eisleber.

If John Luther was a man of exceptional intellectual strength, good sense and upright dealings, his wife Margaret, though but a peasant by birth, was no less distinguished by her purity of character and her exalted piety. To this excellent couple, both much given to prayer, there was born a son on the 10th of November, 1483. He was their first born, and as the 10th of November is St. Martin's Eve, they named their son Martin. In a miner's cot was ushered into the world the future Reformer.

Suppose the Emperor or the Pope had looked in on that humble abode, and some one had told them that the new-born babe, slumbering so peacefully, was destined one day to shake the very foundations of European society, how they would have laughed in disdain! And yet the miner's child was to become mightier than Pope, mightier than Emperor. One Luther was stronger than all the cardinals of Rome, than all the legions of the Empire. And as at the birth of a still greater Child, it might have been said: "He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

The Luther family removed to Mansfeld when Martin was six years of age, and the mines of that place proving lucrative, John Luther began to prosper in a worldly way. The owner of two furnaces, and a member of the Town Council, he was now able to gratify his thirst for knowledge by occasionally entertaining the more learned among the clergy of his neighborhood. The conversa-

tion thus heard at his father's house could hardly have failed to influence the mind of such a bright boy as was Martin Luther.

Very pleasant was the home of the child at Mansfeld. Happy, strong, and buoyant of spirits, his clear voice rang above those of his playmates, as they frolicked on the banks of the Wipper. But there was a cross in his lot even then ; his father, with all his excellence of heart, was a stern disciplinarian, who let no fault of his son's go unpunished, and not unfrequently the chastisement was in excess of the fault. A less elastic nature would have relapsed into sullenness or hardened into wickedness under such severity ; but, with a nature of strong impulses like Luther's, this severity simply served to check the tendency to self-indulgence, so apt to be the accompaniment of fine sensibilities, and to attemper his character by imparting to it that element of hardness so necessary in the greater trials that were in store for him.

Luther was taught the rudiments of knowledge under the domestic roof, and later on was sent to the school at Mansfeld. He was yet "a little one," to use Melancthon's phrase ; so young, indeed, that his father sometimes carried him to school on his shoulders. The strong memory, clear sense, and diligence in study evinced by the boy, cheered John Luther in his labors, for his dearest wish was that his son might one day be a scholar.

At the age of fourteen years (1497) Martin was sent to the Franciscan School at Magdeburg. Here he remained one year, suffering punishments and privations far exceeding those of his childhood ; for, besides receiving frequent floggings (he mentions having one day endured fifteen), he was obliged, in accordance with a custom prevailing until quite recently in German towns, to go

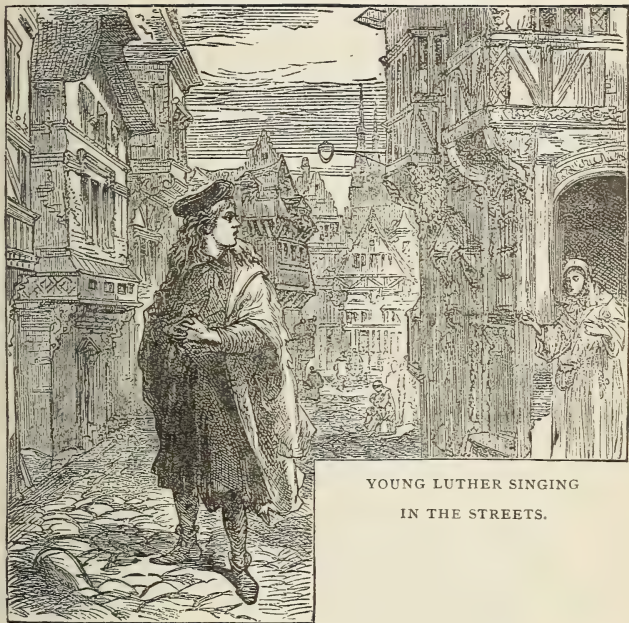
singing from door to door, with troops of his fellow students, for his bread. Instruction was gratuitous, but bread had to be either bought or begged.

Though John Luther's means had increased, his family had grown proportionately, and there was little to spare. He, therefore, sent Martin to a school in Eisenach, where, having relatives, it was hoped he would have less difficulty in supporting himself. This hope was not realized, and the young student was still obliged to earn his meals by singing in the streets.

One day his solicitations had been all in vain, and empty of stomach, he stood musing over his probable destiny; his heart sank at the thought that he could not endure these privations much longer, and would be obliged to abandon his studies. But when the night is darkest, the dawn is nearest.

As he stood absorbed in the melancholy thoughts, a door opened, and a voice bade him enter. He turned and beheld Ursula Cotta, wife of Conrad Cotta, one of the prominent burghers of Eisenach. The young scholar was not strange to her, for she had noticed the sweetness of his voice, as he sang in the church choir on Sundays, and had heard the harsh words with which he had been driven from other doors. Her womanly heart opened towards the poor child; not only did she appease his hunger for the time, but her husband, won by the attractive exterior and frank bearing of the boy, made him come and live with them.

It was thus that Luther found a home, and could pursue his studies with renewed ardor. Instead of singing in the streets for his bread, his sweet voice now cheered the home of the Cottas; for Ursula was very fond of music, and young Martin loved to sing for his benefactress, often accompanying himself on the lute. He never



YOUNG LUTHER SINGING
IN THE STREETS.

in after life forgot the happy days he spent at Eisenach with the good Frau Cotta. The incident also strengthened his trust in God ; when perils beset him, he remembered how Providence had come to his aid, as he stood despairing in the street.

After a stay of nearly two years at the school of Eisenach, studying Latin, rhetoric, and verse-making, Luther entered the University of Erfurt, in his eighteenth year (1501). His father, who wished him to embrace the study of law as leading to high civic honors, toiled harder than ever, in order that no material cares might hamper his son's ambition. In the picturesque old Thuringian town, whose grouped spires and towers form a unique architectural combination, the youth, thirsting for knowledge, found new studies that fascinated him. The scholastic philosophy of the age, as embodied in the teachings of Aristotle, Aquinas, Duns, Occum and others, had a special charm for him. Though radically hostile to the true method of acquiring knowledge afterwards laid open by Bacon, it had some redeeming points, by which Luther profited ; for he owed to it that logical and rapid habit of thought, that dialectic skill and that nicety of fence, which were to prove themselves powerful weapons in the terrible combats of his after-life. From these severer studies he occasionally turned aside to regale himself by reading the orations of Cicero and the lays of Virgil. He progressed rapidly, and became the foremost scholar at the University of Erfurt.

At the close of the second year of his stay an event occurred that changed the whole future life of the young student. Fond of books, like his father, he delved day by day in the library of the University. One day he comes across a volume unlike all the others, opens it, and to his surprise finds it to be a Bible—the Vulgate,

or Latin translation of the Scriptures by Jerome. It was a revelation to him ; for he had imagined that those portions which the Church prescribed to be read in public on Sundays and Saint's days, were the whole Bible. But now, to his astonishment and joy, he found whole books and epistles of which he had never heard before. And it so chanced that he began with the story of Samuel, dedicated to the Lord from childhood by his mother, growing up in the temple and becoming the witness of the wickedness of Eli's sons, the priests of the Lord, who made the people to transgress and to abhor the offering of the Lord—a most suggestive image of his own times.

Luther now bent his faculties, strengthened and deepened by other books, on the examination and incessant study of the Scriptures. A change was passing upon and new powers were awakening within him ; his old self was passing away, and a new one was forming in its place. "From that moment began those struggles in his soul which were destined never to cease till they issued, not merely in a new man, but a new age—a new Europe. Out of the Bible at Oxford came the first dawn of the Reformation ; out of this old Bible at Erfurt came its second morning."

In this year (1503), Luther took his first academic degree, as Bachelor in Arts. But this honor had nearly cost him his life ; for close application to study had brought on a dangerous sickness, which kept him at death's door for a time. During this affliction an old priest who visited him uttered these prophetic words : "My bachelor, take heart ; you shall not die of this sickness ; God will make you one who will comfort many others. On those whom he loves, he lays his holy cross, and they who bear it patiently learn wisdom." Luther

recovered, and the fulfilment of this prediction impressed him ever after that his life had been spared for some special purpose. Erfurt was then the most celebrated University in all Germany, and when two years later Luther became Master of Arts, or Doctor of Philosophy, the laureation of its first scholar was celebrated by a torchlight procession. Ranking thus highly in public estimation, he saw that the road to civic honors was open to him; he therefore devoted himself to the bar, according to his father's desire, and began to give public lectures on the physics and ethics of Aristotle. For a time it seemed as if the seed of the Holy Scriptures was to perish in the soil of pagan philosophy, but God willed it otherwise.

Two incidents now befell him that reawakened the higher aspirations which were beginning to be effaced by worldly success. One morning he was told that his friend Alexius had been overtaken by a sudden and violent death. Some accounts say that he was struck by lightning; others that he was killed in a duel. Be that as it may, the news stunned Luther. To see his companion thus fall at his side, as it were, once again roused the slumbering conscience.

Soon after that, returning from a visit to his parents at Mansfeld, he had neared the gates of Erfurt when a storm suddenly gathered overhead and it began to thunder and lighten in an awful manner; from a black cloud a bolt fell at his feet. Some accounts say that he was thrown down. The Great Judge, he thought, had descended in this cloud, and he lay momentarily expecting death. In his terror he vowed, that should God spare him, he would devote his life to his service. Then did the lightnings cease, and the thunders rolled away, and rising from the ground Luther pursued his journey

with solemn steps, and soon entered the gates of Erfurt.

To devote one's life to God admitted of but one construction in that age : it implied the donning of a monk's hood. It must have been a terrible sacrifice to a man like Luther, so capable of enjoying the delights of life, and with a brilliant career opening before him. But it was the only way of quieting the throes of conscience then known, and Luther manfully accepts it. Once more he invites his friends to a frugal supper, entertains them with music and converses with apparent cheerfulness. The party breaks up ; farewells are spoken, and on the 17th of August, 1505, Luther walks straight to the Augustinian convent, knocks at the gate, and is admitted. Within the peaceful walls of the monastery he hopes to find that higher peace which the world seems to deny him.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARTIN LUTHER.

When the citizens of Eisenach heard on the morrow that Luther had taken the cowl, they were filled with surprise and regret that such a promising talent should bury itself from the world. His friends and many members of the University, assembling at the gates of the monastery, waited two whole days in the hope of seeing him and persuading him to retrace the foolish step taken in a moment of exaltation or caprice. But though he knew of the anxious gathering outside, he came not forth, nor did he see any one for a month.

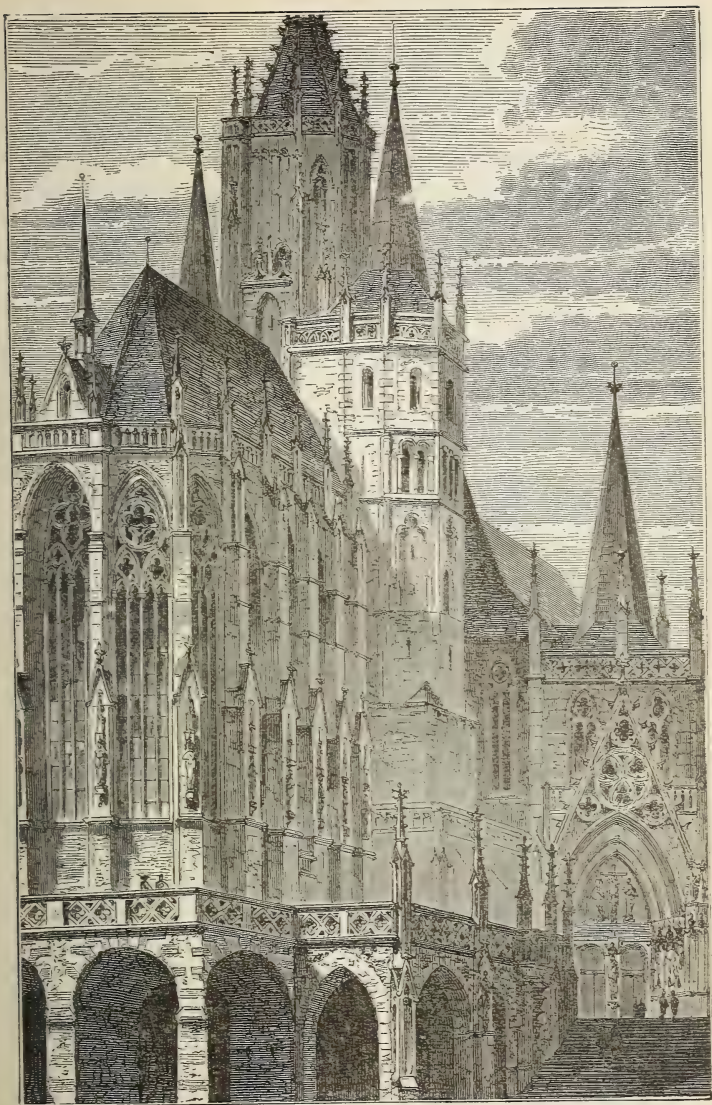
Great was the rage and consternation of his father when the news reached Mansfeld. Was it for this that he had toiled and striven to educate his son, whom he already pictured in imagination discharging the highest duties, and wearing the highest dignities of the State? In his disappointment he threatened to disinherit Martin, and it is related that, obtaining an interview with him at the convent gate, he asked him sharply: "How can a son do right in disobeying the counsel of his parents?" And on another occasion, when his son related to him the episode of the thunder-storm: "Take care," he replied, "lest you have been imposed upon by an illusion of the Devil."

Luther, who now had changed his name to Augustine, did not find that rest and peace which he had longed and

hoped for. Seeking life, not from Christ, but from monastic holiness, he was not long in discovering that he had carried his great burden with him into the monastery. Whither should he flee if the place which he considered holiest on earth did not free him from the apprehensions of wrath which haunted him in the world? His inward torments grew more exquisite day by day. The future Reformer of Christendom was learning the bitter first lesson that it is impossible by works of self-righteousness to find relief from an awakened conscience and the burden of unpardoned guilt—that burden from which he was to be the instrument of delivering Christendom.

Very different was the life he led in the convent of the Augustine's from the pleasant existence of the University. The ignorant and sensual monks, while well aware that the convent could not but be honored by the accession of the brilliant scholar, felt themselves put into the shade by him. Besides, his knowledge could not replenish their wine-cellar nor their larder, and they took a spiteful delight in putting the meanest offices on him. Without complaining, Luther acted as porter, opened and shut the gates, wound up the clock, swept the church, cleaned the cells, and when these tasks were done, instead of allowing him to go to his books, the monks would say, "Come, come!" *saccum per nackum**—"get ready your wallet; away through the town, and get us something to eat." For they argued that a monk could render himself more useful to his cloister by begging bread, corn, fish, eggs, meat, and money, than by studying. Bitterly as Luther's refined mind was humiliated by this, he accepted it as part of the sacrifice required from him, and humbly traversed the same

*A Latinized corruption of the German "Nacken"—shoulders.



ERFURT CATHEDRAL.

streets as a mendicant which he had formerly trod as an honored doctor, often begging an alms from the friends and acquaintances of his happier days.

Debarred from access to his beloved books during the day by the drudgery allotted him, Luther now spent the greater part of his nights in study, instead of taking a much-needed rest, or joining in the carousals of his brother monks. The writings of St. Augustine, in which he found doctrines and experiences that touched a responsive chord in his own soul, and the works of the scholastic theologians, Gerson and Occam, in which the temporal power of the Pope was antagonized, were his favorite reading. But still greater was the store he set on another book—a copy of the Bible which he found chained in the chapel of the convent, where he sometimes spent whole days in pondering over a single verse or expression. He now also undertook the study of Greek and Hebrew, so that he might read the Scriptures in the original text, and sometimes forgot to repeat his daily prayers for weeks together in the ardor of this pursuit. Then, remembering, his conscience would not allow him to eat nor sleep till he had made good all omissions. At one such occasion he hardly closed his eyes for seven weeks. What with his daily drudgery, his studies, penances, fasts and macerations, and the inward fire that was consuming him, he became more like a corpse than a living person, and sometimes fell on the floor of his cell from sheer exhaustion. “One morning, the door of his cell not being opened as usual, the brethren became alarmed. They knocked; there was no reply. The door was burst in, and poor Fra Martin was found stretched on the ground in a state of ecstasy, scarcely breathing, wellnigh dead. A monk took his flute, and gently playing upon it one of the airs that Luther loved,

brought him gradually back to himself." So near to extinction at that time was the spark which was destined to light the fires of religious liberty all over Europe.

Peace did not come to Luther as a consequence of the mighty throes of his spirit and the mortification of his flesh ; he was to drain to the very lees the bitter chalice of self-torture, both mental and physical, without any compensating result. In a letter written in after-life to Duke George of Saxony, he says : "If ever monk could obtain heaven by his monkish works, I should certainly have been entitled to it. . . . If I had continued much longer, I should have carried my mortifications even to death, by means of my watchings, prayers, readings and other labors."

So his anguish continued, nay, increased even. The redemption wrought by the Son of Man had not yet been revealed to him. Rest was impossible so long as the Divine mercy had not entered his soul. As he glided from cell to cell, uttering loud groans, a picture of emaciated woe, the other monks stood aghast in terror, believing him possessed by the Evil One. In vain he sought relief from his confessor, an aged monk. " 'Save me in Thy righteousness'—what does that mean?" he asked. "I can see how God can condemn me in his righteousness, but how can he save me in his righteousness?" But that question his father confessor could not answer.

Still Luther persevered in the face almost of hope itself in his search after the truth. Perhaps, when he found all his monastic works so futile in attaining that peace of soul for which he longed, his study of the Scriptures may have let in some rays of light, for is it not written : "If thou criest after wisdom, if thou liftest up thy voice for understanding, then shalt thou find the



MARTIN LUTHER.

fear of the Lord, and understand the knowledge of thy God."

In the agony of Luther we see but a reflection of the troubles and doubts that were agitating Christendom. But at the darkest hour there came to him a man who was to begin the work of striking down the spiritual fetters that were enthralling his soul, and of raising him up as a deliverer of mankind from ghostly bondage. The Great Ruler had heard the cries of a wretched soul, and chose Staupitz, then Vicar General of the Augustines of Germany, as the instrument to convey his answer.

John Staupitz was a man of exceptional excellence among the dignitaries of the Church, by reason of his eminent piety and lovable character. He saw the errors and vices of the age, and deplored their pernicious influence on the Church, but was not cast in the heroic mould which shapes reformers. Yet he was to be of signal service to the great Reformer himself.

About this time the Vicar General happened to be on a tour of visitation among the Augustinian convents of Germany, and in due time his way led him to the monastery at Erfurt. He at once singled out the young monk, whose brow seemed marked with a great sorrow, and whose emaciated frame betokened the wrestlings of his spirit. He called to him this man, in whom he imagined he saw the traces of conflicts similar to, though greater, than those he had himself experienced, and spoke to him in words of kindness. These unwonted accents fell like balm on Luther's soul.

In the secrecy of his cell he unfolded the tale of his mental struggles to the kind-hearted prelate. He detailed his temptations, his vows a thousand times broken, his loathing of himself, and the terror he felt at the thought of God's holiness. To him the Almighty

was a stern judge in whose verdicts mercy had no place.

The good Staupitz saw that the monk was transacting with God just as if no cross had been set up on Calvary. "Why do you torture yourself with these thoughts?" said he; "Look at the wounds of Christ; look at the blood Christ shed for you; it is there the grace of God will appear to you."

"I cannot and dare not come to God," was the substance of Luther's answer, "till I am a better man; I have not repented sufficiently yet." "A better man!" was the purport of the Vicar General's rejoinder, "Christ came to save not good men, but sinners. Love God, and you will have repented. There is no real repentance that does not begin in the love of God; and there is no love to God that does not take its rise in an apprehension of that mercy which offers to sinners freedom from sin through the *blood of Christ*. 'Faith in the mercies of God!' This is the star that goeth before the face of Repentance, the pillar of fire that guideth her in the night of her sorrow and giveth her light, and showeth her the way to the throne of God."

These wise words illuminated the darkness in Luther's soul, and poured a healing oil on his bruised spirit. Staupitz, before his departure, presented Luther with a Bible, which the latter accepted with great joy. "Let the study of the Scriptures be your favorite occupation!" was the parting injunction of the Vicar General; and most faithfully was it obeyed.

The burden that had oppressed Luther's soul was too heavy, however, to be shaken off by one man. After Staupitz's departure he once more relapsed into those fits of doubt, despondency and fear, that had so sorely harassed him formerly, though they were less severe than before. It was on a bed of sickness that his deliverance

was to be completed, and by a very humble instrument. He was lying on the point of death; an aged brother-monk came to his bedside and began to recite with great fervor the Apostle's Creed. "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Feebly Luther echoed his words: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." "Nay," said the monk, "you are to believe not merely in the forgiveness of David's sins, and of Peter's sins, you must believe in the forgiveness of your own sins." These words lifted the vail from Luther's soul,—the Gospel meant not as the Romish Church taught, the *payment* of sins, but the *forgiveness* of sins. The *forgiveness* of sins! Blessed words! in that hour they hurled the principle of Popery from its seat in Luther's soul. Henceforth, he sought his salvation, not in himself or in the church, but in the redeeming mercy of God as proclaimed by Christ the Saviour. With the restoration of the health of his mind came that of his body, and he soon rose from his bed of sickness.

Luther's combat with the powers of darkness, and his triumph over them in this cell, was really grander than that which he later on gained at the Diet of Worms over earthly might; for here he gains eternal life, if triumphant; but is doomed to eternal death if defeated. The powers of earth at the worst can but destroy the body; they are powerless against an indomitable soul. Within the walls of the cloister at Erfurt died Martin Luther the monk, to give birth to Martin Luther the Christian. And with him the Reformation in Germauny was born.

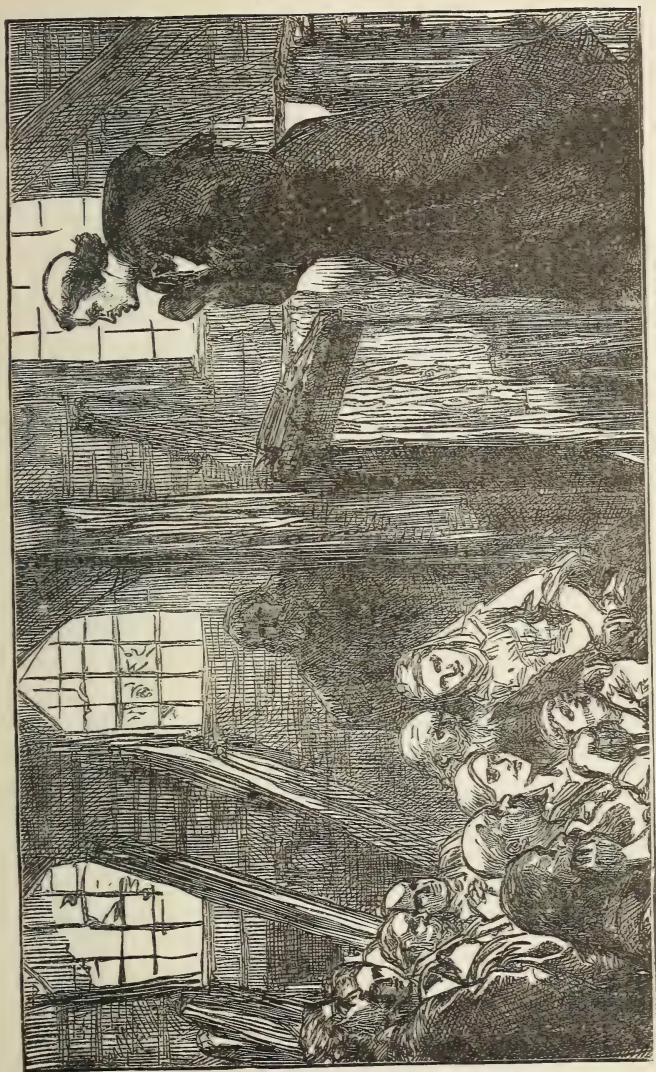
For ages men had sought to rid themselves of the burden of the consciousness of sin by *payment*. A church had arisen which practically ignored the article of the "*forgiveness of sins*" in her creed.

Salvation, which had at first been offered freely, was made

a marketable commodity by the Church, to be paid for in austerities, penances, good works, or money, according to the convenience or means of the buyer. Cloisters, churches, and confessionals, were erected to facilitate this traffic; one half of Christendom groaned in poverty, while the other revelled in luxury. When the principle of payment had been carried to its extreme, the Church fell. Men found that no deliverance came from the payment; when the free pardon of the old Gospel was once more proclaimed, they eagerly listened and accepted the joyful tidings. The night of spiritual bondage was lifting from the earth, and the bright rays of the Day of Jubilee were gilding the mountain tops. Oh, joyful morning!

On a Sunday, May 2nd, 1507, Luther was ordained to the priesthood by Jerome, Bishop of Brandenburg. His father was present at the ceremony, attended by twenty horsemen. In a letter of invitation to John Brown, Vicar of Eisenach, Luther portrays the feelings with which he entered on his new office. "Since the glorious God, holy in all his works, has designed to exalt me, who am a wretched man and every way an unworthy sinner, so eminently, and to call me to his sublime ministry by his sole and most liberal mercy, may I be grateful for the magnificence of such Divine goodness (as far as dust and ashes may), and duly discharge the office committed to me."

Luther, who at the time of his ordination had been two years in the monastery, was called from his cell to a wider sphere a twelvemonth later. Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, was then looking around for men of capability to fill the chairs of the University of Wittenberg, founded by him in 1502. On the recommendation of Staupitz, an electoral invitation was sent to Luther,



LUTHER PREACHING IN THE WOODEN CHAPEL AT WITTENBERG.



which he accepted. Bidding the convent a final farewell, though not as yet the cowl, he now goes forth, rich in human learning and Divine experience, to teach “dialectics and physics”—in other words, the scholastic philosophy—in the newly-founded seat of learning.

Though he had not long before revelled in this branch of knowledge, it was now distasteful to him, since he had drunk of the “old wine” of the Apostles. He longed to unseal the waters of the Fountain of Life to his students, yet attended assiduously to his uncongenial work. This proved of great use to him in the end, by completing his own preparation for fighting and overthrowing the Aristotelian philosophy. He soon found his right place, however, when his department was changed from “philosophy” to “theology.”

Selecting for exposition the Epistle to the Romans, he passed from the cell to the class-room, and spoke as no teacher in Christendom had spoken for ages. It was no rhetorician, vain of wordy ornament, no schoolman developing mental conceits, as ingenious as they were useless. Luther spoke like one who had reached the light of eternal truth at the cost of tears, groans and agonies of soul in the darkness of the Gehenna of sin. And in the proclaiming of that truth lay the secret of his power. The numbers of the young men crowding around him increased from day to day; professors and rectors sat at his feet; the fame of the university went forth to other lands, and students flocked from foreign countries to drink of the living waters so long pent up behind the sluice-gates of dogma.

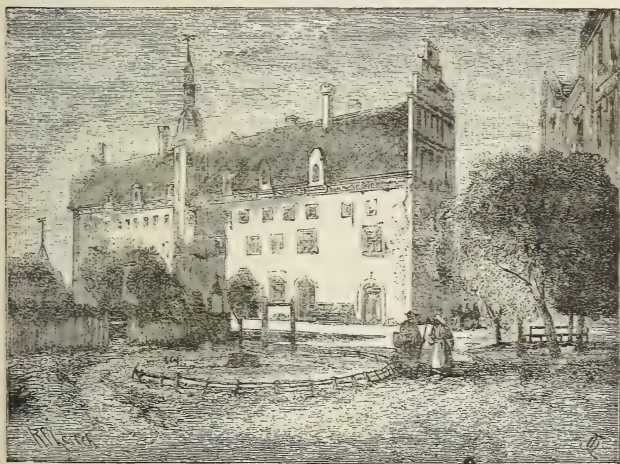
Staupitz, who observed the progress made by his young protege with peculiar pleasure, now proposed to Luther that he should preach in public. Why should he confine his light to the walls of the university, when all

around Wittenberg and in all the towns of Germany there were multitudes groping in darkness? But Luther shrank back from so weighty a responsibility. "In less than six months," said he, "I shall be in my grave." But Staupitz, who knew the young monk better than he knew himself, continued to urge him, until he at last consented.

In an old wooden church, standing in the middle of the public square of Wittenberg, Luther opened his public ministry. A pulpit of boards was raised three feet above the floor of the tottering building. In this rude shed, which was but thirty feet long by twenty wide, the Gospel was proclaimed to the common people for the first time after the silence of centuries. "This building," says a writer, "may well be compared to the stable in which Christ was born. It was in this wretched enclosure that God willed, so to speak, that his well beloved Son should be born a second time. Among those thousands of cathedrals and parish churches with which the world is filled, there was not one at that time which God chose for the glorious preaching of eternal life."

The effect of Luther's eloquence was not less potent on his auditors in the little wooden chapel than it had been on his more cultured hearers at the university. And small wonder! for, before his day, preaching had been wholly abandoned to the Mendicant friars. Coarse gibes, incredible legends and tales, and the lives and miracles of the saints formed the staple of the discourses of these ignorant and low-minded men. But here was a man who spoke not as the friars, but with kindling eye and thrilling tone proclaimed pardon and heaven, not as indirect gifts from the priests, but as direct from God. Men marvelled at these tidings—so new, so strange, and yet so refreshing and welcome.

Crowds flocked in from the surrounding cities to listen to the impassioned preacher, whose words, as said Melancthon, "had their birth-place, not on his lips, but in his soul." The little wooden chapel was wholly inadequate to accommodate the crowds of listeners. The Town Council of Wittenberg now appointed Luther as their preacher, and placed the parish church at his disposal. Before this larger audience his eloquence burst forth in new power. Day by day the numbers of those who hung on his lips increased. The Reformation has now fairly started on its way, to go on with increasing might, in spite of popes or emperors, bulls or armies, until the seeds of Divine Truth are scattered broadcast among the nations of the earth.



LUTHER'S BIRTHPLACE.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTROVERSY WITH VICAR GENERAL.

Luther required one more lesson to complete his training for the great work he was destined to do. At Erfurt he had learned how unavailing are the efforts of man to obtain that pardon from sin which he can only find in the sacrifice of the Redeemer; at Rome he was to see the degradation of that Church which he still revered as the fountain of all godliness.

In 1510 or 1512—authorities differ as to the date—a controversy arose between seven Augustinian monasteries and their Vicar General. They agreed to call on the Pope for abitation, and Luther was selected to appear as their spokesman before His Holiness. This embassy would also afford him a much needed rest from his arduous labors. He now set forth for the City, which was as yet to him a type of the Holy of Holies, the abode of God's own Vicar, and the shrine at which thousands of devout pilgrims and tribes of holy monks and anchorites worshipped year after year. A terrible disenchantment was in store for him—yet it was one which would free him from the thrall of a power that imprisoned truth and enchained the nations. Not before he was freed from the trammels of his illusion, could he strike the vigorous blows that were to emancipate Christendom.

Crossing the Alps by the narrow and dangerous paths that preceded the magnificent highways of to-day, Luther feasted his eyes on the fertile plains of Lombardy, whose sensuous beauty forms so marked a contrast to the sublime grandeur of the mountains to the north of them. He entered a monastery on the banks of the Po for a few days' rest, and was amazed at the splendor of the building, and the luxurious habits of its inmates. Sumptuous apartments adorned with paintings, silk and velvet attire, and a table loaded with dainties—how different from the bare cells and meagre fare in Germany! So Luther must have thought, but he held his peace.

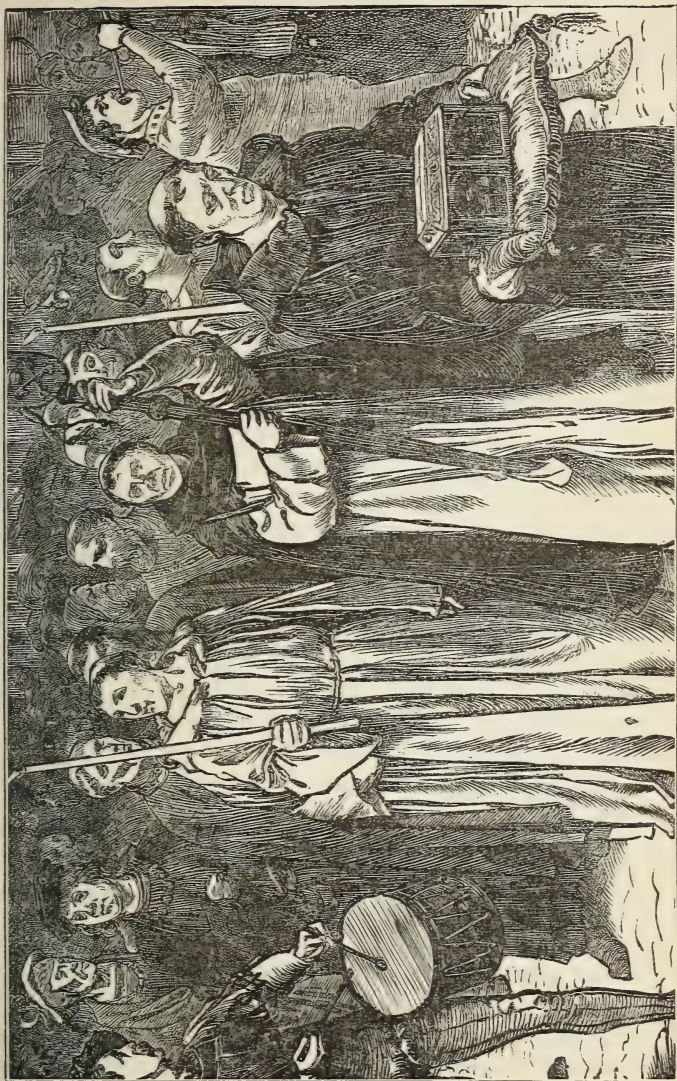
Friday came—the day on which the Church forbids the eating of meat. The table was spread as richly as before, and dishes of meat were among the viands. Luther could contain himself no longer. “On this day,” said he, “such things may not be eaten. The Pope has forbidden them.” The monks were astonished at the boldness of the plain-spoken German. Apprehending that he might report their manner of living at Rome, they consulted together about averting this danger. From a hint dropped by the porter of the convent, a humane man, Luther inferred that it might fare ill with him if he remained much longer, he therefore departed with as little delay as possible.

Travelling on foot, he next came to Bologna. Here he fell ill, and once again lay at death's door. On his couch of sickness in a foreign land, the old doubts and anguish came over him. As he lay there expecting dissolution at any moment, he thought he heard a voice crying to him and saying, “The just shall live by faith.” When expounding the Epistle of the Romans at Wittenberg he had come to these same words. What could their meaning be, he had pondered, but that the just

shall have a new life, and this new life shall spring from faith in Christ, the Saviour? Therefore pardon and eternal life come not from works, but from faith; they are the free gift of God to the sinner, for Christ's sake.

Thus had he reasoned at Wittenberg, and thus did he reason again at Bologna. It was well that he thought of these words, for he was approaching a city where endless rites and ceremonies had been invented to enable men to live by works. They taught him that holiness is restricted to no soil, that not Rome nor the Pope was its bestower, but the Holy Spirit. They illuminated his soul at the very portals of death. He arose from his bed, healed in body as well as in soul, and continued his journey.

His next stop was in Florence, beautiful in the first glow of the Renaissance. This city had not many years before been the scene of events that must have touched a deeper chord in Luther's bosom than could any of its outward magnificence. It was here that in 1498 Savonarola had been burnt on the Piazza della Gran Ducca for denouncing the corruption of the Church and upholding the supreme authority of Scripture. These were the very truths that Luther had proclaimed at Wittenberg. It must have cheered him to think that here in a distant land, another had arrived at the same conclusions as his own, and derived from the same source. On the other hand, the martyrdom of Savonarola must have caused him to consider that these truths could only be disseminated at the cost of terrible struggles and sacrifices. Neither could it have been encouraging to him to note how few disciples this "prophet of the Reformation" had left behind him; for in this city the climate was voluptuous and the Church accommodating, and its citizens, who at one time seemed to be not far from the kingdom



TETZEL'S PROCESSION.



of heaven, fell back when confronted with the stake, and crouched down beneath the twofold burden of sensuality and superstition.

Thus far Luther had been disappointed in his experience of Italy. Instead of the sanctity which he had imagined springing spontaneously, as it were, out of its holy soil, he found all classes more or less tainted with irreverence and impiety. Yet he still hoped that Rome, the central sun of all Christendom, the seat and source of all ecclesiastical authority, would make amends for all this. Among the devout priests and worshippers of the holy city, he would forget the painful sights his eye had encountered on the way.

Leaving Florence, he now descends the southern slopes of the mountain on which Viterbo is seated. He continues his journey, the blue Mediterranean to his right, the "purple Apennines" to his left, crosses the Campagna, then not yet become the desolate waste it is to-day, and, after many a weary league, the Eternal City bursts on his sight. Kneeling to the ground, he exclaims: "Holy Rome, I salute thee!"

The first days of his stay in Rome he employed in visiting the holy places, and performing devotions in those churches whose reputation for sanctity was the greatest. His illusions concerning the place were not at once dispelled, and he mused over the events associated with its palaces, monuments and ruins with religious fervor. Here Paul had walked, here the martyrs had died, and here was the seat of the Vicar of Christ!

But he soon perceived with pain that the luxury, irreverence and lewdness which had shocked him on the way, existed in Rome to a far greater extent even than in the other places of Italy which he had visited. He found that the priests were simply comedians, perform-

ing in public a part which they ridiculed privately. One day, as he was reverentially saying a single mass in one of the churches of Rome, seven had been repeated by the priests at the other altars. With the blasphemous words, "Make haste and send our Lady back her Son!" they reproached him for his delay. To them the masses simply represented so much money; therefore it was gainful to say them quickly. Luther's heart was cruelly wrung by this horrible exhibition of impiety, yet he tried to console himself with the hope that it was only the common priests that acted thus. Among the dignitaries, he thought, would still be found that purity of faith for which his soul thirsted. He was not long in discovering his mistake. The prelates, believing the German to be as irreverent as themselves, made no secret of their practices to him. They told him, for instance, that, instead of the words, "*Hoc est meum corpus*," etc.—the utterance of which, according to the teachings of the Church of Rome, changes the bread into the flesh and blood of Christ—they were in the habit of saying, "*Panis es, et panis manebis*," etc.,—"Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain,"—and they described how they then elevated the Host, and how the people bowed down and worshipped it. Such occurrences, while they horrified Luther, tended to shake still further his loyalty to the Church of Rome. It now hung by a single thread.

In the Church of the Laterans at Rome is a flight of marble stairs which Christ is said to have descended on retiring from the hall of judgment in which Pilate pronounced his sentence of death. These stairs were fabled to have been brought from Jerusalem to Rome by angels. The devout were in the habit of ascending them on their knees, in the belief that every step thus made would secure them a year's indulgence. One day Luther was

performing this devotional act, when suddenly he seemed to hear a loud voice calling to him : "The just shall live by faith." He started to his feet in surprise. Twice before had these same words come to his mind with tremendous force, but this time the great truth conveyed by them seemed clearer than ever. He saw how worse than useless it was to crave temporal indulgence from the Church, when God in his Word has sent an eternal indulgence to him who will but accept it.

The doctrine of salvation by grace was henceforth the one great comprehensive fact of revelation to Luther. He now believed firmly that only by its acceptance could the Church be reformed, and regain its pristine purity and truth. Relics, privileged shrines, Pilate's stairs, and all the other trappings of the ecclesiastical show, were nothing more to him. These simple words, "The just shall live by faith," were more precious to him than all the holy treasures of the seven-hilled city. Luther now proposed to rekindle the old light of free salvation in the skies of the Church, by proclaiming and teaching for evermore their glorious message. And in these stout words did he record his resolution : "I, Doctor Martin Luther," he wrote, "unworthy herald of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, confess this article, that faith without works justifies before God ; and I declare that it shall stand and remain forever, in despite of the Emperor of the Romans, the Emperor of the Turks, the Emperor of the Tartars, the Emperor of the Persians ; in spite of the Pope and all the cardinals, with the bishops, priests, monks, and nuns ; in spite of kings, princes and nobles ; and in spite of all the world, and of the devils themselves ; and that, if they endeavor to fight against this truth, they will draw the fires of hell on their own heads. This is the true and holy Gospel, and the decla-

ration of me, Doctor Martin Luther, according to the teaching of the Holy Ghost. We hold fast to it in the name of God. Amen."

Luther had in his short stay at Rome learned a lesson, which he was to remember all his life—the lesson that grace was not to be found at the throne of the Pope, but in the Word of God. Imbued with this truth he returned to Wittenberg in 1512, where a few months after his return he was invested with the title of Doctor of Divinity. At this ceremony he pledged himself on the Bible to study, propagate and defend the faith contained in the Holy Writings. Henceforth he considered himself the champion of the reformed faith. Five years longer did he remain in Wittenberg, in the threefold capacity of preacher, professor and confessor. An assiduous student of the Bible, his sermons gained in depth, as its meaning became more and more evident to him. The doctrine of free grace thus began to enter the minds of men in Wittenberg and its vicinity; the leaven that was to leaven the lump had begun its work. Still Luther had as yet no thought of abandoning the Mother Church. But in the meantime she herself was devising measures which were to bring about that consummation.

The warlike Julius II., who occupied the pontifical seat at the time of Luther's visit to Rome, had been gathered to his fathers, and was succeeded by the splendor-loving Leo X. Of the family of the Medici, he evinced their taste for the fine arts, and held a most brilliant court, gay with music, revels, and masquerades. The ecclesiastical character of his court was no hindrance to this refined sceptic, who said, "What a profitable affair this fable of Christ has been to us!" His only interest lay in keeping up this fable, and profiting by it. What more forcible commentary on the corruption of the Church

could be adduced? Christianity was now exploited simply as a source of revenue to Rome.

Leo's pet ambition was to embellish Rome, as his family had beautified Florence, with noble buildings.

The church of St. Peter had through various causes reached a state of dilapidation. He therefore proposed to raze the decaying fabric to the ground, and raise in its place a sanctuary of greater splendor than any in Christendom. Vast sums would be needed for the realization of this project. But how were they to be obtained? The magnificent luxury of the pontiff's court had depleted his treasury. But the ghostly fathers were equal to the occasion. It was resolved to barter spiritual comfort for temporal gold. In other words, a grand special sale of indulgences was to be held all over Europe.

The Church went to work in a business-like manner. The licenses for the sale of these wares in each particular country were struck off to the highest bidder, just as persons to-day buy the right to certain "territory," for the sale of an improved sewing-machine, or patent monkey-wrench. It was Albert, Archbishop of Maclean and Magdeburg, who secured the right to sell indulgences in Germany. The Archbishop's tastes were as expensive in proportion as those of his superior at Rome; he was consequently embarrassed by debt, and besides this owed the Pope between twenty and thirty thousand florins for his pall. The opportunity was, therefore, welcome to him as a means of diverting part of the gains to his own pocket. The next thing to do, was to find a man fitted to scour Germany and solicit customers for his goods. Such a one he found in the Dominican monk, John Tetzel, of infamous memory.

This man, the son of a Leipsic goldsmith, had driven a huckstering trade in indulgences, when filling the office of inquisitor, which well prepared him for the task in hand. He had been sentenced to death by drowning for a nameless crime at Innspruck, but was reprieved and lived to give by his actions the first great impetus towards the overthrow of the system of which he was a product. Glib of tongue, stentorian of voice, and shameless as sin itself, this fellow made a progress through Germany, extolling the virtues of his wares with the fluency and effrontery of the charlatan that he was. At the head of a procession he moved from place to place, carrying a great red cross, from which hung the papal insignia. In front of the procession the Pope's bull was carried on a velvet cushion, while the rear was brought up by mules laden with bales of indulgences for those who could afford to pay for them. When this cortege was nearing a town, a herald was sent forward to announce that, "The Grace of God and of the Holy Fathers was at the gates." Then the portals were opened and the procession entered, escorted by representatives of civil and religious authority and of the various guilds who had come out to welcome it. Flags were waved, bells pealed, tapers blazed, drums were beaten, and a motley populace surged about the strange show.

In cathedral towns, Tetzels and his followers marched straight to the minster, which was soon filled by a dense crowd. After the cross had been erected in front of the high altar, and a strong iron money-box set down beside it, Tetzels would mount the pulpit and commence his harangue. He dwelt on the unexampled privilege offered, and the danger of neglecting the opportunity to secure it. "Come," he would say, "and I will give you

letters, all properly sealed, by which even the sins you intend to commit may be pardoned."

"I would not change my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than the apostle did by his sermons!" After this atrocious boast, the Dominican proceeds to disclose another virtue of his merchandise, namely, that "indulgences avail not only for the living but for the dead. . . . At the very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul (of the relative or friend of the donor) escapes from purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven. Now you can ransom so many souls, stiff-necked and thoughtless man; with twelve groats you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are ungrateful enough not to save him! . . . The Lord our God no longer reigns; he has resigned all power to the Pope."

With such arguments did Tetzel work to induce the people to fill his iron box. Now he would picture the terrors of purgatory; then he would dilate on the ruinous condition of St. Peter's; again he would hurl a sudden anathema at all who rejected the proffered grace, and, in short, left nothing undone that would accomplish his purpose; threats, entreaty, cajolery and invective, each in their turn, had to serve the ends of the unscrupulous Dominican. His harangue ended, he would quickly run down the pulpit stairs, and throw a coin into the box; a shower of pieces was sure to follow.

Confessionals were erected all around the church, from which, after a short shrift, the penancers would pass to Tetzel's counter. Tetzel fixed his scale of prices according to the apparent rank of each applicant, whom he would scrutinize closely. Thus, people of moderate incomes paid from one to six ducats for an ordinary indul-

gence; abbots and barons, ten; kings and princes, twenty-five.

These pardons were given in the form of a letter of absolution couched in the following terms: "May our Lord Jesus Christ have pity on thee, N. N., and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion, and I, by virtue of the apostolic power which has been confided to me, do absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments and penalties which thou mayest have merited, and from all excesses, sins or crimes which thou mayest have committed, however great and enormous they may be, and for whatsoever cause, even though they had been reserved to our most Holy Father, the Pope, and the Apostolic See. I efface all attainders of unfitness and all marks of infamy thou mayest have drawn on thee on this occasion. I remit the punishment thou shouldst have had to endure in purgatory. I make thee anew a participant in the Sacraments of the Church. I incorporate thee afresh in the Communion of the Saints, and I reinstate thee in the innocence and purity in which thou wast at the hour of thy baptism; so that at the hour of thy death the gate through which is the entrance to the place of torments and punishments, shall be closed against thee, and that which leads to the paradise of joy shall be open, and shouldst thou be spared long, this grace shall remain immutable to the time of thy last end. In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"Brother John Tetzels, Commissioner, has signed it with his own hand."

The indulgence market, which attracted great multitudes day by day, and drove a brisk business, soon became the principal theme of discussion in Germany. The more thoughtful part of the nation was scandalized

at a system which, for a little money, absolved the vilest characters from the most atrocious crimes, and thus practically struck a blow at the very foundations of society. The criminal who had bought his pardon, was placed by the Church on a level with the orderly and peaceful citizen, and, worse than this, the thought that more pardons could be bought, removed all restraint from further wrong-doing from the minds of the ignorant and vicious.

It was not always plain sailing for the sellers of indulgences. A miner of Schauenburg met one of them one day, and asked him: "Is it true that we can, by throwing a penny into the chest, ransom a soul from purgatory?" "It is so," replied the pardon-monger. "Ah, then," said the miner, "what a merciless man the Pope must be, since for want of a wretched penny he leaves a poor soul crying in the flames so long!" And Luther, in his *Theses on Indulgences* echoed the thought of a great many, when he asked: "Why does not the Pope deliver at once all the souls from purgatory by a holy charity, and on account of their great wretchedness, since he delivers so many from love of perishable money and of the Cathedral of St. Peter!"

Meanwhile Tetzl and his hirelings steadily plied their trade, and deepened, if possible, the scandalous impression caused by their business, by spending their evenings in taverns, gaming-houses, and other places of ill repute, shamelessly squandering the hard-earned gains wrung from a credulous people. Little did they reckon that they were digging a mine which would eventually prove terribly destructive to the edifice of papal supremacy. When the gold first began to flow into the coffers of Leo X. from the Transalpine countries, he rejoiced greatly. Here was a spring of revenue that would never dry up

while men sinned, and men looked to the Church for pardon. St. Peter's Church would rise anew in unexampled splendor; and so the building of her most magnificent sanctuary marks the period when the authority of the Church was first shattered.



POPE LEO X.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFLICT BEGUN.

The Elector Frederick of Saxony had forbidden Tetzel to ply his trade within his dominions. Tetzel, therefore, dared come no nearer to that country than Juterbock, a little town on the Saxon frontier, where he in course of time set up his big cross and his iron money-chest. As Wittenberg was but an hour and a half's walk distant from Juterbock, thousands flocked from the former place to attend the pardon-market at the latter. When Luther first heard of Tetzel, shortly before the opening of the Juterbock pardon-sale, he said: "By the help of God, I will make a hole in his drum!"

Luther's duties as a confessor soon put him in the way of observing the moral havoc occasioned by Tetzel's course. One day some of the burghers of Wittenberg confessed to him the commission of thefts, adulteries, and other grievous sins. "You must abandon your evil courses," said Luther, "otherwise I cannot absolve you." He was pained and surprised to hear them answer that they had no intention of leaving off their sins, and then they produced Tetzel's absolution papers in testimony of the fact that they were secured against the punishment of them. Luther's reply was that these papers were worthless, that they must repent and be forgiven of God, otherwise they would perish everlastingly.

They then hurried back to Juterbock, and told Tetzel that a monk in Wittenberg was denouncing his indul-

gences as worthless, and warning people against buying them. This enraged Tetzel beyond description; he bestowed a torrent of anathemas against the man who dared make light of his wares, and kindled a fire in the market place in token of what might happen to him.

This exhibition of rage, far from intimidating Luther, only served to intensify his opposition to Tetzel. From the pulpit and from his chair in the university he now condemned the indulgences, and even wrote a letter to the Prince Archbishop of Mainz, beseeching him, by his authority, to put a stop to the scandalous and immoral proceedings of the pardon-mongers. He little knew that he was seeking a remedy at the very source of the evil, and even believed that the Pope was ignorant of the reprehensible practices connected with the sale of indulgences.

In the opinion which Luther promulgated from the pulpit, that the Church could pardon only offences against herself, but not offences against God, he differed more widely from his Church than he was aware of. We now see the great conflict begun on a narrow stage. At Wittenberg free salvation is preached from the pulpit; at Juterbock, but a few miles distant, heaven is sold for money on the market-place.

The Elector Frederick had collected a great many precious relics in the Castle Church at Wittenberg, which were exhibited to the people at the festival of All Saints, which falls on the first of November, and crowds had come to Wittenberg to earn the indulgence offered to all who should visit the church on that day. But a surprise was in store for them. At the hour of noon, October 31st, Luther, who had not acquainted any one with his intention, joined the throng of pilgrims that were wending their way toward the sanctuary. Arriving

at its portal, he pushes through the crowd, draws forth a paper, and nails it on the door of the church. The crowd presses around the door, and eagerly begins to read. It sees ninety-five "Theses," or propositions, on the doctrine of indulgences. The following fifteen of them are comprehensive of the spirit and scope of the whole :—

"V. The Pope is unable and desires not to remit any other penalty than that which he has imposed of his own good pleasure, or conformity to the canons—that is, the Papal ordinances.

"VI. The Pope cannot remit any condemnation, but can only declare and confirm the remission that God himself has given, except only in cases that belong to him. If he does otherwise, the condemnation continues the same."

"VIII. The laws of ecclesiastical penance can only be imposed on the living, and in no wise respect the dead."

"XXI. The commissaries of indulgences are in error when they say that by the Papal indulgence a man is delivered from every punishment, and is saved."

"XXV. The same power that the Pope has over purgatory in the Church at large, is possessed by every bishop and every curate in his own particular diocese and parish."

"XXXII. Those who fancy themselves sure of salvation by indulgences, will go to perdition along with those that teach them so."

"XXXVII. Every true Christian, dead or living, is a partaker of all the blessings of Christ, or of the Church, by the gift of God, and without any letter of indulgence.

"XXXVIII. Yet we must not despise the Pope's dis-

tributive and pardoning power, for his pardon is a declaration of God's pardon."

"XLIX. We should teach Christians that the Pope's indulgence is good if we put no confidence in it, but that nothing is more hurtful if it diminishes our piety.

"L. We should teach Christians that if the Pope knew of the extortions of the preachers of indulgences, he would rather the Mother Church of St. Peter were burned and reduced to ashes, than see it built up with the skin, the flesh and the bones of his flock.

"LI. We should teach Christians that the Pope (as it is his duty) would distribute his own money to the poor, whom the indulgence-sellers are now stripping of their last farthing, even were he compelled to sell the Mother Church of St Peter.

"LII. To hope to be saved by indulgences is a lying and an empty hope, although even the commissary of indulgences — nay, further, the Pope himself — should pledge their souls to guarantee it.

"LIII. They are the enemies of the Pope and of Jesus Christ, who, by reason of the preaching of indulgences, forbid the preaching of the Word of God."

"LXII. The true and precious treasure of the Church is the holy Gospel of the glory and grace of God."

"LXXVI. The Papal pardons cannot remit even the least of venial sins, as regards the guilt."

Luther's challenge to meet anyone who cared to controvert his "Theses" on the following day, elicited no response.

In assailing the practice of indulgences, Luther established a principle subversive of the whole Papal system. Still he was hardly conscious at the time of the far-reaching effect of his declarations. He merely sought to reform an abuse within the Church, not to overthrow the



LUTHER NAILING HIS THESIS TO THE CHURCH DOOR.

Church. Yet the Reformation is now fairly launched, and daily gathers a headway that will soon become irresistible.

The news of the posting of the "Theses" travelled rapidly, and the general impression produced was in the main joyful. Many men felt that a new day had dawned, by whose light they would escape from the terrors of spiritual darkness. Yet there were others who viewed the movement more with fear than with hope. Thus the historian Kranz, who was on his death-bed when the "Theses" were brought to him, said after reading them. "Thou art right, brother Martin, but thou wilt not succeed. Poor monk, hie thee to thy cell and cry, 'O, God, have pity on me.'" An echo of the more hopeful spirit rings in the words of Dr. Fleck, prior of the monastery of Steinlausitz, who had for some time ceased to celebrate mass. "At last we have found the man we have waited for so long," and playing on the meaning of the word Wittenberg (wisdom-mountain,) he added: "All the world will go and seek wisdom on that mountain, and will find it."

The moment of the appearance of the "Theses" was singularly opportune. The printing press, then a comparatively recent invention, was a means of producing many copies of them rapidly. The multitudes of pilgrims from the surrounding towns then assembled at Wittenberg, bought them eagerly instead of investing their money in indulgences. From Saxony the "Theses" soon spread over the other countries of Europe; they were translated into Dutch and Spanish, and copies were even offered for sale in Jerusalem. Everywhere they formed the main topic of discussion; in the university, the palace, the shop and the tavern, men came together and talked of the fearless act and new teachings of the

monk of Wittenberg. Leo X. procured and read a copy of the "Theses" in the Vatican. The new light shone all the further for having been kindled in the midst of darkness.

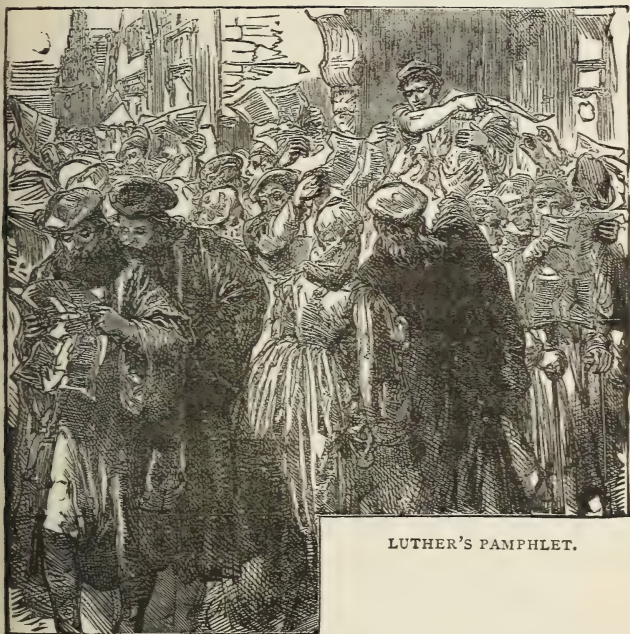
Luther, who had expected that the "Theses" might create a stir in Saxony, but no more, was as much surprised as anybody at their effect on Christendom. He now for the first time realized the immense responsibility he had shouldered and the tremendous odds he would have to contend with. But he did not repent of what he had done, and with the help of God, was prepared to stand by the doctrine of the "Theses," come what might.

Meanwhile Tetzl had drawn all the profit he could from Juterbock, and wandering to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, had set up his red cross and iron box on one of the more fashionable promenades of the city. Here he heard the news of the posting of the "Theses," and the harm their dissemination was doing his trade. Boiling with impotent wrath, he burned a copy of Luther's propositions, and attempted to answer him in a set of counter-propositions. The following of his "Theses" are a sample of the rubbish with which he expected to meet Luther's doctrine.

"III. Christians should be taught that the Pope, in the plenitude of his power, is superior to the universal Church, and superior to Councils, and that entire submission is due to his decrees.

"IV. Christians should be taught that the Pope alone has the right to decide in questions of Christian doctrine; that he alone, and no other, has power to explain, according to his judgment, the sense of Holy Scripture, and to approve or condemn the works or words of others."

That the Pope's power is supreme; that absolute sub-



LUTHER'S PAMPHLET.

mission thereto, in spite of reason, the Fathers, or the Holy Scriptures, is a duty ; and that he who differs from this view merits death at the stake—these are the ideas set forth in the “Theses” of the pardon-monger.

When the students of Wittenberg heard of Tetzels “Theses,” they burned a bundle of them in public, amidst the laughter and hootings of the citizens, who thus expressed their contempt for the Dominican’s reply. When Luther, who was ignorant of these proceedings at the time, heard of them, he said that really it was superfluous to kindle a pile to consume a document, the extravagance and absurdity of which would alone have effected its extinction.

However, an abler opponent soon succeeded Tetzels, in the person of Sylvester Mazzolini of Prierio, Master of the Sacred Palace at Rome. His argument, which was couched in the form of a dialogue, expounded “the rule of faith.” He maintained that the Church, both collectively, as well as its organs of expression the Councils and the Supreme Pontiff—were infallible in determining questions relating to faith and morals, and from these premises he concluded in substance that “whoever does not rely on the teachings of the Roman Church and the Roman Pontiff as the infallible rule of faith, from which the Holy Scriptures themselves derive their strength and their authority, is a heretic.”

It is noteworthy that this first interchange of arguments between Protestantism and the Papacy hinged on the great question, Whom is man to believe, God or the Church? Prierio assumes the *written* Bible to be a dead letter, completed many centuries ago, and unintelligible to man, except as explained by the Church—the *living* Bible developed from the written Scriptures during all these ages by the toils of interpreters and canonists, the

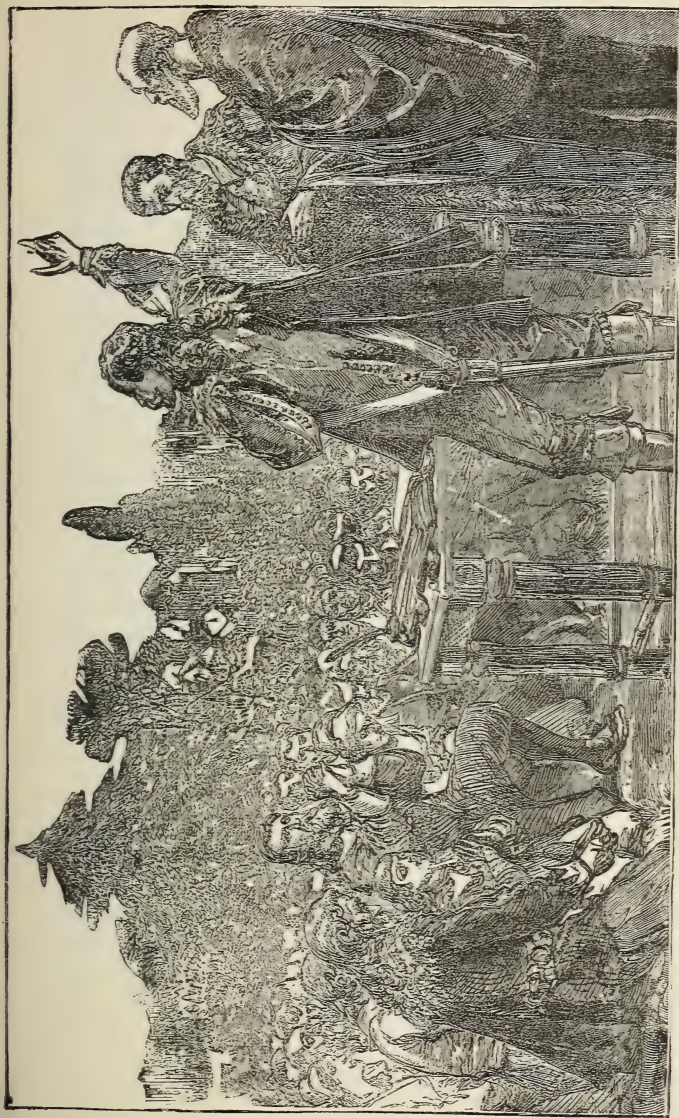
edicts of Popes and the decisions of councils, and thus become the sole and infallible authority and deposit of the faith.

Luther at first affected to ignore the authorship of this document, and ascribe it to an enemy, who by its tone of extravagant loftiness aimed to bring ridicule and contempt on the prerogatives of the Holy See. But he was soon forced to abandon this position, and answer the attack. He founded his answer on these words from Holy Writ. "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

Prierio could not bear the idea of being silenced by a German monk, and wrote a reply more extravagant than the first. In his attempt to exalt the Papal authority still higher, he founded his reply on that preposterous decree of canon law, which forbids any one to stop the Pope, or question the rightfulness of his conduct, even though he were plunged in the depths of sin and were dragging the whole world after him to eternal torments. Leo X. saw that this style of argument was doing the Papacy more harm than good, and enjoined silence on his over-zealous defender.

Hochstraten, an inquisitor at Cologne, now entered the lists against Luther, and true to the instincts of his profession, wrathfully called for his death at the stake. Luther coolly replied: "If it is the faggot that is to decide this controversy, the sooner I am burned the better, otherwise the monks may have cause to rue it."

Prierio is now disposed of and the inquisitor silenced, when, behold, another opponent appears in the person of the renowned and learned Dr. Eck, professor of scholastic theology at Ingolstadt. In his attempt to extinguish Luther, this great man was not above appealing



PREACHING OUT-OF-DOORS.

to the old prejudice against Huss and the Reformers of Bohemia still lingering among the Germans. "It is," said he, "the Bohemian poison which you are circulating." His arguments, drawn from the Aristotelian doctrines, were easily met by the stout doctor of Wittemberg. "Would you not hold it impudence," said Luther, "in one to maintain, as a part of the philosophy of Aristotle, what one found it impossible to prove that Aristotle ever taught? You grant it. It is the most impudent of all impudence to affirm that to be a part of Christianity which Christ never taught."

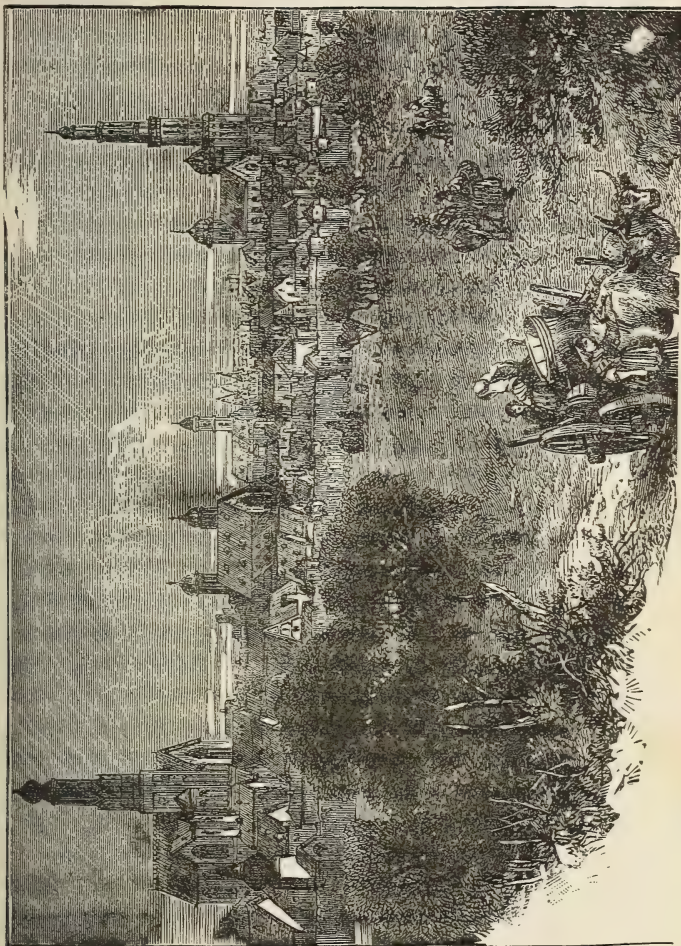
Thus, one after other, Luther's assailants retire from the arena discomfited. Prierio, hoping to crush the Reformer with the weight of papal authority, is answered:

"The Pope is but a man, and may err!" and down comes the sham structure of papal infallibility; the inquisitors' threats are met with laughing scorn; and the scholastic doctor is vanquished with his own weapons. They cannot divine the source of Luther's strength; all their efforts to overcome it only bring into bold relief the mockery of Roman infallibility, and show that in the Divine Sacrifice lies the only hope of the human heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

LEO X. ALARMED.

The movement inaugurated by the posting of the "Theses" had now gathered such headway that the Pontiff and his adherents began to feel seriously alarmed. Leo X., who had hitherto regarded it with a sort of contemptuous good-nature, as a squabble among the ever-quarrelsome monks, which, like all their former squabbles, would end without any momentous consequences, now perceived that the revolt, unless checked at once, might seriously impair, if not overthrow, the power and prestige of the Papacy. But the Emperor Maximilian was, even more than the Pope, alive to the impending danger, and wrote an energetic letter to him to rouse the easy-going sceptic to vigorous action against the audacious monk and his followers. This was in the year 1518, and the Diet of the Empire was at that moment sitting in the City of Augsburg. Here the Emperor furiously inveighed against Luther and those who had espoused his cause, with special reference to the Elector Frederick of Saxony. This prince had been mainly instrumental in thwarting a favorite project of the Emperor's at the Diet,—namely, the election of the grandson of the latter, the future Charles V., to succeed him in the Empire. But while thus rendering himself obnoxious to the Emperor, the Elector gained in the consideration of the Pope, who dreaded the concentration of half the power of Europe in one hand. Nevertheless,



VIEW OF AUGSBURG.

he could not help heeding the urgent letter of the Emperor, and on the 7th of August, 1518, Luther was summoned to answer at Rome, within sixty days, to the charges preferred against him. Here was a double peril: to go to Rome was to defy death; to stay meant to brave the wrath of the Pope, and through him that of the Emperor for contumacy.

But a powerful intercessor appeared in the person of the Elector Frederick, who represented to the court of the Vatican that it was right of the Germans to have all ecclesiastical questions decided upon their own soil. The Pope, mindful of Frederick's action at the Diet of Augsburg, and desirous of commanding his services in the future, lent a favorable ear to the plea, and on the 23rd of August issued a brief, empowering his legate in Germany, Cardinal de Vio, to summon Luther before him and pronounce judgment in his case. The legate was instructed to compel Luther to retract; but should that attempt prove futile, he was to keep him in custody until the Pope should be pleased to send for him. Thus Leo artfully managed to make a show of friendliness to Frederick, while reserving the means of getting Luther to Rome if it should become necessary. Accordingly, Thomas de Vio, Cardinal St. Sixti, cited the doctor of Wittenberg to appear before him at Augsburg. The legate, better known as Cardinal Cajetan, was one of the most distinguished members of the Sacred College. An implicit believer in all the dogmas of the Church, he enjoyed the full confidence of his master, the Pope. Concealing, as he did, a stern spirit under a suave and polished exterior, he was a proper man to choose for the task assigned him.

A few days before Luther's departure for Augsburg, there came a man to Wittenberg who was destined to be

Luther's firm friend and co-worker in the cause of the Reformation. This was Philip Melanchthon, who came by appointment of the Elector to fill the chair of Greek at Wittenberg University. The son of an armorer at Bretten in the Palatinate, he had taken the degree of Bachelor at the University of Heidelberg at the early age of fourteen. It was about this time that in accordance with a custom of the *savants* of the time he had translated his German name, *Schwartzero*, into the Greek Melanchthon. The distinguishing traits of this gifted young man were a fondness for the Greek tongue and the study of the Holy Scriptures, a calm, perspicuous mind, and great gentleness and amiability. Such was the companion whom the Reformer found at the threshold of his stormy career. The lovable qualities of the one were a fitting complement to the more robust and passionate nature of the other.

Luther now set forth on foot and without a safe conduct, to appear before the Legate of Rome at Augsburg. The Elector had supplied him with money, but refused a safe conduct, on the ground that it was not necessary. Nevertheless, our pilgrim carried a stout heart in his bosom, although his friends trembled for his safety.

His way led him through Weimar and Nuremberg. At Weimar the purveyor of the monastery where he lodged said to him: "Dear brother, in Augsburg you will meet with Italians who are learned men, but more likely to burn you than to answer you." "Pray to God and his dear Son, Jesus Christ," replied Luther, "whose cause it is, to uphold it for me." Luther met with a warm reception at Nuremberg, among whose sturdy burghers his doctrines had early found many adherents. When his friends, among whom were the renowned painter and sculptor, Albert Dürer, and the preacher, Wenzeslaus

Link, found that he was travelling without any safe conduct, they tried to dissuade him from going any further, fearing that he would never return from Augsburg. But Luther was not to be moved. "Even at Augsburg," wrote he, "in the midst of his enemies, Christ reigns. May Christ live, may Luther die; may the God of my salvation be exalted."

Though Luther did not take his friends' advice, he was induced to accept a frock of Link's, to wear in place of his own, which had not gained in sightliness on his long tramp. Thus attired, and accompanied by Link and another friend, he resumed his journey. On the evening of October 7th, the three entered the gates of Augsburg, and took up their abode at the Augustine monastery. The next day Link notified the cardinal of Luther's arrival. The lamb was now in the lion's den. Note the contrast. On one hand, we see a poor monk in a borrowed frock, lodging in the Augustinian convent, awaiting with a firm heart his citation before the cardinal; on the other, we see a prince of the Church in his sumptuous palace, secretly resolved to receive only Luther's unconditional submission, or, failing in that, never to allow him to depart alive from Augsburg.

Meanwhile, De Vio had imagined a proceeding which he expected would facilitate the consummation of the task intrusted to him. Early on the morning after Luther's arrival, an Italian courtier, Urban of Serra Longa by name, called on him, and after many professions of friendship and kindly regard, offered him some seemingly disinterested advice, the tenor of which could be summarized in the single word: "Retract!" Luther, however, saw through the honeyed words of the wily Italian—whom he soon suspected to be a creature of the Cardinal's, though Serra Longa took care not to avow it—

and remained firm. The baffled courtier, after promising to return and conduct him before the legate, left Luther's presence to report the ill-success of his errand to his master. But Luther, who had found a goodly number of friends at Augsburg, was earnestly advised by them not to appear before the Cardinal before obtaining a safe-conduct from the Emperor, who was hunting in the neighborhood. They offered to procure this for him, and painted the legate's character in such colors that Luther deemed it prudent to accept their offer. So, when Urban returned to bring him before his master, Luther told him that he must first obtain a safe-conduct. Urban pooh-poohed this idea, represented the Cardinal as gentleness itself, and attempted once more to induce Luther to retract, dwelling on the fact that the utterance of the simple word, "Revoco," would put an end to all his troubles. But it was all to no purpose. "Whenever" said Luther, "whenever I have a safe-conduct I shall appear." Urban was obliged to content himself in this manner, and biting his finger, he withdrew to report the failure also of his second mission to Cardinal Cajetan.

Finally, a safe-conduct was procured, and the 11th of October fixed for Luther's appearance before the legate. Accompanied by Dr. Link, and some other friends, he made his way to De Vio's palace. There in the audience hall the Cardinal sat in state, and now for the first time Luther stood face to face with the representative of the Church. It was a moment of supreme interest. The two men looked at each other, each waiting for the other to speak. Luther was the first to break the silence with these words: "Most worthy father, in obedience to the summons of his Papal Holiness, and in compliance with the orders of my gracious Lord, the Elector of Saxony,



FREDERICK THE WISE.



I appear before you as a submissive and dutiful son of the Holy Christian Church, and acknowledge that I have published the propositions and theses ascribed to me. I am ready to listen most obediently to any accusation, and if I have erred to submit to instruction and the truth."

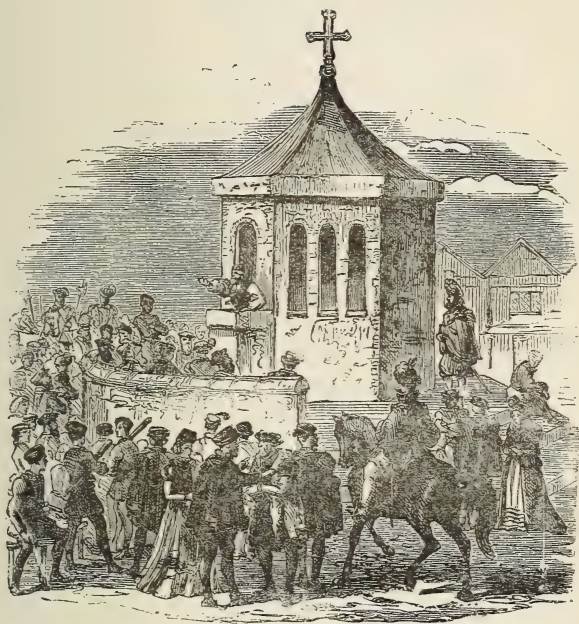
The Cardinal thought he perceived in this reverent though firm address the ring of a speedy submission. With an air of kindly condescension, he replied that he required but three things of his "Dear son," first, that he would retract his errors; secondly, that he would abstain in future from promulgating his opinions; and thirdly, that he would avoid whatever might tend to disturb the peace of the Church. But Luther requested the reading of the Papal brief, which empowered the legate to treat of this matter, and this being denied him, he craved that De Vio might point out to him wherein he had erred. Concealing his anger, the legate took up the "Theses" of Luther. "Observe," said he, "in the seventh proposition you deny that the Sacrament can profit one unless he has faith; and in your fifty-eighth proposition you deny that the merits of Christ form part of that treasure from which the Pope grants indulgences to the faithful." Cardinal Cajetan, in singling out these two proposition from the "Theses," was simply obeying orders from head-quarters; for none of them were likely to be more damaging to the sale of indulgences. Let it once be established that the efficacy of a pardon is dependent on the faith of the receiver, and that the merits of Christ, far from being a portion of the Pope's treasure, are freely offered to all who will but believe in him—who will then care to buy indulgences? This sealing up of the source of incalculable wealth was not to be brooked. "You must revoke both these errors," con-

tinued De Vio, "and embrace the true doctrine of the Church." "That the man who receives the Holy Sacrament must have faith in the grace offered him," replied Luther, "is a truth I never can and never will revoke."

The Cardinal now lost his temper. "Whether you will or no," said he, "I must have your recantation this very day, or for this one error I shall condemn all your propositions." Courteously, yet firmly Luther replied: "I demand proof from Scripture that I am wrong; it is on Scripture that my views rest." This demand the Cardinal was unable to meet, but quoted from the decretals and schoolmen instead. After some fruitless discussion, marked by contemptuous condescension on DeVio's part, and a sturdy defence from Scripture on Luther's, the Cardinal finally offered the Wittenberg doctor a day for deliberation, intimating at the same time that he would accept of nothing short of a retractation.

On the following day Luther again appeared before Cajetan, and read a paper protesting his reverence for the Holy Roman Church, his readiness to answer in writing whatever objections the Cardinal might produce against him, and his willingness to submit his "Theses" to the judgment of the Imperial Universities of Basel, Freiburg and Louvain, and if these were not enough, of Paris from of old ever the most Christian, and in theology ever the most flourishing university.

But De Vio, perhaps unable to reply to these reasonable proposals, tried to conceal his embarrassment under an affected pity. "Leave off," he said, "these senseless counsels and return to your sound mind. Retract, my son, retract." Luther again appealed to Scripture for his justification, whereupon Cajetan showed vexation. Staupitz, who had accompanied Luther to this conference, craved and obtained permission that the Wittenberg



PREACHING FROM PULPITS.

doctor might put his views in writing, and thus the second hearing came to an end.

This written declaration of his views Luther accordingly read at the third and last interview. Unable to restrain his irritation the legate characterized it as a long phylactery of mere words, but said that he would send the paper to Rome. Then he threatened Luther with the penalties enacted by the Pope, unless he retracted, and finally offered him a safe-conduct if he would go to Rome and be judged there. This offer Luther prudently declined. Thus ended the first pass-at-arms between the representatives of the old hierarchy and the new faith, much to the detriment of the former. Staupitz urged Cajetan to vouchsafe Luther one more hearing, but the Cardinal answered: "I will have no more disputing with that beast, for he has deep eyes and wonderful speculation in his head."

Having received no answer to a respectful letter written to the Cardinal after the last interview, Luther by the advice of his friends, who feared that this silence boded no good to the Reformer, resolved to flee from Augsburg. On the fourth day after his third hearing he escapes on horseback before the break of dawn, accompanied by a trusty guide. A friendly hand opens a small gate in the city walls, and away speed the two travellers, their horses' heads turned in the direction of Wittemberg. At Nuremberg Luther for the first time reads the orders sent from Rome to De Vio to hold him in safe custody should he not retract, and he now realizes that he has not left Augsburg a moment too soon.

On the 30th of October Luther re-entered Wittemberg. It was the day preceeding the anniversary of that on which he had posted up his "Theses." But this time no crowd of relic-loving pilgrims filled the streets of the little

Saxon city, so effective had the blow been which Luther had struck at the abuse of indulgence-selling.

But while the number of the faithful had diminished, the growing renown of Luther had attracted many new students to the university, and with joy the Elector saw his pet institution flourishing like a green bay tree. Luther now threw himself into his work with heart and soul, for he felt that under the circumstances his respite of rest must necessarily be short. And so it proved. On the 19th of November the Elector received a letter from Cardinal Cajetan, giving his version of the interviews at Augsburg, and beseeching Frederick no longer to protect a heretic whom the tribunals of Rome were prosecuting. Frederick, though as yet ignorant of the reformed doctrines, now displayed a fairness and consideration which proved that not in vain was he denominated "The Wise." He sent the Cardinal's letter to Luther, who then returned to the Elector an account of the proceedings at Augsburg, dwelling on De Vio's failure to make good his promise to convince him out of Scripture, and the consequent unreasonableness of his demand for a retraction. These points were clearly and forcibly put; besides, the Elector was well aware that Germany groaned under Italian pride and Papal greed; he therefore stood by the doctor of his university, and sent Cajetan a reply which was substantially the same as that of Luther: "Prove the errors which you allege." Thus the already mortified Cardinal received another check.

The day following the sending of this letter, a narrative of the proceedings at Augsburg, which Luther had prepared, issued from the press. He would, at the Elector's request, have withheld it for a while, but for the eagerness of the public and the cupidity of the printers. A clamorous crowd of all ages and conditions be-

sieged the printing-house, and eager hands clutched the sheets, as they were handed out, wet from the press. In a few days the pamphlet was spread far and near. Through the printing press the Reformer became the teacher of all Germany. His enthusiasm for the theology of the Holy Scriptures also kindled an ardor for this branch of study among the professors and students at Wittemberg unparalleled in later times. Each day new students arrived from far and near, here to receive the seed of a reformed life, and to bear it thence, and scatter it over regions remote.

The electoral court also shared this passion for theological study. Frederick's secretary, Spalatin, was continually asking and receiving expositions of Scripture from Luther, prompted, it was believed, by the Elector himself, who thus could quietly pursue that line of inquiry which was ultimately to make him the Reformer's staunchest ally.

Meanwhile the tidings of Cajetan's ill-success reached Rome, causing gloomy looks and anxious deliberations at the Vatican. The result of these counsels was a new decretal, which in its disastrous effects to the Church was to throw the blunders of Serra Longa and De Vio into the shade.

Leo X. issued this edict on November 9th, which declared "that the Roman Pontiff" . . . "can for reasonable causes grant" . . . "indulgences out of the superabundance of the merits of Christ and the saints; can confer the indulgence by absolution or transfer it by suffrage. And all those who have acquired indulgences" . . . "are released from so much temporal punishment for their actual sins as is the equivalent of the acquired indulgence. This doctrine is to be held and preached by all, under penalty of excommunication,

from which only the Pope can absolve, save at the point of death."

This decree, which was expected to silence Luther and quiet his adherents by the weight of its authority, had quite a different effect. The time had gone by when all men would accept an utterance from the pontifical chair as conclusive. It became plain to many thinking minds that the Pope's teaching, save in greater decency of language, differed in no wise from Tetzel's, and that the desire of converting the spiritual treasure into money was the animus which prompted the issuance of the document. In exonerating Tetzel, the Pope had saddled himself and the whole Church with the responsibility of this immense scandal. In this spirit was the edict of Nov. 9, 1518, discussed in Germany. And Luther, who had hitherto laid the doctrine of indulgences in its sacrilegious and blasphemous form at Tetzel's door only, now saw both Tetzel's and Cajetan's interpretations of the matter indorsed by the Pope himself. This forced him to investigate the Papacy more searchingly than he had yet dared to, and in a letter written about that time to his friend Wenzeslaus Link of Nuremberg, he says: "The conviction is daily growing on me that the Pope is Antichrist." And when Spalatin inquired what he thought of war against the Turk, "Let us begin," he replied, "with the Turk at home; it is fruitless to fight carnal wars, and be overcome in spiritual wars."

This new train of thought marks an important step in the enlightenment of the Reformer, for it culminated in an appeal in which he practically abjures the Pope, by turning from him and calling on the entire Church. In this paper, which Luther read aloud in Corpus Christi chapel on Sunday, November 28th, in the presence of a notary and two witnesses, he said: "I appeal from the

Pontiff, as a man liable to error, sin, falsehood, vanity, and other human infirmities not above Scripture, but under Scripture, to a future Council, to be legitimately convened in a safe place, so that a proctor deputed by me may have access."

Thus closed the year 1518, big with the portent of a gathering storm. Luther, who knew that the Papal anathemas were being prepared at Rome, held himself ready to depart from Saxony at a day's notice, not that he feared for himself, but because he did not wish to compromise the Elector. An intimation was in fact soon received from that prince that Luther should leave Saxony.

Before leaving, he once more gathered his friends—Jonas, Pomeranus, Carlstadt, Amsdorff, Schurff and Melancthon—around him; but before this seemingly last supper with them is ended, a messenger arrives from Frederick, asking why Luther delays his departure. What a bitter pang this sends to Luther's heart! His only earthly protector no longer dares give him an asylum. His friends are drowned in grief, as they behold the light of their university on the point of being quenched, and with its extinction the movement that promised a new life to the world, sorely imperiled. Luther, though well aware that his enemy would follow him from land to land until he had crushed him, was not appalled by the prospect. But the thought of leaving his country in darkness—the thought that the dawn which had broken so hopefully, should so soon be overcast—it was that thought which drew bitter tears from his eyes. In the meantime, events were preparing which were to prevent the putting into execution of the Elector's command, and avert the threatened danger, for a time at least. These events shall be narrated in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

LENIENCY OF ROME.

Rome, at this juncture, displayed a most unaccountable leniency and moderation. Here was a man who had laid the axe at the root of a practice that was bringing millions to her coffers, a man who routed a Prierio, an inquisitor, and a renowned scholastic in debate, a man who had refused to obey the commands of a Cajetan without proof of their justice, and who had then fled in contumacy. Was it a wonder that the Reformer should expect the exercise of the direst punishment the Holy See could inflict? It may have been that the Church deemed it wise to gain over to her service again the man who had shown such ability in battling against her abuses; or she may have awakened to the fact that a new spirit was animating the world, which could only be exorcised by a policy of concession; or possibly, the sceptical Leo, engrossed as he was with his music, pictures, statues, and gorgeous court-life, still underrated the potentiality of a movement whose full vigor and far-reaching sway was not apparent to his epicurian nature. It may have been one of these causes, or all of them combined, that stayed the arm of Rome. The Church despatched another mediator, although not openly avowing his mission.

The person selected for this new attempt at conciliation was Charles Miltitz, chamberlain of the Pope. Of



CHARLES V., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

a suave and diplomatic nature, it was hoped that he would accomplish what had not been possible to the haughty Cajetan. A Saxon by birth and an Italian by training he would be better able to approach a German for the exercise of Italian wiles.

Miltitz ostensibly came to Saxony to present the Elector Frederick with the golden rose, a token of regard which the Pope granted only to his most esteemed friends. He was desirous that Frederick should believe himself among their number, and therefore sent Miltitz to Saxony with the much coveted gift. Being on the spot, he might as well try to arrange "Brother Martin's" business. It was thus attempted to create the belief that the principal object of the mission was merely an incidental one. But no one was deceived. "The Pope's chamberlain comes," Luther's friends said to him, "laden with flattering letters and Pontifical briefs, the cords with which he hopes to bind you and carry you to Rome." "I await the will of God," answered the Reformer.

Miltitz was surprised to observe on his way to Saxony how deep a root the new movement had taken. Arrived at the Electoral court, he met with a coolness that was far from encouraging. In view of recent events, Frederick's appreciation of the favor accorded him had so greatly diminished that he did not even allow Miltitz to present the rose in person. Neither was the envoy received much more warmly by the Elector's councillors, Spalatin and Pfeiffinger, to whom he bore flattering letters from Rome. Miltitz saw that he must concentrate all his powers on Luther himself, as there was nothing to be gained through the Elector or his courtiers. He therefore sought and finally obtained an interview with the Reformer, which took place at Spalatin's house at Altenberg. Miltitz brought all the arts of which he was

master into play. He was more than gracious ; he was obsequious to Luther. After a preamble, calculated to flatter the pride of a less clear-minded man than the Doctor of Wittenberg, the envoy proceeded to business. And it must be conceded that he conducted it in a most adroit and delicate manner. Tetzel, he said, had exceeded his orders in a most scandalous manner, and he was not surprised at Luther's protestations. He even blamed the Archbishop of Mainz for pressing Tetzel too hard as regarded the collection of money. Still the doctrine of Indulgences was a salutary one, and it was the course that Luther had felt it his duty to pursue that had seduced him from it. Would he not confess that he had erred in so doing, and thus restore peace to the Church? Luther boldly replied, that the chief offender was neither Tetzel nor the Archbishop of Mainz ; it was the Pope, who, instead of giving the latter the pallium freely, had exacted so great a price for it that the Archbishop felt forced to make Tetzel get money by any means whatsoever. " But as for a retractation," said Luther, " never expect one from me." A second and third interview followed. Miltitz, though he made no progress whatsoever in securing a recantation, bore himself with such tact, that an arrangement was finally reached in which it was agreed that neither side should write or act in the question ; that Luther should revoke on proof of his errors, and that the matter should be referred to the judgment of an enlightened bishop. This looked very much like a shelving of the controversy ; and had the truce been kept, who knows how long the Reformation might have been delayed ! Miltitz was overjoyed ; he had accomplished more than Prierio, Eck, or Cajetan ; he had gained a point, which seemed but the precursor of a final settlement of this vexed and vexatious question.

Luther, conformably with the agreement, now returned to his duties at the university, and kept silence on indulgences. His enemies would have been wise had they done the same.

It was Dr. Eck, a famous scholastic and debater, who rekindled the slumbering fires. Very vain of his powers, he had for some time been engaged in a controversy with Andrew Bodenstein, better known as Carlstadt. This man had answered the *Obelisks* of Eck, taking occasion to defend the opinions of Luther. After an exchange of arguments on paper which lasted some time, it was finally agreed that the matter should be decided by a public oral disputation in the city of Leipsic. These disputations were the usual means of ventilating great public questions in that age. George, Duke of Saxony, uncle of the Elector Frederick, and other princes and illustrious personages were to be present at the disputation.

But before the day arrived, Eck's ambition sought higher game than Carlstadt, to vanquish whom would bring but little fame. Dr. Eck therefore published thirteen Theses, in which he plainly impugned the opinions of Luther.

This act, which was in contravention with the agreement brought about by Miltitz, left Luther free to act again. He therefore requested permission from Duke George to come to Leipsic. This was refused; but finally the Duke gave Luther leave to be present as a spectator. The spectator was to become the most prominent actor in the end.

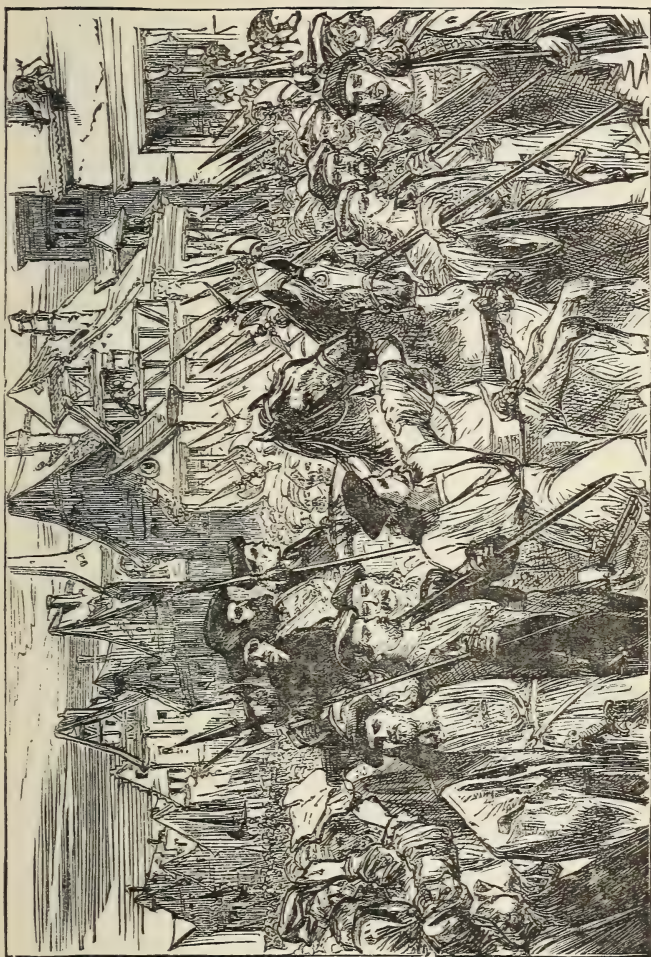
On the 21st of June 1519, Dr. Eck and his friends arrived at Leipsic. He entered the city with great pomp, seated in a carriage, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, and followed by a procession of civic and ecclesi-

astical notabilities. The citizens thronged the streets to catch a glimpse of the renowned doctor, the victor in so many a scholastic battle. He was accompanied by Poliander, who afterwards espoused the cause of the Reformation.

The deputation of theologians from Wittemberg made their public entry into Leipsic on the 24th of June. The procession was headed by Carlstadt, who was to maintain the contest with Eck. Carlstadt, though the most impetuous, was probably the least profound of the distinguished men assembled at Wittemberg, and hardly Eck's peer, intellectually. A wheel of his carriage came off; he rolled in the mud, and the spectators construed this into an omen of a more serious mischance, when he should meet his adversary.

In the next carriage rode the Duke of Pomerania, with Luther and Melancthon at either side of him; then came a long line of dignitaries from the university, flanked by two hundred students bearing pikes and halberds. These were actuated by a desire to protect their professors from possible insult and injury at the hands of the not over friendly Leipsicers, as well as by an interest in the coming discussion.

On the morning of the 27th, the dignitaries with their retinues heard mass in the church of St. Thomas, and then marched to the ducal castle of Pleisenberg, the great hall of which had been fitted up for the disputation. There was a pulpit at each end of the room for the use of the disputants; in the centre were tables for the notaries, who were to take notes of the discussion. Duke George, Prince John (heir to the electoral throne), the Duke of Pomerania and the Prince of Anhalt, occupy separate and conspicuous seats, while the rest of the auditors are seated on benches. Amid



ARRIVAL OF THEOLOGIAN AT LEIPSIK.

expectant silence Peter Mosellanus, Professor of Greek at the University of Leipsic, ascends the pulpit, and pronounces an introductory discourse, in which he exhorts the champions to bear themselves gallantly, yet courteously.

Now the organ peals, the assembly fall on their knees and sing the ancient hymn, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. But it has grown late; the noon hour has been passed, and the opening of the battle is postponed till after dinner, which the disputants and their friends partake of at the hospitable board of Duke George. At two o'clock the concourse reassembled, and now the discussion, which was to last sixteen days, was opened. This disputation was fraught with the weightiest consequences, for it severed the last link which bound the Reformer to the Church.

Mosellanus has left pen-pictures of the contestants in their memorable debate, which may be relied on as impartial, for the professor of Greek was too much wrapped in ancient lore to be an intense partisan in contemporary conflicts. These descriptions seem to bring us nearer to the principal actors in this great drama; instead of misty figures from the past, endowed with general attributes, we see living, breathing, passionate men, with their faults, virtues, peculiarities and physical attributes. But let Mosellanus speak:

“Martin Luther is of middle stature, and so emaciated by hard study that one might almost count his bones. He is in the vigor of life, and his voice is clear and sonorous. His learning and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures are beyond compare; he has the whole Word of God at command. In addition to this he has great store of arguments and ideas. It were, perhaps, to be wished that he had a little more judgment in arranging his mate-

rials. In conversation he is candid and courteous; there is nothing stoical or haughty about him; he has the art of accommodating himself to every individual. His address is pleasing and replete with good-humor; he displays fairness, and is never discomposed by the menaces of his adversaries, be they what they may. One is, in a manner, to believe that in the great things which he has done God has assisted him. He is blamed, however, for being more sarcastic in his rejoinders than becomes a theologian, especially when he announces new ideas.

“Carlstadt is of smaller stature; his complexion is dark and sallow, his voice disagreeable, his memory less retentive, and his temper more easily ruffled than Luther’s. Still, however, he possesses, though in an inferior degree, the same qualities which distinguish his friend.

“Eck is tall and broad-shouldered. He has a strong and truly German voice, and such excellent lungs that he would be well heard on the stage, or would make an admirable town-crier. His accent is rather coarse than elegant, and he has none of the gracefulness so much lauded by Cicero and Quintilian. His mouth, his eyes, and his whole figure suggest the idea of a soldier or butcher, rather than a theologian. His memory is excellent, and were his intellect equal to it, it would be faultless. But he is slow of comprehension, and wants judgment, without which all other gifts are useless. Hence, when he debates, he piles up, without selection or discernment, passages from the Bible, quotations from the Fathers and arguments of all descriptions. His assurance, moreover, is unbounded. When he finds himself in a difficulty, he darts off from the matter in hand and pounces upon another; sometimes, even, he

adopts the view of his antagonist, and changing the form of expression, most dexterously charges him with the very absurdity he himself was defending."

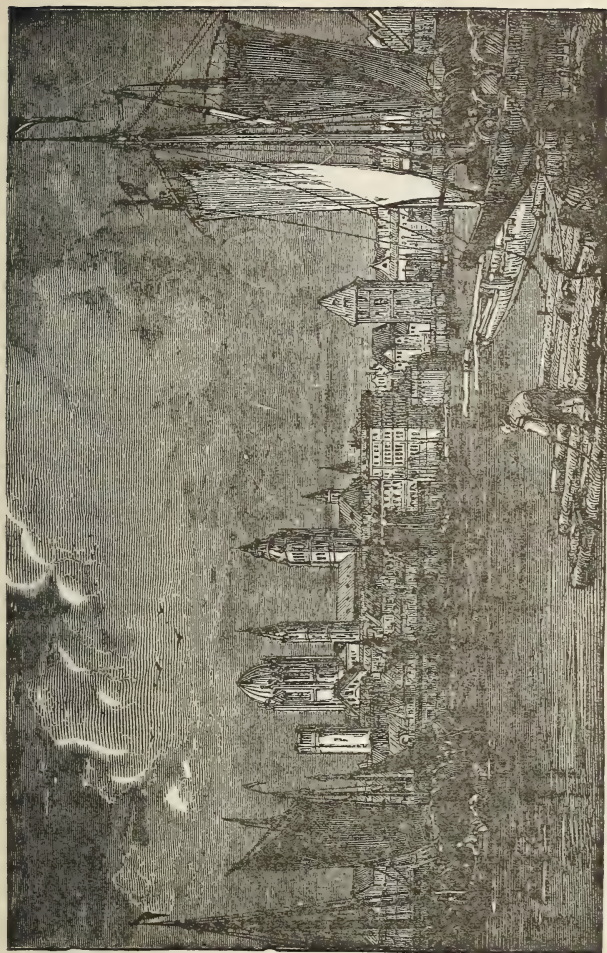
The discussion turned on a question, which forms the essential dividing line between the Roman and Protestant theologies, namely, whether man is able, of his own will, unaided by Divine help, to select what is spiritually good, or whether he, since the fall, has not lost that power and cannot regain it until his nature is renewed by the Holy Spirit. The Roman theologians maintained the former proposition, while Carlstadt defended the latter view. For seven days they waged a wordy war on these points, at the end of which period it was generally conceded that Eck had proved himself the abler disputant.

In the meantime the restriction under which Luther's presence had been allowed, was withdrawn by Duke George at the earnest solicitation of both sides. On the fourth of July the Reformer ascended the pulpit to discuss the question of the Pope's primacy with the doughty chancellor of Ingolstadt. When Luther began the war against indulgence-mongers, he had no doubt that the Pope and his dignitaries would condemn their abuses as readily as himself, when informed of them. When these, however, espoused the cause of the pardon-venders, he felt convinced that the men, whom he had believed to be enlightened, were really immersed in darkness. His investigations of the basis of the Roman primacy, consequent on this discovery, forced him to the conclusion that it had no foundation whatever in either the early Church or the Word of God. Yet, while denying that the Pope was head of the Church by Divine right, he still admitted his human right to that title, embodied in the consent of the nations.

Dr. Eck opened the discussion. His main stay was the well known passage, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church," which he cited in support of the theory of the Pope's appointment by Divine authority. Luther contended that this interpretation of the words was unnatural, that the word *rock* obviously had no reference to Peter, but rather to the truth he had just confessed, in other words Christ himself; that Augustine and Ambrose had so construed the meaning of the passage; that Scripture expressly declared that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," and that Peter himself had termed Christ "the chief corner-stone, and a living stone, on which we are to build up a spiritual house."

We will not enter into the details of this disputation, which covered ground that has often since been traversed, but it is impossible to withhold our admiration from one who so steadfastly stood by his convictions, as did Luther, in the teeth of an authority fortified by the tradition of centuries of boundless power. Luther had to confront numerous quotations from the false decretals. The evidence from this source he boldly pronounced spurious, and retreated to the early centuries of Christian history, and especially the Bible in which no proof of the Pope's supremacy could be found.

When Doctor Eck found that he was not winning an easy victory, he was not above appealing to a then deep-rooted prejudice. He charged Luther with being "a patron of the theories of Wycliffe and Huss." These doctrines still lay under an odium in the West, which we can scarcely realize at the present day. This charge, with which Dr. Eck hoped to overwhelm Luther, created an intense excitement in the hall; with bated breath the audience listened to Luther's reply. It was clear and



VIEW OF MAINZ.

courageous. "The Bohemians," he said, "are schismatics, and I strongly reprobate schism; the supreme Divine right is charity and unity. But among the articles of John Huss, condemned by the Council of Constance, some are plainly most Christian and evangelical, which the universal Church cannot condemn."

Here is the last tie sundered. Luther, who had formerly appealed from the Pope to a Council, now repudiates even the authority of councils, for has he not accused one of condemning what was Christian,—in other words, of having erred? Henceforward Luther stands on the authority of Scripture alone. Dr. Eck, in attempting to crush the enemy, has only widened the breach in the walls of his own stronghold.

The Leipsic disputation brought both gain and loss to the Protestant movement, but the former by far outweighed the latter. The charge of Bohemianism influenced Duke George to become henceforth its bitter enemy. But, on the other hand, the views of Luther were henceforth clearer. It brought the cause beyond the halfway or doubting stage, and gave it a firmer foothold. The Reformation gained some of its most noteworthy friends and advocates from among those present at the disputation—Poliander, Cellarius, the young prince of Anhalt, and, above all, Melancthon. This man of brilliant intellect, who had hitherto been but Luther's friend, now became his co-worker, complementing with his special qualities those in which Luther was deficient. As Luther himself said: "I was born to contend on the field of battle with factions and wicked spirits. It is my task to uproot the stock and the stem, to clear away the briars and the underwood. I am the rough workman who has to prepare the way, and smooth the road. But Philip advances quietly and softly. He tills and

plants the ground ; sows and waters it joyfully, according to the gifts which God has given him with so liberal a hand."

Thus the war at Leipsic raged around the very citadel of Romanism. The first assault was directed against the essential basis of Roman theology—namely, man's independence of the grace of God in beginning the work of his salvation ; the second was directed against that dogma which is the corner-stone of Rome as a hierarchy—the Pope's primacy. For the former the Reformer aimed to substitute GOD, the sole author of man's salvation ; for the latter CHRIST, as the sole monarch of the Church.

Luther returned from Leipsic, freed from the fetters of Papalism, freer, nobler, more courageous, and erect in the liberty which the Gospel vouchsafes to all who follow it by faith. He resumed his work with new ardor, and imbued the University with his own restless, inquiring spirit. The narrow walls of Rome, which had aforetime bounded his vision, were now fallen, and the Reformer beheld the light he had kindled shining far over the nations.

We are now on the eve of a new act in the great drama of the Reformation. It was inevitable that the movement should draw into itself the political and material forces of the world, either as defenders or enemies. At the very moment when the new light seems ready to shed its rays over a world eager to emerge from the bondage of centuries of spiritual gloom, the powers of darkness rally once more in unexampled force to quench the flame which they had erstwhile contemned as a harmless glimmer. In the vast empire of Charles V., Mediævalism reasserts itself, threatening annihilation to the spirit of free inquiry that was now pervading Chris-

tendom. It was yet to learn the lesson that no human agency could quench, though it might temporarily obscure, the Divine fire.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN.

In order to trace the genesis of the new factor in the struggle for spiritual liberty, it will be necessary to glance backwards to the beginning of the year made memorable by the Leipsic disputation. Luther's situation at that time was far from reassuring. Some of his friends were falling away; others were growing timid; even the benevolent Staupitz was hesitating. It is true that he had gained allies among the German barons; but, as their sympathy proceeded rather from their hatred of Papal tyranny than from any appreciation of Gospel teachings, their alliance somewhat embarrassed the Reformer. It was the Teutonic, quite as much as the Reformed spirit, that stirred these men to take the part of a man whom they knew to be dogged by assassins, and against whose liberty Miltitz and Serra Longa were plotting. Luther's friends well understood the danger he was exposed to. Melancthon said: "If God do not help us, we shall all perish." A powerful Franconian knight, Sylvester of Schaumburg, sent Luther a letter, saying: "If the electors, princes, magistrates fail you, come to me. God willing, I shall soon have collected more than a hundred gentlemen, and with their help I shall be able to protect you from every danger." Franz von Sickingen and Ulrich von Hutten, knights famous for their love of letters as well as their love of arms, offered their

services to the Reformer. To the proposal of the latter to fall on Rome with the sword, Luther answered: "I will not have recourse to arms and bloodshed in defence of the Gospel. It was by the Word that the Church was founded, and by the Word also shall it be re-established." And lastly, the prince of scholars in that age, Erasmus, affirmed in defence of Luther, that the outcry which had been raised against him, and the disturbances which his doctrines had created, were traceable solely to those whose interests, being bound up with the darkness, dreaded the new day that was rising on the world.

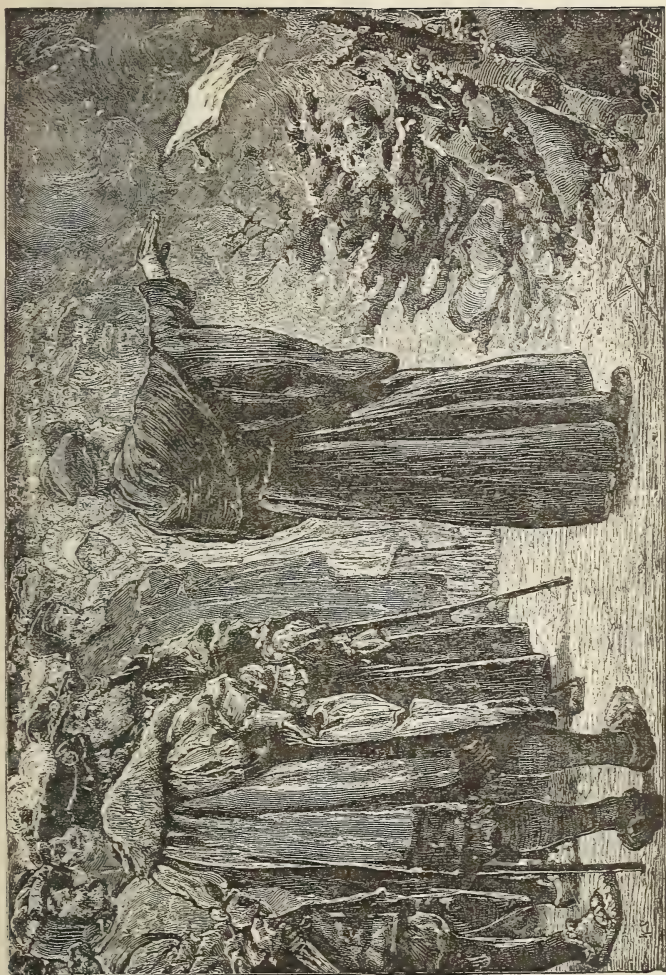
At this critical juncture the Emperor Maximilian died. On the 12th of January, 1519, this prince, under whose easy policy the Empire had enjoyed a long period of peace, departed this life. He had been a zealous adherent of Rome, and had he lived longer, would doubtless have insisted on the elector's banishing Luther. But now this eventuality, which would have delivered Luther into the hands of his enemies, was averted for the time; for Frederick of Saxony, the protector of the Reformer and the Reformation, became regent of the Empire, until a new emperor should be elected. The sky also cleared in the quarter of Rome, as Leo X., who wished to carry a particular candidate, now found it necessary to conciliate the Elector Frederick, both on account of his character for wisdom and his influence in the electoral college.

Of the original aspirants for the prize, Henry VIII., seeing it beyond his reach, had retired from the contest. The claims of the other two—Francis I. of France, and Charles I. of Spain—were pretty equally balanced. Francis, though but twenty-six, had already won glory in the field of war. Polished, amiable, chivalrous and

energetic, his dash was not equalled by his perseverance. He hoped by the restoring to the Kings of France the diadem which had graced the brow of Charlemagne, to dispel the idea, now becoming common, that the imperial crown, though nominally elective, had become hereditary with the house of Austria.

Charles, though but nineteen, had already evinced inclination and aptitude for affairs. Born in Ghent, the Spanish and German blood mingled in his veins; he combined in himself more than the qualities of both races; to German perseverance and Italian subtlety he added Spanish taciturnity. His hereditary kingdom, Spain, could at that day rival in power and opulence any country in Christendom, to say nothing of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and the provinces of Flanders and Burgundy, which owned his sway. Besides this, the discovery of Columbus had added a continent to his realm, of which he at that moment could not even conjecture the possibilities, and now the death of his grandfather, Maximilian, had put him in possession of the States of Austria. So vast were the dominions over which reigned this youth, just budding into manhood, hardly had the sun set on their western frontier, when morning dawned on their eastern.

It would be a fitting culmination of his glory to add the crown of the Holy Roman Empire to the many diadems he already possessed. He scattered gold profusely among the electors and princes of Germany to gain the coveted prize. Though his rival was liberal, he lacked the resources which Charles had at his command. The very greatness of the candidates defeated them at first; for the Germans feared for their liberties, should they set either of these too powerful men over themselves. Thus the crown was at the first instance



LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL.

offered neither to Francis nor to Charles ; it was unanimously tendered to Frederick.

Thus the sceptre of Germany was at one time within the reach of the best friend of the Reformation. But Frederick, either out of magnanimity, or to shun the snare of ambition, declined the proffered honor. It were idle to speculate what would have been the course of the new movement, had he done so, what oceans of blood would not have been shed, or what untold miseries prevented. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. It is just possible that an acceptance of the imperial crown by Frederick might have proved the Capua of the Reformation.

On the 28th of June, 1520, the electoral conclave met in the Church of St. Bartholomew in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and unanimously elected Charles of Spain as Emperor of Germany.

It was over a year from the time of Charles' election until his arrival in Germany for coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle (October, 1520). This was a period of fruitful and progressive activity at Witemberg. The light of the Word of God shone over the little band assembled there around Luther. As long as the regency of the friendly Elector continued, they could go on in the good work without fear or molest. Every day Luther took a step forward. He now read the treatise of Laurentius Valla, which afforded him new proof of the hollowness of the pretensions of the Roman primacy. In the writings of John Huss, which he now came across for the first time, he was surprised to find the doctrine of justification by faith already set forth—that doctrine which had come to him at the cost of so much mental anguish. It was now that he maintained that the Sacrament will profit no man without faith, and should be administered

in both kinds. Treatise after treatise came from his pen during this year of marvellously varied labor, and added fresh fuel to the conflagration that was already raging all around. One of these treatises, his Commentary upon the Galatians, is specially notable as affording a clearer and fuller exposition than he had hitherto given of what was to him the great cardinal truth—namely, justification through faith alone.

But the most memorable production, not only of that year, but of any he had hitherto published, was his famous appeal to the Emperor, the princes and the people of Germany on the Reformation of Christianity. Graphic, courageous, and spirit-stirring to the highest degree, it was the trumpet that summoned the German nation to the conflict. "The time for silence," said Luther, "is past, and the time to speak is come."

In this document he drew a masterly picture of Roman tyranny, showing how Rome had reduced Christendom, from the highest to the lowest, to a state of serfdom both spiritual and temporal. She had made herself supreme, he said, over the throne, over the Church, over the Word of God itself, and supported this assertion by citing the various assumptions of the Holy See, so preposterous and yet so arbitrary in their nature. He called on all ranks to combine for resistance against a vassalage so monstrous and so degrading.

To bring this nearer home, and to rouse what spirit of liberty still remained in Christendom, he supported this general portraiture by details. He painted the decay of Italy, caused by Rome, how the vampire of Papacy, having sucked the life-blood of that country, had sent a locust swarm to alight on Germany; how the Fatherland was being gnawed to the very bones; and how, by various contrivances—indulgences, reversions, commen-

dams, and *id omne genus*—the wealth of the Fatherland was being conveyed by the priests to Rome. No wonder the people were poor; the greater wonder was that anything was left behind the rapacious swarm. Here was robbery worse than that of thieves and highwaymen, a tyranny that destroyed soul and body, that ruined Church and State. Talk of the ravages of the Turk, and of raising armies to repel him! There is no Turk in the world like the Roman Turk.

For these evils Luther suggested remedies. The Gospel alone could go to the root of these abuses; but they were of a kind to be corrected by temporal power, to a certain extent. Every prince and state, said Luther, should forbid their subjects giving annats* to Rome. Kings and nobles should resist the Pontiff, as the greatest enemy of their own prerogatives and the welfare of their subjects. Instead of enforcing the bulls of the Pope, they ought to throw his edicts into the Rhine or Elbe. All causes should be tried within each country, the tribunals of which were to be paramount. Festivals, as giving occasion for idleness and vice, should be abolished; on the Sabbath alone should men abstain from labor. No more cloisters should be built for the worthless Mendicant friars; the law of clerical celibacy should be repealed, and, in fine, the Pope, leaving kings and princes to govern their own realms, should confine himself to prayer and the preaching of the Word. “Hearest thou, O Pope, not all holy, but all sinful! Who gave thee power to lift thyself above God, and break his laws? The wicked Satan lies through thy throat. O my Lord Christ, hasten thy last day, and destroy the Devil’s nest at Rome! There sits ‘the man of sin,’ of whom Paul speaks, ‘the son of perdition.’”

This appeal ringing through Germany like a peal of

thunder, sounded the knell of Roman domination in that land. The movement spread from Wittenberg and the theologians over the whole country, and became truly national; it expanded from a battle of mere creed to a struggle for religious and civil liberty,—a struggle, in fine, for the manhood of the human race.

Luther carried his appeal to the feet of the new Emperor, not fearing for the ultimate triumph of his cause, but hoping, by securing the co-operation of that potentate, to make its progress peaceful, and to secure for it a speedy arrival at its goal. But the Emperor never deigned the Doctor of Wittenberg a reply.

Let us now return to the “conqueror” at Leipsic, Dr. Eck, who had set off for Rome after the disputation. He had been preceded by Cajetan. Both of these men were so little satisfied with what they termed their victories, that they had come to Rome to seek revenge.

They found their task more difficult than they had expected. The Curia was apathetic, not realizing in its full extent the danger in which it stood. The idea that an insignificant monk could shake the Pontiff's throne they scouted as preposterous. In all history there was no example of successful resistance to Rome, though rebel kings, heretical or barbarous nations, and proud heresiarchs had dashed themselves against the Papal chair.

Still the members of the Curia were not blind to the risks of the affair. What if the civil powers should refuse to execute the ban of the Church? Besides, there were in Rome itself a few moderate men, who were not displeased in their secret hearts at Luther's just strictures. Others were of the opinion that the monk might be appeased with the bribe of a pall or a cardinal's hat. The members of the Curia were divided among them-

selves. The jurists counselled citing Luther once more, before breaking the staff over him ; the theologians pleaded for instant anathema.

Dr. Eck left nothing undone to procure the condemnation of his opponent. He inflamed the zeal of the monks by his eloquence, spent hours of deliberation at the Vatican, and melted even the coldness of Leo. To second Eck's arguments, Cajetan, so ill as to be unable to walk, was borne every day on a litter to the council-chamber. The Doctor of Ingolstadt also found a potent ally in the banker Fugger of Augsburg, treasurer of the indulgences. Luther had spoiled what appeared to the banker as a very promising speculation, and he was anxious to see a heresy crushed that was so hurtful to his interests.

In the meantime rumors of what was preparing for him at the Vatican reached Luther at Wittenberg. That city now presented a scene of peaceful and fruitful labor, that contrasted vividly with the anxiety and gloom at Rome. Luther was little disturbed by what he heard ; his trust reposed on a Greater than Leo. Visitors from all countries were coming daily to see and converse with the Reformer, and the halls of the University were crowded with studious youths—the hope of the Reformation.

It was about this time also that a young Swiss priest, Ulrich Zwingli, avowed his belief in that Gospel which Luther preached. In Helvetia, too, the day was breaking.

Meanwhile, the Sacred College at Rome had gratified Dr. Eck's wishes by fulminating the bull of excommunication against Luther on the 15th of June, 1520. This famous document, which was expected to crush the Wittenberg movement like a thunderbolt, began with an invocation to God, the Saints, and the Church, summon-

ing the Almighty to arise, and be Judge in his own cause, and calling on the Church to intercede with Him to that end. It then went on to condemn as scandalous, heretical and damnable, forty-one propositions extracted from the writings of Luther; among these was one that declared that "to burn heretics is contrary to the will of the Holy Ghost.* Then, dwelling on Luther's heresy and contumacy, and the marvellous forbearance of the Holy Sea in dealing with him, it was said that the papacy nevertheless yearned over its lost son; it exhorted him earnestly to return to the fold with those whom he had led astray, and to prove the sincerity of his repentance by recanting and committing all his books to the flames within sixty days. In case of disobedience, Luther and his adherents were pronounced incorrigible and accursed heretics; all princes and magistrates were enjoined to apprehend and send them to Rome, or banish them from the country wherein they happened to be. The towns in which they continued to live were placed under interdict, and whoever opposed the publication and execution of the bull was excommunicated in "the name of the Almighty God, and of the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul."

Immediately on the heels of this haughty edict came a letter to the Elector Frederick from Leo X., dilating on the errors of that "son of iniquity," Martin Luther, expressing a conviction that Frederick held these errors in abhorrence, and winding up with fulsome praise of the Elector, who, His Holiness knew, would not let the blackness of heresy sully the name of his house. But the effect of these transparent compliments was just the contrary of what had been hoped for; the day had passed when they would have gratified the Elector, and

he resolved henceforth to stand by the Doctor of Wittenberg.

The publication of the bull in the countries of Christendom was entrusted to the nuncios Eck and Alexander, than whom it would have been hard to find two men better fitted to render an odious mission yet more odious. As Eck came onward through the German towns, he was met with the coldness of the bishops, the hootings of the university youth, and the contempt of the burghers. "It is Eck's bull, not the Pope's," said the Germans. At times Eck even had to hide from popular fury, and he closed his career by going into permanent seclusion at Coburg. As for Alexander, it is but necessary to say of him that he had been secretary to Pope Alexander VI., the infamous Borgia.

While the bull was slowly advancing towards its destination, two publications of memorable purport issued from Luther's pen. One was, *The Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, in which the Reformer asserted that "*the Papacy is a general chase, led by the Roman Bishop to catch and destroy souls.*" These were hardly the words of a man ready to appear as a penitent before the Pontifical chair.

The other was a letter addressed to Pope Leo X. Written in a spirit of intense earnestness, it is the epistle of a man who loves too deeply to remain silent, yet is too honest and fearless to flatter. After defending his own course, Luther compares Leo to a lamb in the midst of wolves—a Daniel in the lion's den—and admonishes him in the words: "*We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed—forsake her.* . . . Rome is not worthy of you and those who resemble you. . . . Is it not true that under the vast expanse of heaven there is nothing more corrupt, more hateful

than the Roman court? In vice and corruption it infinitely exceeds the Turk's. Once the gate of heaven, it has become the mouth of hell — a wide mouth, which the wrath of God keeps open, so that on seeing so many unhappy beings thrown headlong into it, I was obliged to lift my voice as in a tempest, in order that, at least, some might be saved from the terrible abyss."

After some detail concerning his communications with De Vio, Eck, and Miltitz, Luther closes with the words: "I cannot retract my doctrine. I cannot permit rules of interpretation to be imposed on the Holy Scriptures. The Word of God — the source whence all freedom springs — must be left free. Perhaps I am too bold in giving advice to so high a majesty, whose duty it is to instruct all men, but I see the dangers which surround you at Rome; I see you driven hither and thither; tossed, as it were, upon the billows of a raging sea. Charity urges me, and I cannot resist sending forth a warning cry."

This letter was accompanied by a little treatise on the "Liberty of the Christian;" this Luther described as a gift to one "who needed only spiritual gifts," and concluded with the words: "I commend myself to your Holiness. May the Lord keep you forever and ever. Amen."

Thus courageously spoke the monk of Wittenberg to the Pontiff of Christendom; for the last time before the final rejection of a Church, once so renowned throughout the earth for its faith, did Truth lift up its voice at Rome.

In October, 1520, after having been published far and wide, the bull arrived at Wittenberg. The man against whom it was directed was almost the last to see it. Yet it could not be published at Wittenberg, the University

having jurisdiction superior to the Bishop of Brandenburg in such matters. Publication it did receive, and most emphatically, but of a nature far different from what its framers had intended. Meanwhile Luther took formal steps to indicate his position towards that Church which had condemned him. On the morning of the 17th of November he entered a solemn protest against the bull in the presence of a notary public and five witnesses. Four reasons formed the groundwork of this appeal: *First*, because he stood condemned without having been heard, and without any reason or proof assigned of his error. *Second*, because he was required to deny that Christian faith was essential to the efficacious reception of the Sacrament. *Third*, because the Pope exalts his own opinion above the word of God; and *Fourth*, because, as a proud contemner of the Holy Church of God, and of a legitimate Council, the Pope had refused to convoke a Council of the Church, declaring that a Council is nothing of itself.

This protest was accompanied by an appeal to the Emperor, princes, nobles, and the magistracy of Germany to stand by him in resisting the tyranny of the Pope, and not execute the bull before he had been tried by impartial judges and convicted from Scripture.

Luther now prepared a companion piece to the numerous piles of his works that were blazing in the track of the two nuncios in Louvain, Cologne, and many other towns in the hereditary estates of the Emperor. In accordance with an announcement which had been posted on the walls of the University of Wittenberg on the morning of Dec. 10th, Luther issued from the gate of that seat of learning at the head of six hundred doctors and students and a sympathizing crowd of citizens, and proceeded to the eastern gate of the town to burn the

Pontiff's bull—for all unclean things were burned without the camp. Here stood a scaffold with a pile of logs laid upon it. One of the Masters of Arts applied a torch to the pile, which soon was enveloped in flames. Then Luther, in the garb of his order, stepped forth from the crowd, and cast the several volumes composing the Canon Law of the Church, one after the other, on the blazing pile. Like common things the flames consumed these awful volumes. But the hecatomb was not yet complete. Luther now held up the bull of Leo X., saying, "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee," and threw it into the burning mass. In a few moments its ashes mingled with those of its predecessors.

The blow had been struck. Doctors, masters, students, townsmen again gathered around the Reformer, and marched back to the city amidst demonstrations of triumph.

Luther followed up his action with words. On the following day, while lecturing on the Psalms, he reverted to the episode of the bull in a strain of impassioned eloquence and invective. The burning of the bull, said he, is but the sign; the thing signified is the conflagration of the Papacy. This, he intimated to the assembled students, was what they were to aim at. "The time is come when Christians must choose between death here and death hereafter. For my own part, I choose death here. . . . I abominate the Babylonian pest. As long as I live I will proclaim the truth. If the wholesale destruction of souls throughout Christendom cannot be prevented, at least I shall labor to the utmost of my power to rescue my own countrymen from the bottomless pit."

Thus did the monk of Wittenberg fling back the bolt

hurled against him from the Seven Hills. Never before did Rome launch this instrument without crushing the offender against whom it was directed; but a Higher Power this time not only rendered it innocuous, but caused it to react on its framers. The burning of the bull marks the beginning of a new era in the movement of the Reformation; it defines the fulness of Luther's doctrinal views, the result of a matured judgment respecting the two systems and the two Churches. Many new recruits now flock around the standard of spiritual liberty, in all lands and in all ranks; a blessed spring-time seems to have visited the world, yet there are many storms still to come.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARLES V. EMPEROR.

On the 23d of October 1520, the coronation of Charles, as Emperor of Germany, took place at Aix-la-Chapelle in the presence of an assembly unprecedented in numbers and splendor. The ceremony took place in the Cathedral of the town; it included a two-fold oath on the part of the newly-elected prince to keep the Catholic faith and defend the Church, and concluded with a proclamation by the Archbishop of Mainz to the effect that the Pope confirmed what had been done, and that it was his will that Charles V. should reign as Emperor. The coronation over, Charles and his brilliant suite immediately took their departure for Cologne, for the plague had visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Their ultimate destination was Worms, where the Emperor proposed holding his first Diet, avoiding Nuremberg which had been first chosen for that purpose, for the same reason that he had left Aix-la-Chapelle so hurriedly. During the halt of the court at Cologne were commenced the intrigues which resulted in the scenes at the Diet of Worms.

Luther's affair now held the first place in the thoughts of the Pope and his counsellors, and they had delegated two special envoys—Marino Caraccioli and Girolamo Aleander to look after the man, who had routed the ablest champions and most plausible intriguers of Rome, robbed the Pontifical thunder of all its terrors, and done

immense damage to the Holy See by turning the minds of men, who now refused to buy indulgences, withheld annats, and treated the authority of the keys of St. Peter with contempt. It was time that such audacity be quelled and such wickedness punished.

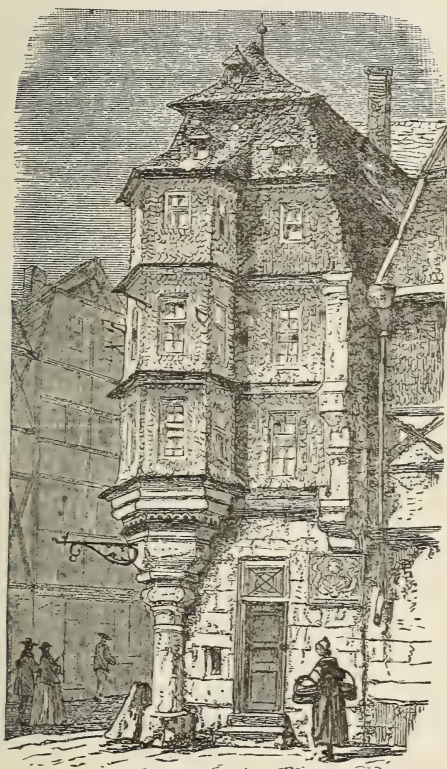
The two envoys left nothing undone to bring about this consummation. Aleander, though attainted with an evil prestige, was the abler of the two; of scholarly tastes, untiring industry and thoroughly devoted to the See of Rome, that body had few men at its service better able to bring this difficult and dangerous negotiation to a successful issue. He began his work with publicly burning Luther's writings at Cologne. Some one said to him, "What matters it to erase the writing on paper! it is the writing on men's hearts you ought to erase. Luther's opinions are written there." "True," replied Aleander, who understood his age, "but we must teach by signs that all can read." What Aleander really wished was to bring the author of these books to the pile. To get the Wittenberg doctor in his power it was necessary to turn from him the Elector of Saxony, his protector, and also to gain over the young Emperor Charles. The latter he deemed an easy task, for the Emperor was descended from an ancestry whose glories were entwined with Catholicism, and he had given the permission to burn the Reformers writings. "We have burned Luther's books," said Aleander to the Emperor, "but the whole air is thick with heresy. We require, in order to its purification an imperial edict against their author." "I must first ascertain," replied the Emperor, "what our father the Elector of Saxony thinks of this matter."

Aleander accordingly obtained an audience of Frederick, who received him in the presence of his counselors and the Bishop of Trent. Pushing aside Caraccioli,

who was trying to win Frederick by flatteries, in a tone bordering on insolence Aleander depicted the havoc Luther was working in the Roman camp, asserted that "the man who unites himself with him separates himself from Christ, and that Frederick alone stood between the monk and the punishment he merited, and concluded with the demand that the elector should himself punish Luther or deliver him up to Rome. But the elector calmly replied that no one had yet refuted Luther; that it would be a grievous wrong to punish a man without a hearing, and that the Reformer must be summoned before a tribunal of pious, learned and impartial judges.

This proposal, pointing to the Diet about to meet at Worms, alarmed Aleander greatly, for he knew the courage and eloquence of Luther and dreaded the impression he would be likely to make on the princes there assembled.

Anything that would add prestige to the already too popular cause must be strenuously opposed. Besides, the appearance of Luther before a lay assembly, after being excommunicated by the Pope, would be an open affront to the Pontiff. So Aleander again turned to the emperor; but that potentate, with whom the whole matter resolved itself into a question of policy rather than of faith, gave the envoy but little comfort. Charles did not care to break with the Elector, of whose advice and aid he stood in need in his new position. On the other hand he desired to keep on good terms with the Pope; for he stood on the brink of a war with Francis I. of France, who had, by the victory of Marignano (1515), gained possession of the Duchy of Milan. Coveting this province, and desirous of extending his influence in Italy, Charles saw that the good-will of the Pontiff might be of importance to him. Should the Pope promise his aid,



LUTHER'S HOME IN FRANKFORT.



the emperor would deliver Luther into his hands ; in the contrary case, Charles would protect the Reformer as a means of opposing Leo. But the latter, who dreaded both Charles and Francis, hesitated and temporized, and the Emperor of Germany could not shape his policy until the Pope had made his decision. Meanwhile the imperial Court moved forward to Worms with the two Papal envoys in its train. The opening of the Diet had been set for January 6, 1521. One of the reasons assigned in the circulars to the princes for its convocation, was the concerting of proper measures for checking these new and dangerous opinions which so profoundly agitated Germany and threatened to overthrow the religion of their ancestors.

The agitation in the minds of men, and the gravity of the affairs to be discussed, drew unprecedented numbers of the grandees of Germany to the ancient Rhenish City. On the 28th of January, 1521, the Diet was opened under the presidency of Charles. Beneath the gay tournaments and other pastimes that marked this event lurked many grave anxieties. Charles dared not give way to the incessant importunities of the Papal muncios, that he should execute the bull against Luther, for fear of incurring the Elector's enmity ; neither was he ready to offend the Pope by a direct refusal, in view of the impending war in northern Italy. The conflicting orders continually being sent to the Elector, one day enjoining him to bring Luther to Worms, the other commanding that he should leave him at Wittenberg, show the vacillations of the imperial mind at that juncture.

Aleander, exasperated by this indicision, wrote an urgent letter to the Cardinal de Medici, the Pope's relative, to the effect that "Germany was separating herself from Rome," and that unless more money was sent to

influence the members of the Diet, he despaired of bringing his negotiations to a successful issue. Rome replied with alacrity to her servant's call. Not only ducats did she send, but more anathemas. The first bull against Luther had been conditional, giving him sixty days in which to retract, before excommunicating him; but that sentence was now actually inflicted by a new bull, fulminated at this time (January 6, 1521), and ordered to be published with terrible solemnities in all the churches of Germany. Not only Luther himself, but all his adherents, came under the ban. Rome herself had now completed the separation between Protestantism and the Mother Church.

While this step simplified matters to both Aleander and Luther, it disquieted the politicians, by bringing to a focus a matter which they wished to hold in abeyance. In this extremity they bethought themselves of a last resort to stave off the threatened crisis. One John Glapio, a Spanish Franciscan, belonging to the reform party within the Church, confessor to the emperor, and a man of eminent ability, was commissioned to approach Por tanus, the councillor of the Elector of Saxony, with a view of securing a retraction from Luther through him. But this attempt, though conducted with masterly tact, ended, like its predecessors, in signal failure.

Meanwhile the negotiations between the emperor and the Court of the Vatican were brought to a close. The Pope agreed to be the ally of Charles in his approaching war with the French, and the emperor, on his part, undertook to please the Pope in the matter of the monk of Wittenberg. Empire and Papacy, which had for two centuries waged a terrible war for the supremacy of Christendom, were now united by their hatred of the new power that had appeared on the world's stage. The die

is cast. Church and State have united to crush Protestantism. It is hard to see how they can fail of accomplishing their purpose. If they should be baffled it would be the most strange and unaccountable thing in the annals of history,

One day in the beginning of February, when the princes and nobles had assembled to hold a splendid tournament, an imperial messenger suddenly appeared among them, commanding their attendance at the royal palace. Arrived there, the emperor produced and read the papal bull which had lately arrived from Rome, commanding him to sanction the excommunication against Luther, and give immediate execution to the bull. Before they had recovered from their surprise the emperor drew forth and read to the assembled princes the edict which he had himself drawn up in conformity with the papal brief, commanding that it should be done as the Pope desired.

Fortunately for the cause of the Reformation, the Constitution of the Empire required that Charles, before executing this sentence, should consult with the princes as to its advisability. Though a majority of them cared little for Luther, they felt that to deliver him up to Rome was to strengthen a tyranny that was galling to themselves; they accordingly craved time for deliberation. "Convince this assembly," said the politic Charles to Aleander, furious at seeing the cup about to be dashed from his lips, and appointed the 13th of February for that purpose.

On that day the nuncio appeared before the Diet, and arraigned Luther and defended the Papacy in a powerful speech of three hours' duration. So telling was it in its effect on the minds of the princes, that, had a vote been taken at that moment, all but one would have been given for the condemnation of Luther. But the Diet ad-

journed after the conclusion of the speech, and when it next assembled, a sober second thought had taken the place of its momentary exaltation. The hard facts of Roman extortion alone remained imprinted in the memories of the German barons.

At this meeting Duke George was the first to speak. An enemy of Luther and his doctrines, his words had the greater weight, as he was known to be a champion of the rights of his native land, and a foe of ecclesiastical abuses. He drew a strong picture of the havoc caused in Germany by Roman usurpation and venality, and suggested an universal reform within the Church as a remedy. This could only be accomplished by a General Council, and in conclusion Duke George demanded that such should be convoked.

A committee appointed by the Diet drew up a list of one hundred and one grievances of the German nation, and presented the same to the Emperor at a subsequent meeting, requesting him at the same time to take steps toward a reformation of the specified abuses, according to an agreement he had signed on ascending the throne.

More than this, the princes declared that it was unjust to condemn a man without giving him a chance to defend himself, and demanded that Luther be summoned before the Diet. In vain Aleander strove to persuade the Emperor to deny this demand; the politic prince dared not disregard the voice of the nation, and it was concluded in the Diet that the summons should be made. The nuncio's last hope lay in causing a safe-conduct to be withheld from the Reformer; but he failed even in this. On the 6th of March, 1621, the Emperor signed the summons to Luther that he present himself within twenty-one days before the Diet at Worms. Enclosed in this citation was an order, enjoining all princes, lords,



LUTHER AND HIS FRIENDS.

magistrates and others to respect this safe-conduct under pain of the displeasure of the Emperor and the Empire. Gaspard Sturm, the imperial herald, was commissioned to deliver these documents to Luther, and accompany him to Worms. While this messenger is on his way to bring the miner's son before the great of the earth, let us turn to Rome, and see what is at that moment taking place in the Eternal City.

It had been the wont of the Pontiffs to promulgate annually at Rome the terrible bull *In Cæna Domini*, or the Bull of the Lord's Supper, so-called, because it was always pronounced on the Thursday before Easter Sunday. It has been called "the pick of excommunications," so comprehensive is its scope and so frightful are its condemnations. Year by year new names had been added to it.

It is Maunday-Thursday. On the balcony of the metropolitan cathedral sits Pope Leo X., decked in the robes of State, and surrounded by attendant priests, bearing lighted torches. A silent multitude, on bended knees and with uncovered heads, crowds the square below, while the Pontiff launches his anathemas against all ranks, nations and individuals not obedient to the Papal See. And listen! a new name has been inserted in this curse. It is the name of Martin Luther, and holds a prominent place. The malediction ended, the bells toll, the cannon of St. Angelo thunder, the crowds of priests wildly wave their tapers, then suddenly extinguish them. Rome has added the daring monk to the many witnesses for the truth who have in former ages fallen under her ban. Cast forth irrevocably from the Roman pale, he is now forever united with the Church spiritual and holy and catholic.

On the 24th of March the imperial herald arrived at

Wittenberg, and handed to Luther the summons to appear before the Diet at Worms. While fully aware that the Elector Frederick was the only one in that assembly on whom he could fully rely, and knowing also that his safe-conduct might be violated, as had been that of John Huss, he did not for a moment waver in his resolution to obey the summons. After a tender parting from Melanchthon, his dearest friend, he set forth on the second of April, accompanied by Amsdorff, Schurff, and a young Danish nobleman, named Sauven. The citizens of Wittenberg, as well as the academic youth and professors, thronged the streets to witness the departure of



VIEW IN WITTENBERG.

the light of their University, and many a sympathetic tear was shed as he passed out of the gate on his perilous mission.

The little group of travellers proceeded in the following order: First came Sturm, the herald, on horseback, displaying the imperial eagle; behind him rode his servant, and last of all was an humble wagon, containing Luther and his friends. This conveyance, furnished by the magistrates of Wittenberg, was provided with an awning to screen the travellers from sun and rain.

All along the route of the little cavalcade crowds poured out from the villages to catch a glimpse of the bold monk, and give him cordial greeting, and at the gates of those cities where he was expected to halt, processions waited to bid him welcome. Leipsic formed an exception to this cordiality; there he was simply presented with a cup of wine, as much as to say, "Pass on."

His entrance into Erfurt, the scene of his early struggles, and where he had begged alms for the monastery on the streets, was a veritable triumph. A short distance from the town he was met by a cavalcade composed of the members of the Senate, the University, and two thousand burghers, who escorted him through the thronged streets to the old familiar Augustinian convent. On the Sunday after Easter he preached a sermon in the convent church to an overflowing multitude; his text was, "Peace be unto you." (John 20: 19.) Eloquently did he discourse on Christ and the salvation vouchsafed through him; but of the Diet, of the Emperor, of himself, he said not a word.

Traversing familiar ground, he soon after came to Eisenach, the home of the benefactor of his youth. Thence to Worms his path grew more beset with dan-

gers at every step. The threats of his enemies became louder, the fears of his friends increased. One of them said to him: "They will burn you, and reduce your body to ashes, as they did that of John Huss." "Though they should kindle a fire," was his intrepid reply, "all the way from Worms to Wittenberg, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord, I would appear before them, I would enter the jaws of this Bohemoth, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ between his teeth."

Luther was ill all the way from Eisenach to Frankfort-on-the-Main, yet his spirits did not droop for all that. The Roman party hoped he would not dare to enter Worms, and tried by intrigues and menaces to make him turn back. But undismayed by wile or threat, Luther pressed steadily forward, and was now almost within sight of the ancient town.

Whispers now beginning to circulate in Worms, that the Diet was not bound to respect the safe-conduct of a heretic, caused the friends of Luther great uneasiness, which even the Elector shared. Spalatin sent a messenger to Luther, advising him not to enter. With steadfast gaze Luther replied: "Go and tell your master that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tile on the house-tops, still I will enter it." This memorable reply put an end to all attempts to prevent his coming, and during the remainder of his journey he was not further troubled.

At ten o'clock, on the morning of the 16th of April Luther caught his first distant glimpse of the ancient towers of Worms. Sitting up in the wagon, he began to sing the hymn which he had composed at Oppenheim two days before, "A strong Tower is our God." At mid-day a sentinel, posted in the cathedral tower, first

descried the little group, and sounded his trumpet. The citizens rushed from their dinners into the street, and in a few moments princes, nobles, burghers, and men of all nations and conditions, had assembled in one mighty throng to see the monk enter; for, from first to last, no one had believed that he would come. But now he really was in Worms. As the herald with some difficulty made way for his wagon, the crowd beheld a visage bearing the traces of recent illness, but illumined by deep, calm eyes.

Presently a figure clothed in a grotesque costume, and bearing a great black cross, such as is borne before corpses on their way to the grave, pushed through the throng, and began chanting in funereal tones :

“Advenisti, O desiderabilis!
Quem expectabamus in tenebris!”*

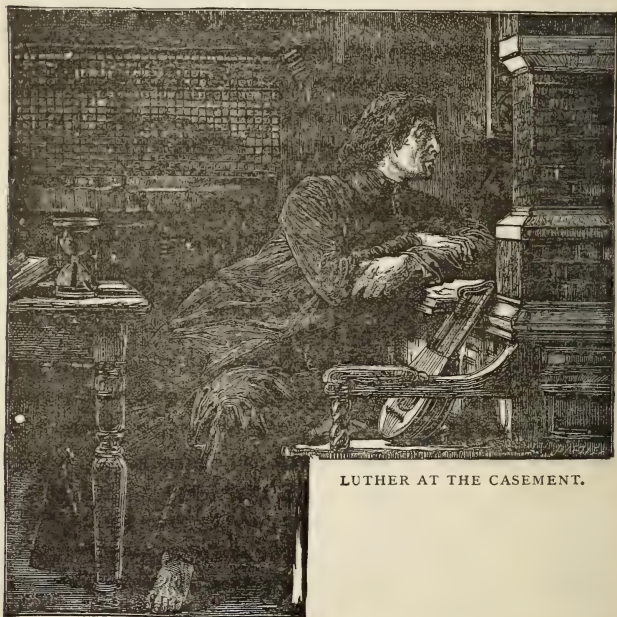
This doleful requiem was soon drowned in the joyous welcome which the multitude accorded to the man who had, contrary to all expectations, at last entered their gates. After a slow progress through the immense concourse, the cavalcade halted at the inn of the Knights of Rhodes, which conveniently adjoined the hall of the Diet. On alighting from the wagon, Luther uttered the words, “God will be for me,” thus revealing the secret of his courage.

Though in great need of rest after his recent illness and long journey, it was not vouchsafed him at once.

Scarcely had Luther entered his lodgings when princes, dukes, counts, bishops, men of all ranks, crowded into his apartments to see the one man who, in the face of death, was defying all the world. In the midst

*“Lo! thou art come, O thou greatly desired one, whom we have waited for in the darkness of the grave !”

of this brilliant throng Luther stood unmoved. He heard their questions, and replied with wisdom and calmness. Even his enemies admired his dignity of manner. Whence had the miner's son the grace which princes might envy? Where had he learned wisdom, which has seduced, say some—enlightened, say others, so many thousands? Where has he mastered the subtleties which no theologian of Rome has been able to withstand? He was a mystery alike to friends and foes. Some revered him; others thought him a monster. Some held him to be almost divine; others said, "He hath a devil."



LUTHER AT THE CASEMENT.

It was far into the night before the crowd left him to his repose; but even then he could not sleep. He was

excited and restless. Coming events crowded his imagination. He sang a verse of his favorite hymn, and sat gazing out of the window. The tiled roofs of the silent city were below him, and beyond the walls the great valley through which the mighty Rhine poured its floods. Peace came, and turning from the casement, he said, "I will lay me down and take quiet rest, for Thou makest me to dwell in safety."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS.

On the next morning, the 17th of April, Ulrich von Pappenheim, the Marshal of the Empire, summoned Luther to appear at four o'clock in the afternoon before his Imperial Majesty and the States of the Empire.

It was an important crisis in the life of Luther, as well as the history of the Reformation. It was a moment of supreme suspense. Can the man, single-handed and alone, meet the emergency? He remained during the forenoon in his room, engaged most of the time in prayer. Kneeling before the throne of the King of kings, he learned how to stand before the throne of Charles.

At four the Marshal, led by a herald, returned. Luther went on his way to the Diet. It was no easy matter to reach the Town Hall. The crowds which thronged the streets made them impassable. Every window was filled, and every house-top clustered with spectators. Often a long shout of enthusiastic welcome would greet him, and often hisses of reproach. The throngs increased; the crowds were so dense that the Marshal was obliged to pass through private houses and the gardens of the Knights of Rhodes to reach the hall. Here a dense crowd awaited their appearance in the ante-

chamber filling every window niche, or inch of space, and numbering at least five-thousand — Germans, Spaniards, Italians, and other nationalities.

As they stood at the doors of the Diet, the bronzed hand of the war-veteran Freundsberg was laid upon Luther's shoulders, as he said: "My monk, my good monk, you are now going to face greater peril than any of us have ever encountered on the bloodiest field; if you are right, and feel sure of it, go on, and God will fight for you." With these words in his ear, the door closed behind him, and Luther stood in the august presence. But there were words whispered in his ear as he passed between princes and nobles up to the foot of the throne of Charles: "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what you shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak;" and other voices whispered: "Fear not them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Thus was he cheered, and thus he felt that God was with him, for this seemed to be his voice.

It was a great transition from the seething, swaying crowd which surged around him outside, to the calm grandeur of the Diet within the hall, and not without its effects upon the Reformer. For a moment he seemed uncertain, bewildered, intimidated. All eyes were upon him. The keen eyes of the young Emperor searched his face intently; but the agitation soon passed, and Luther stood the keen, observant gaze with calm composure. It has been truly said that never had a man stood before so imposing an assembly. The Emperor, Charles V., whose sovereignty extended over the greater part of the Old World and parts of the New, his brother, the Arch-Duke Ferdinand, six Electors, most of whose descendants wore, or now wear, kingly crowns;

twenty-four dukes, ruling over small but independent countries: the Duke of Alva and his two sons; eight margraves, thirty arch-bishops, bishops and abbots, seven ambassadors, deputies from ten free cities, princes, counts and sovereign barons, the Papal nuncios—in all two hundred and four persons; such was the imposing court before which appeared Martin Luther.

Let us pause a moment to see where we stand.

The Pope had condemned this man, and yet he stood at the bar of a tribunal which, by summoning him before it, had placed itself above the Pope. This was a victory. He had been cut off from all human society by the interdict of the Pope, yet he was summoned here in respectful language, and received before the most august assembly of the world. This also was a victory. He had been condemned to perpetual silence; by imperial authority he was now to speak before kings, princes, and listening thousands. His voice had been hushed by Papal command; now it was to ring to the uttermost parts of Christendom. Rome was descending from her throne, and it was the voice of a monk that summoned her.

The sun was near his setting. The level rays pouring through the high, arched windows, fell in mellow light upon the yellow silken robes of Charles, his string of pearls, waving plumes, and order of the Golden Fleece. They brought out in almost barbaric splendor the variously colored dresses of the members of the Diet—velvet and ermine, red hat and scarlet gown—the violet of the Bishop, the rich doublet of the knights, and burnished steel of the warriors. It was a scene never to be forgotten; and in its midst stood Luther in a monk's frock.

John Eck arose, and in sonorous tones repeated in

Latin, and then in German, these words: "Martin Luther, his sacred and invincible Majesty has cited you before his throne with advice of the Council of States of the Holy Roman Empire to answer two questions. First, do you acknowledge these books," pointing to a pile of books upon the table, "to have been written by you? Secondly, do you retract and disavow the opinions you have advanced in them?"

Luther was on the point of replying to the first question, when his friend Schurf hastily demanded that the titles of the books be read. This being done, Luther replied in a low voice, frankly acknowledging their authorship in these words:

"Most gracious Emperor, and most gracious Princes and Lords, the books that have just been named are mine; but as to your second question, seeing it is a matter which concerns the salvation of souls, and in which the Word of God—than which nothing is greater in heaven or on earth—is interested, I should act imprudently were I to reply without reflection. I entreat your imperial Majesty, with all humility, to allow me time, that I may reply without offending against the Word of God."

This reply was wise and cautious, but it filled his enemies with the hope of triumph. "He will retract!" "He played the heretic at Wittenberg; at Worms he plays the penitent." But they did not know Luther. His pause was the act of one who had already made up his mind. But he wished to choose his time, his method, and the circumstances; in order that the avowal might bear the concentrated strength of all his forces, and appear to be irrevocable. The Diet granted one day's delay. To-morrow at four o'clock, he must give his

final answer. Luther bowed, and was conducted from the hall.

The Emperor had not taken his eyes from Luther's face. His worn frame and thin visage, still bearing traces of his illness, the majesty of his address, and the simplicity of his costume and action, contrasted so strongly with the theatrical airs of those surrounding him, that the young Emperor lightly said, "Certainly, that monk will never make a heretic of me."

The morning of the 18th dawned, and found the parties on both sides actively preparing for the encounter.

It would be unjust to Luther to suppose that his human nature did not shrink from the ordeal. He shrank from it in almost terror. As he himself informs us, that on the "way to Worms he was often seized with fears and trembling." The suffering he endured as he passed through these awful scenes was incredible. The iron firmness of this man, the physical nerve and intrepidity of spirit which he manifested, were all dependent upon his sense of the indwelling of God's spirit. Here, on this eventful morning, he seemed deserted. He thought he was forsaken. A horror of great darkness filled his soul. He had come to Worms to perish. It was not the terror of the stake, nor the thought that he must die, which shook his firm-set faith; but rather that the grand crisis had come, and he was not able to meet it. The upholding power which had hitherto sustained him, had departed. What will he do? He feels himself called to hold the pass — the grand Thermopylæ of the Christian ages — one man against the world. The wavering pulses of faith are still, watching the result. Can he fill the gap? Where is his two-edged sword of the Spirit? His hand seeks vainly for its hilt. He will fail. He will blast the hopes of future ages, and the enemies of

Christ and his Cross will triumph. Draw near his closet door, and listen to his supplications: "Lord, where stayest thou? . . . O my God, where art thou? I am ready to lay down my life, patient as a Lamb. . . . For it is the cause of justice. . . . It is thine." For hours he poured forth such cries to God, and standing upon the shores of time, he seemed to be communing with eternity—the seen touched the unseen—earth and heaven met. The veil was rent. His hand grasped the sword, and he felt the Spirit's thrill in the valiant arm which stiffened for the contest. The terrestrial actor became the agent of heaven—which from him was not far away. He stood in the Eternal presence; he walked upon mysterious and holy ground.

Four o'clock came, and he was led again through the crowded streets to the hall. The Diet was in session, He must wait in the ante-room. An hour passed, and still another. The door is thrown open. Luther is called to enter. Kingly amidst kings, he awaited their challenge. Dr. Eck demanded his answer. What a moment! The fate of future ages hangs upon his lips. The Diet is agitated. The Emperor leans forward, and fixes a keen eye upon him. The princes are motionless. The guards are silent. All are eager to catch the first words of this monk.

Not forgetting for a moment the dignity with which he ever tempered his address, Luther salutes the Emperor, princes and lords graciously. He begins his address in a "full, firm, but modest tone." The authorship of the volumes he acknowledges, as on the preceding day, and adds that his writings therein contained are divided into three classes.

First, those in which he had plainly expounded the first principles of faith and morals; his enemies conced-

ing that he had done so conformably to Scriptural truth, and that all might read them with profit. To deny these would be to deny what all admit, yes, even to deny the essential truths upon which Christian society was based.

Second, that in which he had waged war against the Papacy. He had attacked errors in doctrine, scandals in life, and tyranny in ecclesiastical administration. These abuses had entangled and fettered the consciences of men, had blinded their reason, and depraved their morals. They must themselves acknowledge it to be so. On every hand rose the cry of oppression. Evils, both temporal and spiritual, were desolating Christendom. Should he retract his writings against these? What would happen? Would not the oppressor grow more insolent? With broader license, would not those pernicious doctrines be propagated which had already destroyed so many souls? Would not grievous exactions multiply, and iniquitous extortions impoverish the substance of Germany, transferring its wealth to Italy? Nay! The yoke would grow heavier by his retraction. A retraction made in the presence of his Serene Majesty would legalize and sanction forever the yoke which now bowed the nations to the earth.

"I should," said he, "be the most unhappy of men. I should have sanctioned the very iniquities which I have denounced. I should rear a bulwark around those oppressions which I have sought to overthrow. Instead of lightening the burdens of my countrymen, I should make them ten times heavier, and I myself become a cloak to cover every form of tyranny.

"Third, these writings in which I have attacked persons who put themselves forward as defenders of those errors which corrupt the faith, the scandals which dis-

grace the priesthood, and the exactions which rob the people and grind them in the dust.

"I may not have treated these individuals with much ceremony. I may have assailed them with an acrimony unbecoming my profession; but, although my manner be faulty, the thing itself is right, and I cannot retract it. That would be to justify them in their errors, and sanction their impieties and iniquities.

"But," continued he, "I am a man, and not God. I would defend myself only as did Christ. If I have evil spoken or written, let them bear witness of the evil. I am but dust and ashes, liable to err at every moment, and therefore it well becomes me to invite all men to examine what I have written, and object, if they have aught against it. Convince me by right reason and the Word of God that I am in error, and I shall need not to be twice asked to retract; my own hand shall be the first to cast my books into the flames."

But Luther was too grand in his attitude of Reformer to stop with his own defence. He forgot himself, his peril, in the vision which his eye caught as it glanced along the lines of his imagination toward the future. His voice rose strong, and swept through the great hall, fascinating by its eloquence and emotion every soul, as he warned that assembly of monarchs of a judgment to come, not to be delayed until beyond the grave, but realized in time. They were on trial. They, their kingdoms, their crowns, their dynasties, stood at the great Bar. It was the day in which was to be determined whether they were planted in the earth, and there forever to flourish, or whether their houses should be swept away like sand-built structures and their thrones swallowed in a deluge of wrath and eternal desolation.

Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, so mighty in their day,

fought against God, and brought upon themselves utter ruin.

“These are your examples ; take heed that ye escape the destruction which overtook them. You should fear lest the reign of this young and noble prince, on whom we build such lofty expectations, should begin and continue and close under the most gloomy auspices. I might speak of the Pharaohs, the kings of Babylon and Israel, whose labors never more effectually contributed to their own destruction than when they sought by counsels to strengthen their own dominions. ‘God removeth mountains, and they know it not, who overturneth them in his anger.’” After resting for a few moments, Luther arose and delivered the same speech in Latin, occupying in all two hours.

To their amazement the princes found their prisoner had become their judge. Luther was not at their bar, but they at his. The glitter of the crowns they wore, the terror of the armies they commanded, inspired no fear. One man against a world, he stood entreating, admonishing, and reproving with a wholesome fidelity, fearing not to thunder forth their doom, if they proved disobedient ; with a solemnity and an authority before which they trembled. “Be wise, ye kings.”

Glance backward at the history of empires since that day, and note its records by the light of Luther's words. We shall have occasion to recall them later on.

At the conclusion of Luther's address, Dr. Eck arose and peevishly exclaimed : “You have not answered the questions put to you. We did not call you here to question the authority of Councils. We demand a direct and precise answer, — will you retract or not?”

Unmoved, Luther replied : “Since your most Serene Majesty, and your High Mightiness require from me a

direct and precise answer, I will give you one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith to either Pope or Councils, because it is as clear as day that they have frequently erred and contradicted each other. Unless I am convinced by Scripture, or the clear grounds of reason, so that conscience shall bind me to make acknowledgment of error, I CAN AND WILL NOT RETRACT, for it is neither safe nor wise to do anything contrary to conscience." And then, looking around calmly upon the august assembly, he spake the words which are amongst the sublimest in history: "HERE I STAND. I CAN DO NO OTHER. MAY GOD HELP ME. AMEN."

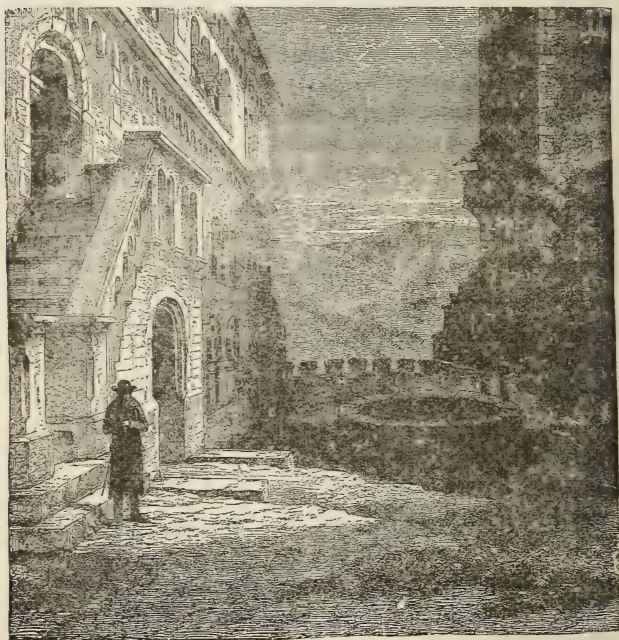
Three centuries have thrilled with these words, and still they ring undiminished throughout Christendom.

The impression they made was overpowering, and elicited applause even among the princes. But not from all. The Monk's "No" had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the Papal partisans. It would be heard outside of that hall; it would sweep southward to the equator, and northward to the shores of the frozen sea. It would travel the whole breadth of Christendom, and awaken aspirations of liberty as it rolled onward. It would summon the nations to rise and break the yoke of Rome, and then return with awful reverberations to thunder out her doom. Rome had lost the battle. Burn Luther if she would, it mattered nothing. The word had gone forth, and that "No" was the defense of all the nations of Christendom. A stake and flame-wrought shroud could not reverse the decision, or mitigate their defeat. It could only enhance the victory which Luther had won.

What could be done?

Luther was bidden to withdraw. The Diet deliberated. They resolved to give him one more opportunity. Ac-

cordingly he returned. Now the third and last time he is called upon to pronounce the word—his YES or NO. With grave simplicity he answered: "I have no other answer to give than that which I have already given." The assembly read the stern, indomitable resolve of the soul, in the calm voice, the steadfastness of the eye, and the leonine lines of the rugged German face. The No would never be recalled.



CHAPTER XXIV.

LUTHER AT THE WARTBURG.

Hitherto the current of our narration has been in the main continuous. The development of the Protestant movement, like a rapid river, was between well defined banks. It now must widen. The "No" which Luther had uttered is heard throughout Christendom. The Papacy, which anticipated an easy triumph over the monk, must now protect the crumbling battlements of its own faith. Our vision must widen to survey the broad stage of Christendom, to note the varied forms and the diversified results in which Protestantism displays itself. We shall find it necessary to note new religious centres which it has planted, and currents of thought which it has created. A new social life has been brought to birth; letters and arts have found in it a nurse; new communities and states have been founded; prosperity has dawned upon the nations, and the aspect of Europe has become vastly unlike what it had been for a thousand years. Briefly, however, we will enumerate the events immediately following the Diet of Worms, and glance at the advancing movement of Protestantism before we leave Luther in the seclusion of his mountain "Patmos."

"The Diet meets again to-morrow to hear the decision of the Emperor," said Chancellor Eck.

The darkened streets through which the princes sought

their homes were not deserted. Crowds still lingered in the precincts of the Diet, eager to know the end. Luther appears between two officers.

"See! See!" shout the bystanders; "they are leading him to prison!"

"No," replied Luther; "they are leading me to my hotel."



WATER-SPOUT ON LUTHER'S HOUSE.

Immediately the crowds disperse, and the silence of night settles upon the city. Spalatin followed Luther to his lodging, there to exchange congratulations, when a servant enters bearing a silver jug of beer, who presented it to Luther, saying:

"My master desires you to refresh yourself with this draught."

"Who is this prince who thus graciously remembers me?" asked Luther.

"It is the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick," replied the page.

This same duke was one of the Papal members of the Diet.

The Elector Frederick was delighted with the appearance Luther had made before the Diet. His intrepid bearing, respectful address, the eloquence of his words, the pertinacity of his thought, had made a deep impression not only upon the sovereign of Saxony, but many other noble princes of the Diet. From the hour that Luther uttered his courageous "No," these princes were friends not only to him, but to the Reformation. Some declared their adherence to him at the time, others in after years. The mortification of the Papal party was great. They redoubled their efforts. They laid snares to entrap him. They invited him to private conferences. Proposal after proposal, framed with insidious intent, were submitted to him, but the Reformer could not be overcome.

At the meeting of the Diet next day, in a proclamation written by his own hand, the Emperor rendered his decision.

"A single monk," he says, "misled by his own folly, has risen against the fate of Christendom. To slay such impiety I will sacrifice my kingdom, my treasures, my friends, my blood, my life and my soul. I am about to dismiss Martin Luther. I shall then proceed against him and his followers as heretics, by excommunication, by interdict, and by every means calculated to destroy them."

This is truly a spectacle. A king, a nation, the Papal hierarchy, all arrayed against one man, and he a

poor monk, without fortune and with but few friends. But the zeal of Charles outran his powers. It was necessary that the consent of the States be obtained. Even the attitude of the Diet showed this to be impossible. In a moment two parties joined issue. The Papal party demanded that Luther's safe-conduct be disregarded, but the Elector Palatine denounced with abhorrence this atrocious proposal. Duke George, Luther's avowed enemy, repudiated with greater emphasis the proposed infamy. They held it impossible that the princes of Germany should entertain so base a thought, and the proposition was expelled the Diet with scorn and indignation.

Had the Papal party planted the Reformer's stake, there were men at arms amounting to thousands, led by men of noble blood, who would have declared war at the sunrise which would follow his burning. Had Charles violated that safe-conduct, his first would have proved his last Diet. The fortunes of his Empire were already imperiled. The mutterings of a war with France were heard upon the borders. The Emperor could not trust the Pope implicitly, who had just now concluded secret treaties with Charles and Francis, pledging his aid to both, but with characteristic deceit, determining to give it to the one who should effectually aid himself. In the midst of these conflicting circumstances Luther was allowed to depart in peace. On the morning of the 26th of April, surrounded by a party of gentlemen on horseback and a vast crowd of citizens, he passed out of those gates through which no man expected to see him come alive. A few days after his departure the edict against him was issued, placing him outside the pale of law; commanding men to withhold food and drink, succor and shelter, and to return him, bound, to Worms.

The edict culminated in these words: "This man is not a man, but Satan himself under the form of a man, and dressed in a monk's frock." Luther entered Worms with one sword hanging over his head—the anathema of the Pope. He leaves it with two swords unsheathed against him—the Pope's excommunication and the Emperor's ban. By the latter he is denied a place of rest on earth; by the former a place of rest in heaven. Meanwhile, Luther is quietly traversing the mountains of the Black Forest. He is surrounded by the scenes of his youth. Many of his friends leave him to pursue his way to Eisenach while they go on to Wittenberg; Amsdorff alone remains with him. As he passes northward, beyond the town of Mora, he finds himself completely surrounded by masked horsemen, heavily armed, who rush suddenly upon him. His wagon is stopped, the driver is thrown to the ground, Amsdorff is made a prisoner. Luther is pulled from the wagon, raised to a saddle, and a horseman, grasping his bridle rein, plunges quickly with him into the forest of Thuringia. All day long, hither and thither, as if to defy pursuit, the little troop of horsemen wander in the woods. As the night falls they begin to ascend the hill. Before midnight they stand under the walls of a castle which crowns the summit. A drawbridge falls. A portcullis is raised, and passing in, the troopers dismount, and lead the captive up a single flight of steps, and usher him into an apartment where he is told he must make a sojourn of unknown length. Meanwhile he must lay aside his monk's frock, attire himself in the costume of a knight, and respond only to the name of Knight George. When the morning broke upon his slumber Luther glanced from his casement to take in with delighted eye the hamlets and well-known scenes which adjoin

Eisenach and surround the castle of the Wartburg. He knew that he was in friendly keeping.

The Pope had launched his bolt. The Emperor had raised his hand to strike. On every side destruction awaited him. In that moment Luther has become invisible. One moment the centre of all eyes in Europe, the next moment borne away as upon the whirlwind, no one knew whither except his captors, and in all Germany none could tell if he be dead or alive.

The Papal thunder is harmless now. The flashing sword of State cleaves empty air. The scenes have shifted, and the stage is dark. The great actors,—emperors, princes, ecclesiastics and ambassadors, with flashing robes and brazen trumpets, crowded the arena. Mighty intents were in conflict, pregnant with mighty issues. The tumultuous restlessness which precedes the outburst of a storm was upon the air. A mighty catastrophe seemed impending. But in a moment the throng vanishes, the action is arrested, the Papal thunder dies, the flashing sword is stayed, a deep silence succeeds the tumult, and in the hush we listen to the unfettered prayer of nations to Him who sitteth upon the Flood.

CHAPTER XXV.

MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND.

In our last chapter we left Luther in the Wartburg. In a moment of great peril an asylum had opened for him, not that he might live idly or be forgotten, but to do a work in the seclusion of these walls essential to the future of Protestantism. We leave him to his toil and to the temporary silence which has fallen upon him, and return to England, to glance briefly at those events which have occurred in the one hundred and fifty years that divide Wycliffe from Luther.

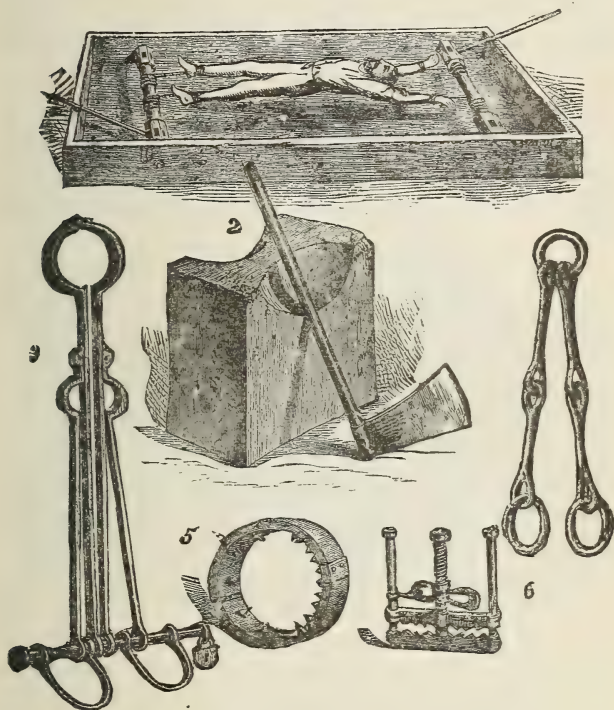
Wycliffe indeed was dead; but his thoughts were still living in other men's minds. The principles which he enunciated still held the hearts of the people. His teachings had spread widely; his disciples—sometimes called Wycliffites, sometimes Lollards,—traversed the kingdom, preaching the gospel. By imperial edict of Richard II. these men had been forbidden even from the days of Wycliffe; still they persevered, and their countrymen flocked to their sermons. Soldiers, mingling with civilians, stood with hand upon the sword-hilt, ready to defend the preacher should violence be offered. Nobility joined their ranks, and was not ashamed to confess itself a disciple of the gospel. Wherever these doctrines were embraced a reformation in manners, and often a purging of the public worship, followed. These were signs of promise, but misconstrued by the Reformers themselves. They believed that England was

ready to throw off the yoke of Rome, and ten years after the death of Wycliffe they petitioned Parliament for a reformation in religion. But England was not ready for the "plainness of speech" of these men. The masses of the people; without instruction, awed by tradition and ruled by a hierarchy, were inert and hostile. These earnest men forgot that it was impossible to legislate a reformation, just as the French at one time forgot that they could not legislate God out of the universe. Royal proclamations or Parliamentary edicts cannot do the work of the patient evangelists or the blood of martyrs. The harvest of truth is the slowest of all harvests to ripen; most plentiful and precious of all when it has come to maturity.

This action of the Wycliffites delayed the movement. The priests became alarmed, and implored the king to proceed against them. He accordingly forbade the Parliament to grant the petition of the Lollards, and threatened with death all who should continue to defend their opinions. Short indeed was Richard's persecution. He was soon deposed and imprisoned. The way was often short between the prisons and the graves of princes. He perished of starvation, to be succeeded by Henry IV., during whose reign the first law was passed in England adjudging men to death for religion: which was "that all incorrigible heretics should be burned alive." This law did not remain long a dead letter. William Sawtre, "a good man and faithful priest," was apprehended, and an indictment preferred against him. The charge was:—"That he will not worship the cross on which Christ suffered, but only Christ who suffered upon he cross. That after pronouncing the sacramental words of the body of Christ the bread remaineth of the same nature that it was before, neither doth it cease to

be bread." He was condemned as a heretic, and delivered to the secular power to be burned. As he was the first Protestant to be put to death in England, the ceremony of his degradation was formally gone through with,

1



1. Rack. 2. Beheading block and axe. 3. Irons for neck, wrists and legs: 4. Manacles for legs. 5. Collar. 6. Thumb-screws.

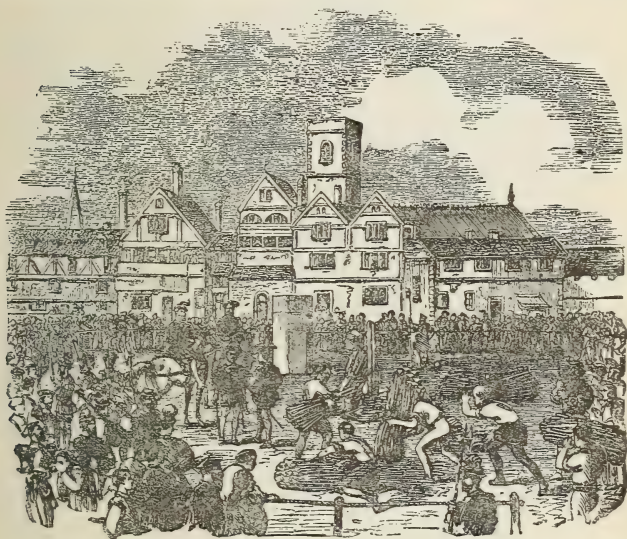
as in the case of Huss.

Disqualified for the ministry, unrobed, debarred from the sacrificial altars of Rome, he now ascended an altar to make a sacrifice more costly than any seen in Roman

temples. The altar was a stake ; the sacrifice was himself. As England sent out the first great Reformer, so had she likewise the honor of giving the first martyr to Protestantism, on the 12th of February, 1401. "This martyrdom was significant of much"—to Protestantism a pledge of victory, to Rome a prognostic of defeat. The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church, seed which yielded fruit a hundred grains for one. Protestantism had made England's soil her own by burying in it her martyred dead. In struggle, in blood, in seeming defeat, the conflict may be prolonged through dark years and gloomy centuries, but it will eventually triumph.

Many of those early sufferers, to whom England owes her freedom and her faith, have been forgotten, but the diligence of the ancient chroniclers have saved from oblivion the name of one who perished on the 14th of March, 1409. Arraigned on the morning for final sentence, he confessed his opinions to be, that bread consecrated by the priest was still bread, and that the humblest man there present was of greater estimation than the sacrament of the altar. Of course this was too rational a reply for the men of the times, and he was immediately condemned to death. In the afternoon the fire was lighted. Being placed in an empty barrel, he was bound by chains to a stake, having dry wood placed around him. At this moment the Prince, afterwards Henry V., appeared in the crowd. Pitying the man's dreadful position, he drew near and exhorted him to forsake his opinions and save his life. This he declined to do. Amidst the fagots that were to consume him he made the same confession—"it was hallowed bread, not God's body." The priests withdrew, the torch was applied, the sharp flames began to prey upon the martyr's

limbs. The Prince still lingered at the scene of the tragedy. A short wail from the stake, and he commanded the fires to be extinguished. The executioners obeyed. Again the Prince implored the half-burned man to recant, and he would not only save him from the fire, but give him a yearly stipend of threepence a day out of his own private coffers during his life. "What!



SMITHFIELD.

turn back now, when the gates are opening to receive me? No! not for all the gold of England! I sup to-night with a greater Prince." The fires were rekindled, and the wind-blown ashes of John Badby mingled with the dust of Smithfield.

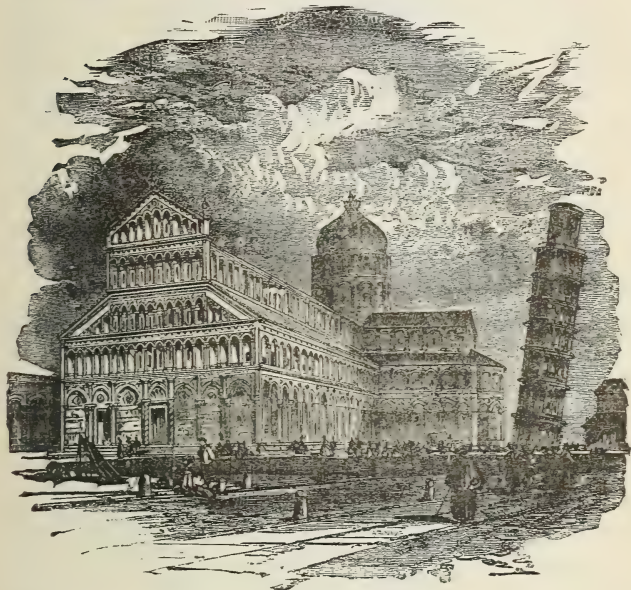
Violence, however, could not terrify these disciples of the truth. The stakes which were planted at Smithfield.

and the edict of "burning" which was engrossed on the statute books, taught them that the task of winning England was not so easy as they had dreamed. But this conviction fired their zeal, and strengthened their courage. Whenever a cause finds martyrs, it has power enough to overcome any force on earth, and will convert the world.

The simple evangelical creed of these Christians of the fifteenth century might well be studied with profit to-day. Its few and simple articles led directly to the grand centre of truth, which is Christ. Compared with what surrounded them, these men walked in the light. Many things they saw but dimly. It was only the gray dawn of the morning.

The full day will come, but it still delays. Great light will flash across the sky of spiritual truth, but in another century. Mists and shadows of the night must play about the morning; clouds must roll upward and disappear before the sun; but bathed in light, even to their newly opened eyes, was that portion of the field whereon stood the Cross, with its great Sacrifice lifted up upon it. This they clasped to their hearts, with the cry of Paul, "I am crucified with Christ." If these men held what, in one sense, was a narrow and limited system, consisting of but a very few facts, it was, in another sense, perfect, for it contained the germ and central point of all theology. In the authority of the Scriptures as the absolute word of God; in the death of Christ as a perfect atonement for human guilt, they had found those fundamental truths from which all that is essential must follow. They leaned upon the cross, and looked upward. But they must go forward. Upon the path which they had entered these two lights alone should

guide them, and their vision would grow wider, while the light, falling upon objects which these great truths embraced, would grow continually clearer ; the relations of truth to truth would be more easily traced, until at last the whole would grow into a perfect system, linked in beautiful order around the grand central truth of Jesus



PISA.

Christ, the Son of God.

We pass over the events in the Papal world to which we have before alluded, with but brief comment. The General Council at Pisa in 1409, by which the two Popes who were wrangling over the chair of Peter were deposed ; the short and bloody death of Alexander V. ; the schism not only not healed, but wider than ever ; the scandals

and mischiefs far from being extinguished or even abated, but greatly aggravated ; and a few years later the General Council assembling at Constance,—all these we must leave undeveloped.



SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM.

The well which Wycliffe had digged at Oxford was still flowing. It must be stopped. He had kindled a light in his vernacular Bible which was still burning ; it must be extinguished. To accomplish these two ob-

jects Arundel, Bishop of St. Paul, set himself. Oxford especially demanded the primate's attention. He set out with a pompous retinue to visit this famous seat of learning, but was denied admittance. Through the interference of the King the door of Oxford was opened to the arch-bishop. With one hand Arundel fought against the infant Protestantism of England; with the other, he strove to revive Catholicism, and to this end he established in the honor of Mary, mother of God, "the tolling of Aves."

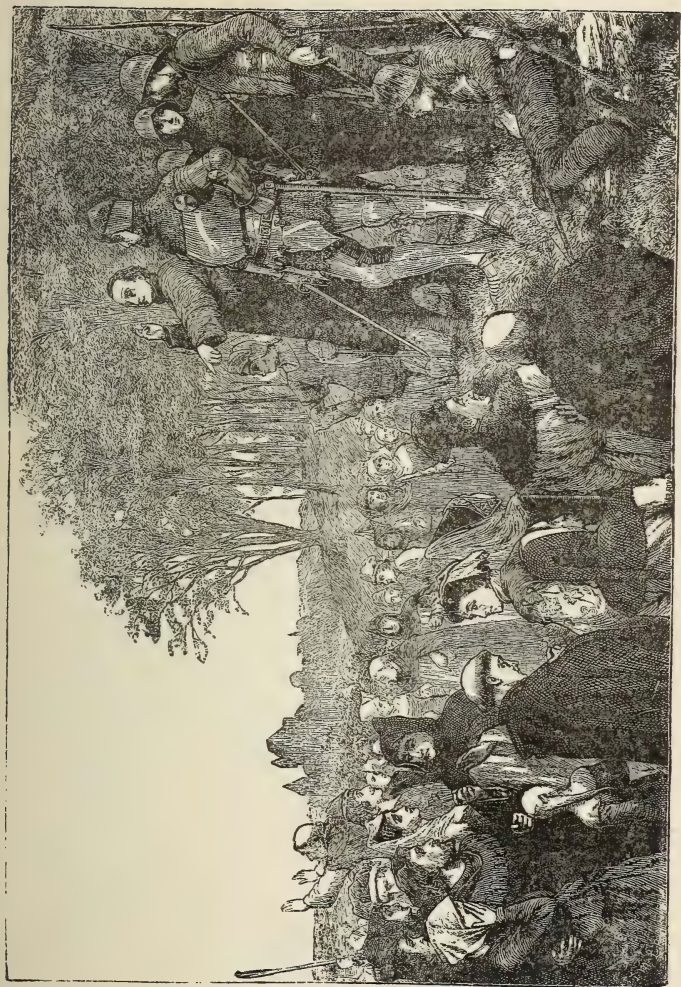
There are some who would doubtless smile at the devices of the arch-bishop to strengthen Popery, but we are inclined to think that the astute Arundel knew what he was about. "The Church" became the prominent thing, ever present to the Englishmen of that age. "She awoke them from slumber in the morning; she sung them to repose at night. Her chimes were in their ears, her symbols before their eyes, all the day long." Every time they kissed an image, repeated an Ave, or crossed themselves with holy water, they strengthened the fetter which dulled the intellect and bound the soul. Persecutions did not cease. The pursuit of heretics was more strict and their treatment more cruel. The prisons in the bishops' houses were provided with instruments of torture. The Lollards' Tower at Lambeth still bears, in brief but touching phrase, the uneffaced records of their patience and their faith. Many weak in the faith and terrified by violence, recanted; but not all, else England were to-day what Spain is. So passed the early years of English Protestantism.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND.

The stroke of apoplexy which carried Henry IV. to the grave raised Henry V. from the riot of pleasure, the frolic of debauchery and the outrage of wine to the throne of England. It was his misfortune, who meant so well by his people, not to know the true source whence a real reformation can proceed. The crafty Arundel was by his side, leading the Prince into the same paths in which his father had walked. Protestant blood still continued to flow, and new victims smouldered to ashes on the sands of Smithfield. The most noble of the Protestants of this reign was Sir John Oldcastle, who by marriage had become Lord Cobham. A reveller in youth, Lord Cobham had become, through the study of the Bible and Wycliffe's writings, a devout Christian, filled with knightly virtues, bravery and honor. He had borne arms under Henry IV., in France, and was no less esteemed by the son, Henry V. His castle was the headquarters of Lollard preachers, he often attending their sermons, standing sword in hand at the preacher's side, to defend him from the insults of the friars.

The Archbishop complained to Henry, who sent for Cobham and exhorted him to forsake his notions and return to the mother church. "You most worthy Prince," was the reply, "I am always prompt and willing to obey. Unto you, next to God, I owe my whole obedience and submit me thereunto; but as touching the Pope and his spirituality, truly I owe him neither suit nor service, for



LORD COBHAM PROTECTING A PREACHER.

as I know him by the Scriptures to be the great anti-Christ, the open adversary of God and the abomination standing in the holy place." At these words Henry's hatred of heresy overcame his love for Cobham, and he consented that the Archbishop should proceed against him according to the laws of the church. Cobham was accordingly summoned to trial on September 2d. Acting on the principle that he owed neither "suit nor service" to the Pope or his vassals, Cobham paid no attention to the summons. Arundel next prepared citations, which were posted on the gates of Cowling Castle and in the Cathedral of Rochester. These were immediately torn down by Cobham's friends, and the authority of the church was derided. The Archbishop, fearing lest the church be brought into contempt, unsheathed her ancient weapon against the defiant knight and at once excommunicated the great Lollard, but this did not subdue him. A third time was he commanded to appear, but the citations were contemptuously torn up. Cobham had a stout heart, loyal to the core. He drew up a statement of his faith, simple, spiritual and brief, basing it upon the Apostles' Creed. This he carried to the king, asking to have it examined by the most godly men of the realm, but Henry refused to look at it. Cobham at once proposed what would seem quite startling to a modern divine,—to bring a hundred knights into the field against an equal number on the side of his accusers, and settle the question by force of arms, or else, said he, "I will fight myself for life or death in the quarrel of my faith with any man living except the King and his Council." To the everlasting shame of the King he suffered Cobham to be seized in his privy chamber, and imprisoned in the Tower. On Sept. 23rd, 1413, Lord Cobham

was brought before the Bishop's Court for trial, in St. Paul. He was offered absolution if he would submit and confess. After a protracted trial he was judged worthy of death, and his execution was to take place in fifty days. He escaped from the Tower where he was imprisoned, and fled to Wales. It was not until four years had passed that Cobham's hiding-place was discovered by Lord Powis, who, prompted by avarice, be-



JOHN FOXE.

trayed him to his pursuers, and received as a reward one thousand marks. The brave old man resisted arrest, and in the scuffle his leg was broken. In a maimed condition he was carried to London, and the Parliament being at that time sitting, judged him as a traitor to the King and realm, and condemned him to be hung upon "the new gallows at Temple Bar, and burned hanging." With

iron chains around the waist, he was suspended above a slow fire, and suffered the double torture of hanging and burning.

A somewhat curious incident relative to this martyr is found in a volume entitled *Her Majesty's Tower*. The monks and friars who wrote our earliest plays, and acted those dumb shows called pantomimes, caricatured and



HOOKER.

lampooned this first English Peer who died a Protestant martyr. From fair to fair, from inn-yard to inn-yard he was portrayed as a braggart and a poltroon. From this, he came to figure in the same character in Shakespeare's plays. But the great dramatist learned later the true character of the man, and struck out the name "Oldcastle" to insert in the place of it "Falstaff."

Chains, gallows and fire, not pleasant things, and death by them not precious in the eyes of men, yet some of the noblest that have lived have endured them, have worn the chain, mounted the gallows, withered at the stake, and in this guise, enduring the doom of felons, have achieved victories as grand and as fruitful as any found in the records of the world.

Henry V. won Agincourt. What better are we? French and English blood was poured out in seas on the plains of France. What is it to us? Fame's trumpet blew a brazen blast; the chanters sang many ballads; a page in history was blazoned, and what more when you reckon it up? But for the blood of Cobham, Badby and of Sawtre, where would have been the Protestantism of England? And without its Protestantism, where would have been its liberty? Still unborn. It was not the valor of Henry V., but the grander heroism of those early martyrs, which plucked the bandage of darkness from English eyes, and tore the yoke of slavery from its neck. The world has laid its homage at the feet of Henry V. Is it not rather due to those who made liberty of thought and freedom of worship our present possession? England owes her debt of gratitude not so much to those who lived in stately palaces, and now sleep in marble tombs, as to those whose lives went out upon the scaffold, while the mob hooted, and the executioner did his office, and whose dust was borne outward by the Thames, or mingled with the wind-blown sands of Smithfield.

We pass over the Protestant movement under the reigns of Henry V. and VI., noting only the constant persecution under which it suffered, the increased severity of the edicts formulated against it, and the increased intolerance of the Romish Church. The terrible

civil and political tempests which were hastening the world toward the establishment of freedom, seemed to culminate near the middle of the fifteenth century ; than which no point in modern history presents a scene of more universal turmoil and calamity. Nowhere is there stability or rest. All nations appear like the great sea when its waters are swollen into huge billows by the force of mighty winds, and assailing the very foundations of the earth. The armies of the Turk were gathering around Constantinople, and the proud queen of the East was about to bow her head and sink before a tempest of pillage, rapine and blood.

Bohemia watered, as with a plenteous rain, with German blood, was gloomy and silent. Germany was lamenting the flower of her youth slaughtered on ill-starred battle-fields. Italy, divided into principalities, was ceaselessly torn by the ambitions of petty rulers, and hushed to intestine peace only to be ravaged by a foreign invader. The magnificent cities of Spain were being drained of their inhabitants to furnish the Crusades of bigotry. The noon of Papal power was illustrated, not by calm splendor and tranquil joys, but by tempest and battle and destruction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PROTESTANTISM IN SWITZERLAND.

On New Year's day, 1584, in the Canton of Appenzell, in the village of Wilhhaus, was born a son to a man named Huldric Zwingle. Around that cottage, which may still be seen standing in a green meadow, about a mile from the church, the mountains rose grandly, above the temperature of the vine and the barley, almost into the cold silence of perpetual snows. It was a romantic landscape, and to this day it continues to be the Mecca of sun-burned travellers, who seek among the crags and snows of Switzerland refreshment from the heat and lassitude of more tropical levels.

It was a time of turbulence amidst these mountain homes. Never in the range of their most romantic history had the Swiss Cantons felt the thrill of some great coming event as now. It was a remarkable era.

To meet great emergencies Providence seems to have summoned a galaxy of noble minds and sublime intellects upon the theatre of action, and these States shall not want a champion. As in their landscape, so in their character there is a blending of the hardy and heroic—a tempering of the soul to chivalric feats of arms, as well as a display of nature's most wonderful moods. Beauty and terror, softness and ruggedness, exquisite loveliness and savage, appalling sublimity, are blended into a panorama of stupendous magnificence. The same characteristics dominate the people. The wild mountain tempests have taught them endurance. The terrors of

the avalanche have taught them self-denial, and schooled them to daring. Passionately fond of their country, they rush to battle, and triumph against tremendous odds. From tending their flocks on dizzy heights that skirt the eternal snows, the first summons brings them down into the valleys, transforms them into mail-clad warriors, before the impetuosity of whose onset the invader recoils as before certain death.

But a new age has come. A new warfare has begun which stirs their deep souls, and kindles in their Swiss hearts a lofty enthusiasm. They see that Rome has laid upon them a yoke more grievous far than that imposed by the House of Hapsburg. An iron is entering their souls. Shall they resist it, or bow themselves as the weak bond-slaves of a foreign priest?

They did not realize when they made their decision that in later years the grand movements of religious liberty were to find their centre and their impulse among these hills and valleys; that when kings unsheathed the sword, and drove it from the fertile plains of Europe, it would retreat within this mountain-guarded land, and from these mighty bulwarks speak to Christendom.

The day is coming when the light will wane in Germany; when the mighty voice which we heard marshalling the Protestant host there, shall be silenced, for Luther will go down to the grave. The day will come when amidst the heavy clouds which darken the morning of Protestantism in France, amidst the fetters with which Spain has returned to her prison-house, there will stand up in Switzerland a chief, who, pitching his pavilion amidst the eternal mountains, will set in order the battle, and direct the movements of the hosts of God until victory crowns their efforts.

Let us go back for a moment to stand beside a hero's cradle.

Born into the lap of such a future was Ulric Zwingle. The son of a shepherd, he early learned the track of the herds amidst the mountains in summer time, and the wild, heroic traditions of the nation, by the winter hearth-stone.

Round the hearth in the long winter evenings the elders of the village assembled, each with his tale of chivalry and heroic daring. As the old spake, the eyes of the young flashed, and the blood ran in swifter currents through their veins. They told of the wise men of old,—of the heroes whose prowess turned back the hosts of Charles the Bold, or the steel-clad warriors of Austria. In fancy he saw again the mustering yeomen of the city—the forms of heroes rising in the misty twilight of the past. Yonder snows which kindled so grandly on the mountain's brow to greet the sun at his coming, owned no foreign lord. The brooks of the valley were as free as the thunder amidst the hills, and the people as free as they.

It was a psalm of the fathers. It was because they were heroes, and in such a spirit noble sire was succeeded by noble son.

Young Ulric was sent to Basle—which then boasted a University and printing-press—where in the mimic debates of youth he gave promise of a great future; from Basle to Bern, thence to Vienna, and later a second time to Basle.

Frank, open, joyous, he drew around him a large circle of friends; young men, who shared his two master passions—love of truth and love of music. In the pursuit of the former, Zwingle had sat at the feet of the most eminent philosophy of the day, and had mastered the subtleties of civil and ecclesiastical law.



ZWINGLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

The pastor at a place called Glarus died, and was succeeded by the Pope's groom, who, it was thought, was good enough for that little Alpine town. The heroic people soon returned the man to his duties in the Pontifical stables, and asked Ulric Zwingle to become their pastor.

He was ordained at Constance in 1506, being about twenty-two years of age at the time. A most ardent student of the ancient classics, he had imbibed from Cicero and Demosthenes much of their spirit of oratory and fervor of eloquence. There soon came a pause in his classical study. Pope Julius II. and Louis XII. of France were at war, and the men of Glarus, with their Cardinal Bishop, obeyed the summons of their warlike Pontiff, and marched to encounter the French on the plains of Italy. Ulric was obliged to accompany them. His eyes were opened, and when he resumed his studies, it was to compare the ambition, pride and luxury of the Church of Rome with the plain statutes of Holy Writ.

When he came to the Bible it was to him a revelation, and he accepted as God's voice the **SOLE AND INFALLIBLE AUTHORITY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE**. This was his first theological principle, and the second was like unto it: **THE SPIRIT WHICH INSPIRED IT WAS ITS SOLE INTERPRETER**.

We have therefore in Luther, whose tenet was **JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH**, and in Zwingle, whose **SOLE AUTHORITY WAS THE BIBLE**, two distinct lines of thought.

The Reformation was one, but the quality of thought was rendered necessary by the state of the world. Hence the twofold aspect of the outward type or form of expression.

Luther began his war against a self-righteous principle. Zwingli began his on the field of scholastic divinity. The first, it is said, overthrew human merit; the second dethroned reason. But history convinces us that by one the German character became greater and nobler, and by the other the intellectual vigor of the world has been elevated.

From Glarus Zwingli was called to be preacher at Einsiedeln, in 1516, and two years later to the College of Canons at Zurich; a college founded by Charlemagne, and named after its founder. There was a difference of opinion among the Canons at the time of Zwingli's election. Otherwise the preacher of Glarus would never have dwelt by the lakeside.

The town was chief in the Swiss confederation, and therefore doubly important as a throne of power and centre of influence.

The intrepid preacher entered his pulpit the first time on January 1st, 1519, which, by a singular coincidence, was on his thirty-fifth birthday. Crowds gathered not so much to hear his reputed eloquence, but because of his then dubious renown of preaching a new gospel. The ringing voice, piercing eyes, clear, sharply-cut features, the mobile face, changing from winning tenderness to the strong severity of a prophet of old, found reflected in the sea of upturned faces every emotion which played upon, and surged through the speaker's soul. The learned were charmed; the ignorant were instructed. He reproved the pride and luxury which corrupted the simplicity of ancient manners, and destroyed the reign of ancient virtue. He deplored the loss of piety at the hearth, which accounted for dearth of valor in the field. He denounced in scathing terms the hypocritical ambition which in its own aggrandize-

ment rent the country in pieces, robbed the land of its sons, and dug the grave of both morality and independence together.

But Rome had not been idle. There was a new movement upon the seven hills, preparing to counteract the influence of these bold men who in every nation, without preconceived agreement, were starting up to unfold the gospel which pardons without money, which redeems without sacrifice.

In 1517 Rome catalogued men's sins, affixed a price to each, stamped her paper indulgences, sent forth her hawkers, and built new treasuries to hold the streams of gold about to flow into her coffers. The sale of these indulgences was in Germany given to the Dominicans, in Switzerland to the Franciscans. One Samson, guardian of the Convent at Milan, was the immediate tax-gatherer to His Holiness, and so faithfully did he serve that in eighteen years he had formerly sent from Germany to Rome no less than eight hundred thousand dollars. Whenever he now appeared on the Swiss border Zwingle strove to confront him, and with such success that he led a most restless and unprofitable life.

But in 1519 a terrible plague swept over the hills and valleys with the besom of destruction, and when Zwingle could again assemble a congregation the whole country had been purified and solemnized. His preaching now took a deeper movement. Less didactic and argumentative, it was crimsoned and transfused with love. The love of Christ constraining men, and answering love—quickenings, elevating, and purifying all the powers; turning the will to obedience, touching the conscience with peace, filling the heart with joy, and the life with holy deeds. Such was the gospel which pealed in sublime eloquence through the old Zurich Cathedral.

But such thoughts knew no boundaries. They sped on to other cities, and other hearts were transformed by them.

The seeds were sown into the air, and the winds bore them to nearly every hill and valley in the land. The light was radiant upon the mountain-tops of Eastern Switzerland, and crept lovingly down between the hills. Appenzell opened its mountain fastnesses to the new faith, which sped on to the foot of the Splengen. Unhappily the Faut Cantons did not accept the doctrines, although of all Switzerland the most independent and liberty-loving people.

But Zurich was the centre of the movement. No change was made at once in forms of worship. The altar with its furniture still stood; mass was still said, and images still occupied their niches. Zwingle was content to sow seed. He attacked, one after another, the dogmas of Rome, and each in turn fell before his argument or sarcasm.

A Council was called in 1522, before which Zwingle was charged with preaching seditious doctrines. This Council accomplished nothing, and was followed in 1523 by a conference in which a free discussion of controverted points, it was hoped, would be the means of settling many open questions. The conference ended by an edict which enjoined every priest to lay aside the traditions of men, and teach only what they were able to prove from the Word of God.

A victory was gained, but too easily. The Reformer preferred discussion,—the assertion of truth by sharp debate rather than sullen acquiescence. But he did not pause. He reformed the Cathedral Chapter, reduced the number of Canons, abolished fees for baptism, extreme unction, burial, gravestones, and for tolling the bell.

The doors of the convents were opened, and all nuns weary of their vows were permitted to return to the world. The Council of Zurich aided him in these movements. The monastic orders were disbanded. The aged and infirm were provided for; the talented were instructed; the stupid put to useful trades. Strangers were given money to take them home. The amount realized from the dissolution of these orders was devoted to the sick, the poor, and the advancement of education. Thus, step by step, the movement progressed, and in the main the path was a peaceful one.

The images in the church until now had retained their places. Zwingle was no enemy to them or to pictures, yet the attitude of the unlearned towards them made them dangerous to the new faith. It was therefore decreed that "all images must be removed which serve the purposes of superstitious veneration, because such veneration is idolatry."

Zwingle now propounded for the first time the doctrine that the Church is created by the Word of God; that her only Head is Christ; that the fountain of her laws is the Bible; and that she consists of all throughout the world who profess the gospel. This was a revolution. "It struck a blow at the root of Papal supremacy; it laid in the dust the towering fabric of Roman hierarchy." Thus he withdrew his flock from the jurisdiction of Rome, and prepared the way for the abolition of the mass, which soon followed.

Thus Protestantism became established in Switzerland, for on Thursday of Easter week, 1525, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was for the first time dispensed according to Protestant form. It was accompanied with blessed results. A new love sprang up in the hearts of men. It spread upward toward God; it

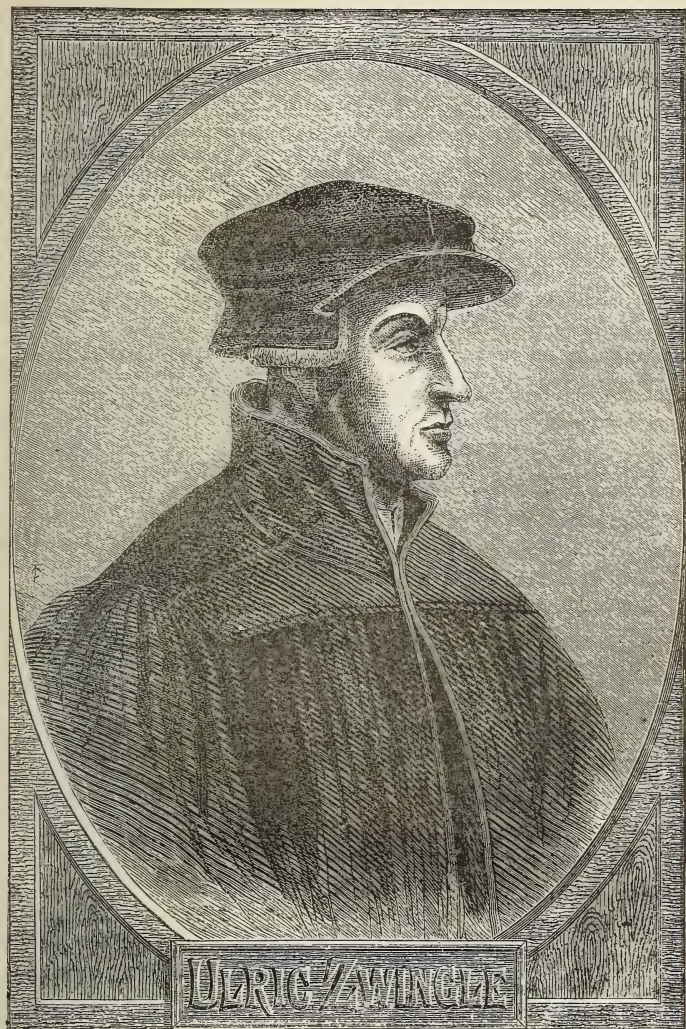
spread outward to men. Protestantism was a breath of healing to many sicknesses, a stream of cleansing in all countries to which it came.

But the times of trouble were at hand, and at a Diet held at Lucerne in 1526, it was decided to hold another disputation at Baden on the 16th of May.

Dr. Eck, who had figured not without glory on the early fields of the Reformation, still survived, and the choice of the Romish Cantons fell on him as the defender of their faith. But he entered this discussion not to meet Zwingle. The Council at Zurich, hearing that Rome proposed to use other weapons than arguments, refused to let their pastor attend. He, however, directed the engagement from a distance by means of students, who each night brought him reports, and received his instructions. The disputation ended in what Dr. Eck declared to be a victory for the Romish side, while the Protestants prepared to gather in the fruits. The disputations had quickened the movement, and men's hearts had never been so tender or their minds so tractable.

The city of Berne was awakened, and called for a discussion of the great questions within its walls. Here Zwingle would be safe. He entered the city on the 4th of January, 1528, and opened the discussion two days later. Twenty days were consumed, and with what results? An incident will illustrate where the victory lay.

Zwingle entered the Cathedral at the close of the discussion concerning mass, to maintain before the people the proofs he had urged in debate. A priest stood at a side altar arrayed in sacerdotal vestments, and ready to begin when the deep voice of Zwingle reached his ear. He paused to listen. "He ascended up into heaven," were the slow and solemn words, "and sitteth at the



right hand of God the Father Almighty"—pausing again—"from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." "These three articles," said Zwingle, "cannot stand with the mass." Conviction of their truth flashed into both mind and heart of the priest, who stripped off his robes, and refused to say mass thereafter.

The truth of the gospel at Bern was felt on all sides. Basle soon followed its action, and Protestantism was triumphantly proclaimed as the faith of this important city.

We have said that the Forest Cantons declined to embrace Protestantism. The hardy race which inhabited these mountains looked in terror upon it. It might establish itself in Zurich; the haughty lords of Berne may welcome it; Basle may turn from Plato to sit at the feet of the Apostles; along the chain of the Jura, by the shores of Lake Lemman, its light may travel; but when the mountains of the Oberland were touched with the dawn of the reforming radiance, their horror and their wrath knew no bounds. They turned their eyes to Austria. They forgot the grievous yoke of the House of Hapsburg, and the blood which it had cost their fathers to break it. Religious antipathy overcame national hatred. Even Austria was astonished, but finally accepted the trust.

Backed by this powerful ally, the Forest Cantons began to fine, imprison, and burn the professors of the reformed faith.

Zwingle had long foreseen this, and felt it but right that they defend themselves with such means as they were assaulted by, and in 1529 there was formed among the Protestant Cantons the *Christian Co-burghery*, or confederation.

A war seemed to be inevitable, but by great patience and long-suffering it was arrested. Peace seemed to be *war*, however, with this difference—it was the blood of only one side that was spilt. Martyrdoms multiplied, and the fires which sent many a soul heavenward lighted up the mountains, and cast lurid shadows into the valleys. War was declared, with the chances of success on the side of the Reformers, but a peace was patched up which only resulted in greater distresses.

Zwingle was a hard worker. Calvin was tormented with ten maladies which preyed upon his body. Through the head of Luther “the devil stilted,” to use his own words, but both head and body of Zwingle were sound and strong. Despairing of carrying the sword of the spirit to the refractory Cantons, he accepted the consequences, when anew the storm broke forth; this time with the Forest Cantons pouring down their armed floods into the valleys, bent on the annihilation of a pure faith.

Courage and patriotism were lacking to meet the ire of the mountaineers. Ruin was coming on apace.

The preparations of the Forest Cantons for war were completed, and eight thousand men began the march toward the frontier. To oppose them but six hundred men could be rallied. It was confidently hoped a larger army would follow them. Zwingle went with them as war chaplain.

A battle began between the two armies. The men of Zurich fought like lions, but against fearful odds. The tide turned against them. Zwingle bent over a wounded man, a stone struck him upon the head, and before consciousness returned he received a spear thrust from which he must soon have died. A soldier asked him if he wished a priest to confess him. Zwingle said

No. Wishing to know who this heretic was, they raised his head, when one of the number exclaimed, "It is the arch-heretic, Zwingle," and raising his sword, he struck him on the throat. Yielding to this last wound, the great man died.



Zwingle had fallen, but even after him a mightier would arise.

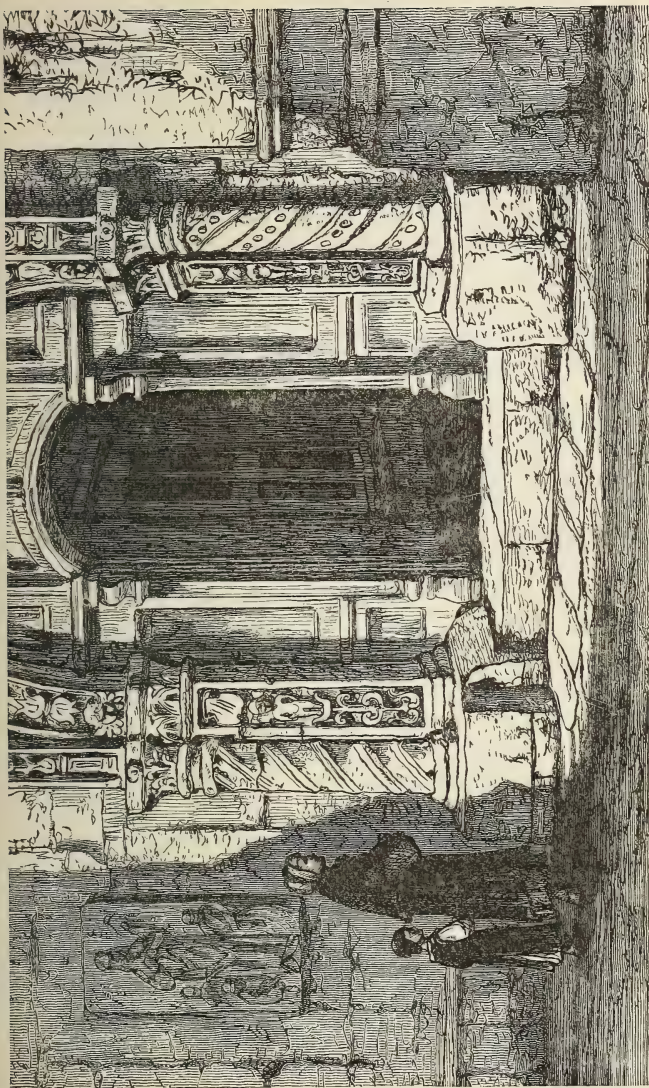
Zurich made her peace with the Forest Cantons. The Reformed faith was suppressed; the mass was restored, altars were set up, the monks crept back to their empty cells, and peace reigned.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG.

We have traced the steps of a human soul in its efforts toward freedom, from a monkish cell to the foot of the throne of Charles V., from the church at Wittenberg to the gorgeous hall at Worms; thence to the silence of the Wartburg. But why this pause? We had listened to hear the terrible blows of the champions echoing and re-echoing over the field of deadly strife; we had looked to see the flashing sword descend, and thousands slain in defending a cause held loyally as unto God. Why? Had the issue been joined, it would have resulted in the triumph of the old powers, for the new had not yet their full armory of weapons. They had a sword, but no Bible. When armed with the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," they may enter the conflict. A voice had spoken to which "kings, princes, dukes, prelates, cities and universities had listened, and from it mighty echoes had come back from far distant lands." Man may be silent for a little—for a little space at least, and God will speak to men by his own word.

But for a moment let us look around us. In Spain the taciturn, ambitious, plodding Charles V. wears a diadem of realms won from both the Eastern and Western worlds. The warlike knight, the polished and chivalrous Francis I. governs France. The cold-hearted, cold-blooded, strong-minded, self-willed Henry VIII. sways the sceptre of England, dealing alternate blows to Rome or the Reformation, as mood or policy dictated.



DOOR OF LUTHER'S HOUSE.

Leo X., elegant, self-indulgent, and sceptical, is master of Rome, while the sceptre of Solymán the Magnificent governs the myriads of Asia. Like clouds surcharged with lightning, his hordes often hung upon the borders of Christendom. When, obedient to the Roman See, the Sovereigns united to crush Protestantism by a blow so decisive that it would never rise again, the fierce Turk, obedient to one he knew not, presented himself on the eastern border, and drew the bolt which must otherwise have fallen upon the dissenting few. Thus did Christ cover his flock with the Moslem's shield. Thus the passions which beat upon each other like great tempests around it, became bulwarks of protection. Kings dashed against each other's bucklers; intrigue was met by intrigue; assault by assault; tempest broke against tempest, and the principle which these thunder-charged clouds were gathered to destroy, found in them an asylum of peace and of propagation.

Such was the condition of nations at the moment when Luther entered the Wartburg. Protestantism was the centre around which all the great interests revolved. But now the skies are overcast. A Moslem cloud sweeps upward from the East. Solymán has taken many towns and castles, captured the bulwarks of Hungary, and is thundering at the gates of Vienna. There were swords unsheathed above Luther's head, when lo, a hundred thousand Turkish scimitars sway white and gleaming above the heads of his oppressors. Kings thirsted for his blood, and many pages of their history were glued together with the crimson stains of their own.

In the South a war-cloud was gathering, and Charles V. hastened to Spain to quell seditions which had broken out in the Emperor's absence. These intestine strifes

being suppressed, he entered the field against Francis I. The campaign began on the slopes of the Pyrenees, but swept over the mountains into Italy, where the Pope joining arms with Spain, the French lost the fair provinces of Parma, Piacenza, Milan and Lombardy. The great joy with which the Pope hailed these victories, the fetes and public rejoicings which followed them, so excited his over-strained system, that he suddenly fell ill and died without the sacrament. He had reigned magnificently. He died burdened with debts and shadowed by disgrace. His subjects pursued his corpse to its grave, we are told, with insult and reproach. "Thou hast crept in like a fox; like a lion thou hast ruled us, and like a dog hast thou died." In the choice of Adrian VI., the Cardinal College was powerfully influenced by the Emperor Charles, who exulted in seeing his old tutor raised to the Papal throne. A man of modest, humble piety, he was hardly a fit successor to the magnificent Leo. His descent upon the gaities of his court was like the eclipse of a noonday sun. Prayers and beads took the place of songs and masquerades. "He will be our ruin," said the Romans of their new Pope.

His earliest utterances sound strangely in the light of the infallibility decree of July 18, 1870, where he says, "It is certain that the Pope may err in matters of faith in defending heresy by his opinion or decretals."

During this time Luther was quietly waiting in the seclusion of the Wartburg. He scattered from his mountain-top, far and wide, letters, commentaries, treatises, counsels and rebukes, writing them from "*the region of the air*," "*the mountain*," "*the Isle of Patmos*." Here he accomplished a complete translation of the New Testament into German, and in 1522 it was printed and could be purchased for a florin and a half. Later

he undertook the translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, which was afterwards accomplished in connection with Melancthon.

As the intense labors and confinement of Luther wore upon him, his bodily health gave way, and even the mental equilibrium was disturbed to such an extent that his feverish and excited mind was oppressed by fears and gloomy terrors, shaped in Satanic forms, against one of which he hurled his inkstand with such fearful force as to put the fiend to rout, and break a large piece of plastering from the wall.

Still the Reformation was advancing. Zwilling, a humble friar, began to preach against the mass, and gained converts among monks and priests, as well as people.

Wittenberg was disturbed. Frederick appointed a delegation to visit the Augustine convent, and restore it. Justus Jonas, Philip Melancthon and Nicholas Amsdorf were sent to accomplish this work, which resulted in their conversion, and they joined the obscure monk in demanding the abolition of the mass. With the fall of the mass fell much that leaned upon it. Clerical celibacy was exchanged for wedlock. Purgatory was removed, and much of the bitterness taken out of death.

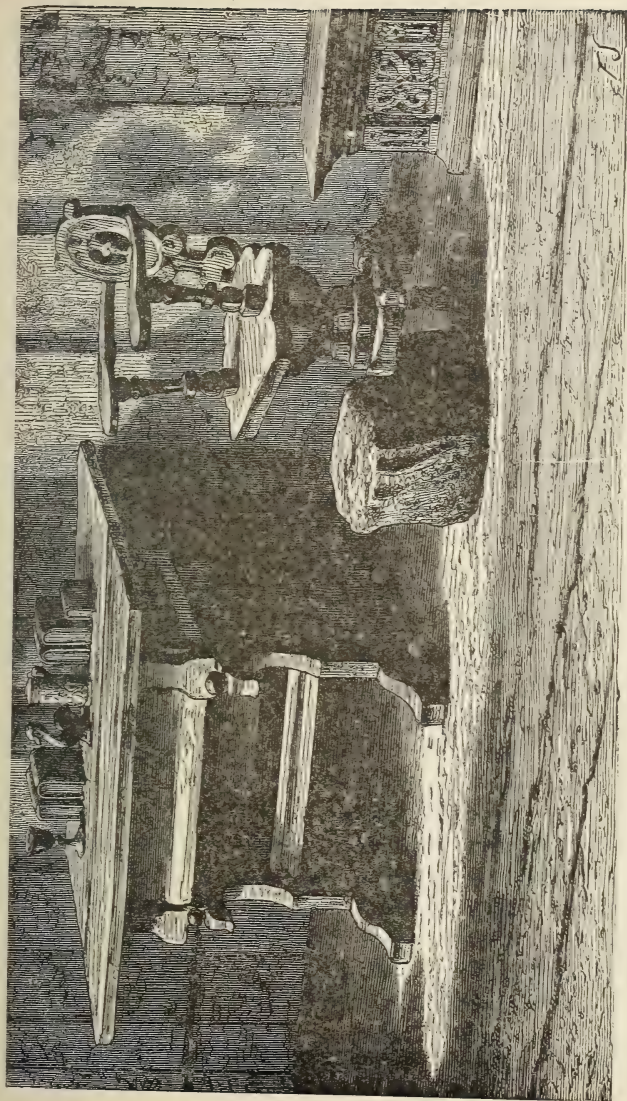
Luther had been about ten months in the Wartburg when he learned of the movements of the Zwickau Prophets, or Anabaptists, who were engaged in what seemed to him a work most destructive to the Reformation. They denounced infant baptism as the invention of the Devil. They claimed divine inspiration and special revelations through the mediation of angels. Luther felt impelled to leave his work and go to Wittenberg, to combat upon the spot this new-sprung fanati-

cism. And though he might enter a world thirsty for his blood, yet he must go. The town was electrified by the news of his arrival. He had passed his crisis at Worms. The Reformation was passing its at Wittenberg. The latter was the greater danger of the two.

Intense excitement, but a deep stillness reigned in the Cathedral on Sunday morning when he ascended its pulpit. Never had he appeared grander or more truly great. He who had been like a rock to the Emperor, was as tender as a mother to his flock. Day after day, all the week through, he continued his wonderful discourses, passing in review the institutions and ordinances of the Church, and every day the immense crowds which flocked to hear him, went away filled with a conviction of the truths he uttered. The triumph was complete. The rout of the false prophets was signified by their speedy retreat from the province, and quiet succeeded the storm.

The storm was followed by a calm, and things in Wittenberg resumed their wonted course. Luther had the satisfaction of believing that he had raised a barrier against such enthusiasm as the false prophets had kindled, and had established a light which would continue to wax broader, and ever widen until it had dispelled the darkness of Christendom.

In this work he was aided by Melancthon, who set about gathering from the pamphlets of various writings a formulated system of the doctrines of the Reformation. His genius was most admirably fitted for the work, being more of a theologian than Luther, while the grace of his style lent a charm to his theology which found him readers among the cultivated and literary classes. The Reformation theology was not a chaos of dogmas, but a majestic unity.



LUTHER'S CHAIR AND TABLE.

A multitude of priests soon became obedient to the faith and preached it to their flocks, while whole cities embraced the gospel. The German Bible and writings of Luther were read by all classes of people at every hearthstone. The skies were filling with light; the radiance was refreshing to the souls of men emerging from ignorance and torpor; the German nation was quickened with a new life and endowed with a marvellous power.

Artisans, soldiers, women even, with the Bible in their hands, set out teaching the new truth. While a phalanx of priests and doctors strove to do battle for Rome, but who held in their hands only the old, ineffectual weapons of the papacy.

Like a battering ram of tremendous force, the printing press thundered night and day against the walls of the old Roman fortress. An army of colportors was extemporized who seconded the efforts of the publishers in the spread of the writings of Luther, which, clear and terse, glowing with the fire of enthusiasm, and rich with the gold of truth, brought with them an invigoration of the intellect as well as a renewal of the heart.

In the letter, which on the 25th of November, 1522, Adrien addressed to the states of the empire assembled at Nuremberg, he urged them "to cut down this pestilential plant that was spreading its boughs so widely; to remove this gangrene member from the body," reminding them that "the omnipotent God had caused the earth to open and swallow up alive Dathan and Abriam; that Peter, the prince of apostles, had struck Ananias and Sapphira dead for lying, and that the Church had put to death John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who now seemed risen in Martin Luther." But a document dictated in the hot air of Italy was not suited to the cooler latitudes of Bavaria, and the papal nun-

cio found the populace along the route which he traversed bearing this precious document, quite indifferent either to his benediction or his curse.

The Pope was so sincere in his efforts that he made a very ample confession of the need of a reform, exclaiming that the immorality extended from the Pope to the prelates,—“We are all gone astray, there are none that hath done rightly, no, not one.”

At the hearing of these words the champions of the papacy hung their heads; the opponents held theirs up. “We need hesitate no longer,” said they, “it is not Luther, but the Pope himself who denounces the corruption of the Church; reform is the order of the day, therefore we propose to reform according to the dictates of our own conscience.” The action of the Diet was certainly not such as to encourage the papal party, The Pope’s nuncio hastily quitted the city, leaving some other person to bear the ungracious messages of the Diet to Rome.

It resulted, however, in the declaration that the gospel should continue to be preached. The Reformation gathered new glory, which increased rapidly and embittered the spirit of the papal party.

It is unnecessary to note the changes which took place on the death of Adrian, or those which immediately followed the accession of Clement the Seventh to the papal chair. It was the conviction of the leaders of the party that they had made a great mistake by lifting Adrian too soon to supreme office, and it was determined that in the choice of his successor no such peril to the church should be risked. But great winds were blowing; the seas were rising; the ocean heaved before the tempest, and it required skill in the pilot to carry the ship safely through the storm.

Early in the spring of 1524 an imperial Diet sat within the walls of Nuremberg. This Diet passed a decree that the Edict of Worms should be vigorously enforced as far as possible, which resulted in the practical repeal of the Edict, as the majority of the states declared that to enforce it was impossible. Dexterously they muzzled the enemy's gun, and for a time stayed the storm of papal wrath. This Diet ended like all that had preceded it, in disappointment.

The determination of the Nurembergers to enter heartily into the reform movement was not to be changed by either the muttered disapproval of the Pope, nor the outspoken threatenings of the Emperor's envoy. Tapers were extinguished in the cathedrals; images stood neglected in their niches; no sacred wafer, no cloud of incense was to be seen; the altar was changed into a table, and bread and wine were placed upon it; prayer was offered, a psalm sung, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated in the simplicity of the early church.

From the hour the Diet broke up, both sides began to prepare for the meeting at Spiers, which was to occur in November.

The success of the princes, who on their return to their states collected the suffrages of their people on the question of church reform, far exceeded their expectations. The universal answer seemed to be "We will serve Rome no longer." The consternation of the Roman body was great in proportion to the rejoicings of the reform party, and it became necessary for the Pope to adopt new tactics, which were couched in the brief but expressive words "Divide and conquer."

The believers of the Papal party succeeded in forming an organization among the priests of Germany. They

were afterwards joined by the archbishops of Southern Germany, who in convention determined to forbid the printing of Luther's books ; to tolerate no change in the masses or public worship, and to put into execution the Edict of Worms against Luther ; thus, they proposed to wage a war of extermination against the new faith.

The Pope now began to work upon the feelings of Charles the Fifth, telling him that the empire was in greater danger than the triple crown of Rome. Charles needed not the spur, but when informed by the Pope that a Diet was to be held, irrespective of his authority, Charles was stung to the quick. He declared that a council should be convoked, but that he, in connection with the Pope, was to be the judge when and where it should be held.

The issue of the affair was that the unity of Germany was broken ; henceforth, there was a Protestant and a Catholic Diet,— a Protestant Germany and a Catholic Germany. This was a most deplorable event which must be expiated by wars, by revolutions, and by the political and religious strife of three centuries.

With the rise of these two hostile camps the world's destinies were fatally changed. The work of the Reformation must go on, but Protestantism must advance by the way of the stake, by martyrdom, and by blood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PEASANT'S WAR.

The clouds which now darkened the sky of the Reformation arose from a quarter where hitherto all had been sunshine and hope. It seemed that the darkness of a horrible night was falling. These troubles had not been foreseen by Luther,—they arose not from the schemes of policy, or ambition of the Emperor; not from the orders of the mitre or cowl, but from the people. It was from eyes that the bandage of spiritual darkness had been torn; it was from arms that the fetters of superstition and of temporal bondage had been broken, yet from the people came the most terrible blow that the Reformation had up to this point sustained.

The oppression of the German peasantry had been a matter of ages long,—stripped of the rude privileges which their fathers enjoyed, they could not roam their forests, kill what game they pleased, nor build their huts upon whatever spot taste or convenience dictated. They were compelled to submit to galling restrictions; tied to their native acres, they were compelled to spend their lives in tilling their fields, and spilling their blood to maintain the quarrels of their masters. To temporal oppression was added spiritual bondage. The priests wrung from them by spiritual threats the small portion of earthly goods which the baron had left them. The power of contrast came to embitter their lot, and while one class was sinking into poverty and degradation, another class was rising into affluence and power.

Art and letters were awakening the intellect. The Reformation came and gave a new impetus, widened the range of human vision, taught the essential equality of man, and weakened the keystone in the arch of Europe, namely, the papacy.

It seemed the moment most auspicious to the ignorant peasants to redress their wrongs. Suffering had exhausted their patience; the fetters which had been loosed by the master they resolved to break by their own power. A blind rage and a destructive fury proportioned to the ignorance in which they had been kept and the degradation into which they had fallen, characterized the onset.

Mutterings of the gathering storm had been heard even before the Reformation had come upon the stage, but it came too late with its healing virtues to change the hearts or temper the passions of men whose intense hatred of the upper classes had become so strong as to threaten the devastation of the world.

In January, 1525, the peasants put their demands into twelve articles. Considering the times of the men who wrote them, the articles seemed reasonable and moderate. They asked for the restitution of the free domains which had belonged to their ancestors, rights of hunting and fishing which they had themselves enjoyed, a mitigation of taxes which burdened them heavily, and they headed their claim of rights with a "free choice of their ministers;" and to enforce each article they supported it with a text of Scripture.

An enlightened policy would have conceded these demands, in the main, but those to whom the appeal was made laid their hands upon the sword hilt in reply.

Between the Scylla of established despotism and the Charybdis of popular lawlessness, the ship of the Re-



ZWINGLI PREACHING.

formation seemed to be passing. Rare skill was required to direct its course.

With which side should Luther ally himself? It became him, however, to stand apart, and thus the more effectively, at the right moment, to tell a little of the truth to both parties.

The first insurrectionary cloud rolled up in Suabia, near the sources of the Danube. The spirit ran like wild fire along its shores, kindling the peasantry into revolts, filling the towns with tumults, seditions, and terror. The excitement of the insurgents soon grew into a fury. By the end of the year Thuringia, Franconia, and a part of Saxony were in a blaze.

Their march became destructive and desolating; fields were trampled down; barns and storehouses were rifled; the castles of the nobility were demolished; palaces were torn to the ground. The blood of unhappy victims began to dye their pathway. Surprising the garrisons of fortified towns, they condemned them to death and executed them on the spot. It seemed as though the conflagration would devour Christendom, but soon the princes who had been taken by surprise, recovered from their stupor, gathered their forces and joined with characteristic spirit to oppose the rival boors.

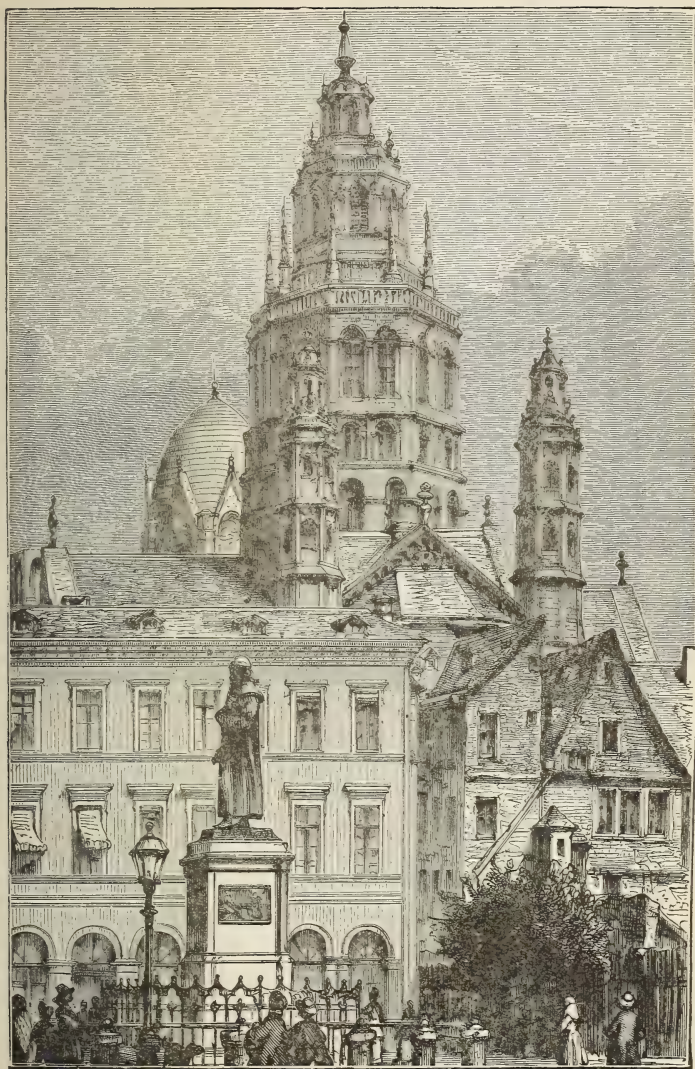
The story of the peasant's war is one of thrilling interest,—of terror mingled with blood. Luther raised his voice to pronounce an unqualified condemnation of a movement, which from a demand for just rights had become a war of pillage and murder. He called on everyone to gird on the sword to resist it. Several battles were fought at once, and fortresses were besieged. The peasantry contended with furious bravery, knowing that they must conquer or endure a terrible revenge. But the arms of the princes triumphed. The lesson of this

outbreak was worth a hundred-fold all the sufferings endured. Among these lessons was this, that Protestantism could no more be advanced by popular violence than it could be suppressed by aristocratic tyranny; independent of both, it must advance by its own inherent might along its own path.

The Diet of Spires, which assembled on the 25th of June, 1526, was attended by all the electoral princes except the princes of Brandenburg. The reformed princes were in high spirits. The fulminations from Charles the Fifth had no terror for them. Their courage may be read in the gallantry of their daring as they rode at the head of their retainers along the highway towards Spires.

Charles had thundered against them in his ban; the pope had hurled his anathemas, and under these they had simply written their motto, "The Word of God." The action of this diet was such as to confirm the high hopes of the reformers and alarm the papal party, which became discouraged. However, a letter from the Emperor was read to the deputies in which Charles made known his will on the religious question under discussion at the Diet.

The Emperor informed the princes that he was about to proceed to Rome to be crowned, and that he would consult with the Pope concerning the call of a general council. Meanwhile, he commanded that they decree nothing contrary to ancient customs, canons, or ceremonies of the church, and that all things be ordered according to the tenor of the Edict of Worms. This was a severe shock, and more so, coming at a time when the hopes of the Protestants were high. What were the princes to do? Dangers threatened their cause on every hand. The Edict of Worms hung like a sword above



MAVENCE.

Protestantism for five years, every moment threatening to crush it. Its author was still powerful, — what should hinder his snapping the thread and letting the sword fall. Neither from England nor France could aid be expected.

A strange rumor filled the air, “The Pope and the Emperor are at strife.” The news was too good to be credited.

The Protestants at this moment felt as did the Israelites standing on the shores of the Red Sea, waiting breathlessly to see if the waters would divide before the uplifted rod of Moses.

On the right and left the precipitate cliffs of papal edict and imperial ban; in their rear the war chariots and horsemen of the hosts of Pharoah; before them rolled the waters of a sea whose wavelet seemed tinged with blood. No escape seemed open; they were “entangled in the land and the wilderness shut them in.”

Most historians speak of this as a great epoch. “The local interest of the Protestant party in the empire,” says Ranke, “is based on the decree of Spires, 1526.” D’Aubigne says, “This Diet forms an important epoch in history by which an ancient power, that of the middle ages, is shaken, and a new power, that of modern times, is advanced. Religious liberty boldly takes its stand in front of Roman despotism. A lay spirit prevails over the sacerdotal spirit.” Certainly it altered the relation of the empire to the papacy, and dealt the first legal blow to the supremacy and infallibility of Rome. The decree was to this purpose, “that for establishing religion and maintaining peace and quietness, it was necessary there should be a lawful general or Provincial Council of Germany held within a year, and that no delay or impediment might intervene, that ambassadors should be sent to the Emperor to pray him that he would look upon the mis-

erable and tumultuous state of the empire, and come into Germany as soon as he could and procure a Council as to religion and the Edict of Worms. In the meanwhile, until a general or national council can be had, all shall so behave themselves in their several provinces as that they shall be able to render an account of their doings, both to God and the Emperor." In short, every city was to act in religion upon its own judgment.

A calm of three years seems to follow this eventful period. Troubles of the political world brought peace to the church as well, which prepared the way for the erection of the new edifice and the demolition of the old. Luther was quick to see the opportunity which had arrived, and felt the time had come in which to build. Old walls had fallen, but he knew the foundations were still firm. Hitherto, his work had been simply to preach the gospel, but this preaching had called into existence communities of believing men, scattered throughout the provinces of Germany, who though not yet visibly distinct from the old people to a real unity, were gathered by their faith around a living centre—Christ. They were knit together by a bond which was simply truth.

The first necessity was organization, and it became necessary that certain orders of men, by whatever name they be called, should be brought into existence to preach and to dispense the sacraments.

He assumed that the party to construct the ministry lodged inalienably in the church itself. If it be the duty of the church to preach and dispense sacraments, certainly that duty implies right and function. But these duties may not be performed alike by the members. They may be exercised by some, only. How shall these *some* be chosen? Only by the church itself. Not by their own pleasure; not by self appointment, but

the congregation which has a local habitation has the right to call to its ministry such persons as it deems fit and proper to serve them. Thus did Luther constitute the ministry.

The clergy of the Lutheran Church stood at the opposite pole from those of the Papal Church. The former were democratic in their origin, the latter were monarchical; the former sprang from the people, the latter appointed by a sacerdotal monarchy; the former differed in no essential point from the other members of the church, the latter was a hierarchy, forming a distinct order, inasmuch as they were possessed of exclusive colleges and dowers.

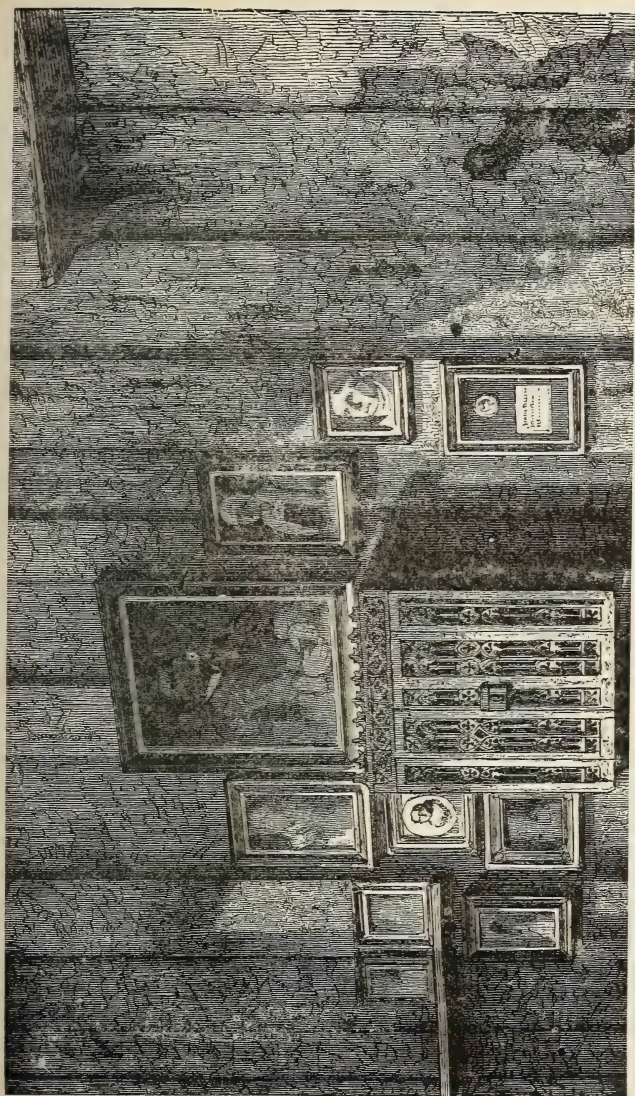
The time for the Diet of Spires was approaching. It had been convoked for February, but was not able to assemble until the middle of March. The attendance on the Catholic side was more numerous than at any preceding Diet. The little town experienced a new commotion on the arrival of every papal magnate.

With his imposing display of armed followers, King Ferdinand attended by three hundred knights, the dukes of Bavaria with equal retinues, the electors of Mainz and Treves, Bishops of Trent and Hildesheim, each with a troop of horsemen, with hot looks and boastful greetings exchanged with one another as they met, proclaimed the confident hopes they cherished of being able to carry the matters of the Diet in their own way. It was their purpose to bury the Reformation. On the 13th of March came John of Saxony, the most powerful and the most modest prince of the empire. By his side rode Melancthon. On the following Sunday Melancthon held public worship in his hotel, which was attended by no fewer than eight thousand people, both forenoon and afternoon. The Diet was immediately convoked, and

received the Emperor's command that the Diet should repeal the edict of the Diet of 1526, which was held in the same place. This was all. The delegates immediately transacted this business, and in an hour returned home. The edict, the repeal of which was now demanded, granted the free exercise of religion to the cities of the empire until a general council should meet. As we have before noted, it was the first legal establishment of the Reformation.

Religious freedom, then, this gathering was commanded to abolish. Should this edict be destroyed, that of 1521 would come into operation, in which case Luther must be put to death, and the reformed princes rooted out of all countries where they had taken root. This was the import of that message with which Charles startled the Diet at this point. It was the signal for a struggle. The papish members would strenuously insist that it be repealed at once. The reformed princes on the other side thought this edict was the constitution of the empire, and that to repeal it would be a breach of the national faith, and that to the Lutheran princes would remain the right to resist such a step by force of arms.

The majority of the Diet felt the force of these arguments. Each principality claimed the right of regulating its own worship. They felt that to repeal the edict would be to inaugurate revolution and war. They chose the middle path,—they would neither abolish the one nor enforce the other. The object which was at stake was that upon which the claims of Rome, to coerce conscience and forbid free inquiry, were based. To submit to the papal demands would be to deprive themselves and their subjects of the enjoyment of religious freedom; nor could they consent to legalize religious slavery; to



WALL OF LUTHER'S ROOM, WITH INK SPOT.

proclaim that the Reformation had made its last convert, and that, wherever Rome bore sway, there her dominion was to be perpetuated. The crisis was momentous. From the decisions of the order would come the rise or fall of the Reformation,—the liberty or slavery of Christendom.

On the 18th of April the Diet had reassembled. By an adroit movement on the part of the Elector of Saxony and his friends, a resolution was passed which they construed into the submission of the reformed leaders and the papal authority, upon which King Ferdinand thanked the Diet for voting the proposition, and added that the substance of it was to be embraced in an imperial edict and published throughout the empire. Not anticipating so abrupt a termination, the Protestant members retired to an adjoining chamber to frame their answer. Charles would not wait. He left the Diet, nor did he return to hear the reply of the Lutheran princes. There was but one word. He had spoken, and it was as though Rome had spoken through him as a mouth-piece. The word was "submit."

The last and final meeting of this Diet was held on the 19th of April. The audience was not gathered in the chambers of Spires. It was gathered in a larger circle which swept outward to the furthest points of Christendom. All the ages were looking down upon that little company, who maintained the principles of the Reformation and the right of protest. The princes of the reformed party proceeded to read a declaration, of which the following are some of the important passages: "We cannot consent to its (the Edict of 1526) repeal, because this would be to deny our Lord Jesus Christ, to reject his holy word, and to give him just reasons to deny us before the Father. Moreover, the

new edict declaring that ministers shall preach the gospel, explaining it according to the writings accepted by the whole Christian church, we think that for this regulation to have any value, we should first agree on what is meant by the *whole church*. Now seeing that there is great diversity of opinion in this respect, that there is no other doctrine but such as is conformable to the Word of God, we are resolved with the grace of God to maintain the pure and exclusive preaching of his Holy Word, such as is contained in the Biblical Books of the world and the New Testament, without adding anything thereto that may be contrary to it. This Word is the only truth. He who builds on this foundation shall stand all the powers of Hell, whilst all the human vanities that are set up against it shall fall before the voice of God."

This protest was one of the grandest documents in all history, and marks an epoch in the progress of the human race second only to Christianity itself. You will remember that at Worms Luther stood alone; here at Spires he has grown into a host. The language which he so courageously uttered on that day has been repeated by princes, by cities, and by nations. Its echoes reverberate now throughout the world like thunder through mountain crags. They travel onward; they are heard in the palaces of Barcelona, the dens of the inquisition, and in the Basilicas of Rome.

On the following Sabbath, the 25th of April, a little company of delegates from the Protestant cities assembled in a small house in St. John's Lane, and drew up an appeal, in which they protested against the decree of the Diet, for themselves, their subjects, and all who receive, or shall receive, the gospel. They appealed to the Emperor and to a free and general council of Christendom.



It is perhaps unnecessary for us to discuss further the great movements of Protestantism in Germany, or the results of the conference at Marburg, and the confusion which emanated therefrom. We have traced the steps by which the Protestant movement has carried on its glorious work of varied achievements, and the political strength which it has attained. It will be, perhaps, unnecessary that we bring to a close the life of the great man who has led it. The movement was not without harassing toil, war-clouds, fierce lightnings and thunder: but the darkness seemed to be breaking with every terrific peal; the air became clear with every fierce shaft of lightning; held by the papal force, there seemed a serener peace in the atmosphere.

Charles the Fifth had risen to his highest pinnacle of power. In the East the storm cloud was rising; in the West the sun seemed already to be darkened. Where the first bolt would fall, it was difficult to surmise; where the fiercest storm would gather, no one would be able to tell. It is, perhaps, wiser for us to turn our thoughts to France, and state briefly the rise, the progress, and the success of the spirit of Protestantism in that nation. We may, however, have occasion to refer to the Diet of Augsburg, and the Confession which bears its name, but for the present we turn our thoughts to France, and the wonderful story of suffering, of heroism, and of conquest, which the principles of Protestantism achieved there.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.

The area of the Reformation is about to be enlarged. The stage is already crowded with great actors. England, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, from each of these there is to be an accession. The plot deepens, the parts multiply, and the issue gives promise even beyond the grandest conceptions. It is by no means the smallest actor that is now to step upon the stage on which the nations were battling, and where, if victorious, they shall reap a future of happiness and of glory; but if vanquished there awaits them only decadence, shame and ruin.

At the opening of the 16th century, France held the foremost place among all the countries of Europe. It aspired to lead all nations. Geographically it was placed in the centre of the civilized world, and there was hardly a state in Christendom that it did not touch at some point; Switzerland, Germany, the low countries joined it, and parted only by a narrow arm of the sea, was England. At all its gates save those which looked toward Italy and Spain, the Reformation seemed waiting for admittance. The question arises, will France open these gates? Should she decide favorably by her commanding position she will become the beacon light of Protestantism, making the day clearer where the light has dawned, and the night less dark where its shades still linger.

We lift the curtain in the year 1510. The throne of

France was occupied by Louis XII., the wisest sovereign of the age. At Tours he had assembled his parliament, which was to solve for him the question whether it be lawful to go to war with the Pope, who files treaties, and sustains his injustice by levying soldiers and fighting battles.

The papal chair was filled by the war-like Julius II. Ignorance and incapacity characterized his reign in the spiritual field, and nearly his whole time was passed in the camps of soldiers and on battle-fields. With so war-like a priest at the centre of Christendom, the nations had little rest. He had disquieted Louis of France, hence the question placed before the parliament.

The many evils which pressed upon the world, the solution of which it were folly for any council or Parliament to undertake, together with the unfettering of man's intelligence and the banishing of the darkness of ignorance, gave evidence that the old age was about to close, and a new one about to open. The council that was sitting at Pisa summoned the Pope to its bar, and when he failed to appear it suspended him from his office, and forbade the people to obey him.

He then convoked another Council and made void that of Pisa, fulminating the excommunication against Louis of France, suspending divine worship throughout the country, and delivering the kingdom to whomsoever should care to seize upon it.

Thus Council fought against Council. In 1513 Julius II. died, and the Vatican no longer rang with the clang of arms. Instead of soldiers, troops of musicians and crowds of masqueraders and buffoons filled the palace of the Pope. The talk was no longer of battles, but of dancers. Soon Louis of France followed his opponent to the grave, on the first of January, 1515, and was

succeeded by his nephew, Francis I., who immediately ascended the throne.

The new Pope and the new King were very similar in their tastes. The renaissance had touched both deeply, communicating to them a refinement of outward manner, and that æsthetical rather than cultivated taste which it imparted to all who came under its influence.

Perhaps it were well before going on with our story to turn back to 1510 when the good King Louis XII. was upon the throne. For it was so far away as this, that the fountain head of the river which was to stream forth and to refresh France with its spiritual waters, was discovered.

Should you enter a church during this year 1510 you would not fail to mark an old man small of stature, simple in manners, going his rounds of churches, prostrating himself before the images and devoutly repeating his hours.

On a small scale this strange old man was destined to become in France what Wycliffe had been in England and to the world. His name was Jacques Lefevre. Born in the middle of the previous century he was now towards seventy years, still hale and vigorous. All his days he had been a devout Papist, and the eclipse of superstition had not yet passed from off his soul. He had had a presentiment for years that a new day was rising in the world, and he believed that he should not depart till his eyes had seen the light. In some respects he was a remarkable man; a capacious intellect, an inquisitive mind which had entered nearly every field of study in each of which he had made great proficiency.

The ancient languages—History, Mathematics, Philosophy, Theology, he had studied them all. He had visited Asia and Africa, striving to quench his thirst for

knowledge, and in the Theological Hall of the Sorbonne he had drawn around him crowds of admiring disciples. Gentle with all, and so meek, so amiable, so full of loving kindness that all who knew him loved him. There were those who avoided him. He made himself familiar with so many subjects that his enemies believed that in some of them there must be a taint of heresy, so they set to watching him. No one was more punctual or more devoted in his religious exercises. Never absent from Mass ; his place never empty at a procession ; no one remained so long on his knees before the saints, and he had even distinguished himself among all the Professors of the College in decking the statues of Mary with flowers.

Lefevre, thinking to crown the saints with a fairer and more lasting garland than the perishable flowers which he had placed upon their images, formed the idea of collecting and re-writing their lives. He had already made some progress in these books when the thought struck him that possibly the Bible might contain some material or hints that would be useful to him in his work.

The Bible had been up to this time a sealed book, as it was not considered particularly necessary to the priest or the theologian. He accordingly turned to it and unwittingly opened to himself the parables of the New World. Saints of another sort than those which had till then absorbed his attention, appeared upon the pages, men who had received a higher canonization than that of Rome, and whose images the pen of inspiration had drawn.

He found that the virtues of the real Saints quite dimmed the legendary stories of the unreal ones, and the pen dropped from his hand. Having opened the Bible he was in no haste to close it. He found the Saints enshrined there quite unlike the Saints of the Roman

Calendar, and the Church of the Bible quite unlike the Roman Church.

From the images of Paul and Peter he turned to the Apostles Paul and Peter; from the voice of the church to the voice of God, and the idea of a free vocation stood revealed to him. It was a sudden revelation, like the springing up of the sun without first the morning twilight. He published in 1512 a commentary, of which a copy is now found in the royal Library of Paris.

In that work he says, "It is God who gives us by faith that righteousness which by grace alone justifies eternal life." Of all the places in France the most dangerous for such an utterance, or the proclamation of a new doctrine, was the Sorbonne. And now to proclaim in the very citadel of Theology the doctrine of the Gospel, was enough to make the very stones cry out and the venerable walls to tremble above his devoted head.

There was great commotion around his chair when these unwonted sounds were heard, and with very different feelings did the pupils of the venerable man listen to these new teachings and those which characterized his former utterance.

They looked like men whose eyes fall upon an object far away. Astonishment and doubt was written upon their faces. Knitted brows and flashing eyes bespoke the anger that some felt against the man who was tearing down, as they thought, even the very foundation of morality. It is important for us to mark this era, as it was in 1512, and not until five years later was the voice of Luther heard in France.

Even before the strokes of Luther's hammer are heard in Wittimberg ringing the death knell of the old times, the voice of Lefevre is proclaiming beneath the vaulted roof of the Sorbonne in Paris, the advent of a new age.



FIRST PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE.

Among the youth who gathered around the chair of Lefevre is one who especially attracts our notice. There seems to exist a peculiar attachment between the pupil and his master.

No one in all the crowd is so intent upon the words which fall from the master's lips, and upon none do the eyes of the teacher rest with so kindly a light.

This youth is a native of France, born among the Alps in 1489; and his name is Farel.

His parents were eminently pious, measured by the standards of the day. Never did the morning kindle the white mountain peaks into glory but the family was assembled, and the bead roll duly gone over. Never did the evening fall amid the mountain solitudes without the customary hymn to the Virgin.

The grandeurs of nature in his eye seemed to be only the antipode of the darkness of superstition deepening year by year in his mind.

The glory of the Alps and the glory of the church seemed to blend and become one in his soul. It would have been as difficult for him to believe that Rome with her Pope and priests, her rites and ceremonies, were the creations of superstition, as that the great mountains around him with their snow-covered summits and forest-girdled sides, were a mere allusion.

It was the wish of his father that he devote himself to the profession of arms, but Farel aspired to be a scholar, and accordingly, in 1510, he set out for Paris, where, presenting himself at the gates of the University he was enrolled among the students. It is here, then, that we find him with the famous Doctor.

They seemed to have little in common. The one was old, and the other young; the one bold and self-reliant, and the other timid and retiring. But there was a bond

underneath the surface which knitted their kindred souls. Such attributes as nobility, unselfishness and devotion, while the points of contrast only served to bind them more firmly together. It was while the change was taking place in the mind of the teacher that the dawn began to break in the mind of his pupil. It became necessary for young Farel to determine whether he should press forward with Lefevre, or turn backward into the darkness. He chose the former, and for a brief season Jacques Lefevre and William Farel shone like twin stars in the morning sky of the Reformation of France. The influence of Lefevre was quiet and powerful. The uncompromising, bold advocacy of the Gospel by Farel was as brilliant as it was powerful.

Farel now directed his steps toward the grand mountains which had been his home. He planted the standard of the cross on the shores of the Lake of Neuchatel, and on those of the Lemman, and finally bore it through the gates of the city of Geneva.

But these two figures are not to stand alone; a third is to be added. Descended from a noble family, a man of affairs, William Briçonnet was sent while yet a young man on a mission to Rome. It was the most magnificent of Popes who then sat in the Vatican; and Briçonnet's visit to the eternal city gave him an opportunity to see the Papacy in the noon of its glory, although past the meridian of its power.

It was this Pope to whom is ascribed the saying, "What a profitable affair this fable of Christ has been to us."

To Luther in his cell alone with his sins and his conscience, the Gospel was a reality. To Leo, amidst his courtiers buffoons, and dances, the Gospel was a fable. But whatever this fable might be to man,

it certainly had filled Rome, not with virtues, but with golden dignities, desecrating honors and voluptuous devices. This fable had clothed the ministers of the church in purple, seated them every day at sumptuous tables, surrounded them with trains of liveried attendants, and spread couches of down upon which to rest their



JOHN FAREL.

wearied frames, worn out with the excitement of the chase and the pleasures of the table. The citizens of Rome had no need to toil or to spin, for the gold of Christendom flowed thither.

They shed the juice of the grape copiously at their

banquets, and the blood of one another copiously in their quarrels.

What an enigma was presented to Briçonnet, when, as Bishop of Meaux, he again visited the eternal city. How empty the virtues! How full of religion!

Images and crucifixes crowded every niche of the city walls. Tapers and holy signs filled the dwellings. Processions of shorn priests, hooded monks and veiled nuns swept along the streets, with banner, chant and floating incense. It needed only that their virtues be as shining as their garments, to make the city of the Pope the most resplendant in the Universe.

When Briçonnet at last departed on his way to his native country, he had more things upon which to meditate than crowded his brain when he came thither. We can almost imagine him saying as he descends the slope of the Apennines, which shut out from his view the last glance of the eternal city, "Has not the Pope spoken infallibly at last, and is it not after all a fable?" On his return to his diocese he found a new era opening before his astonished gaze.

The force of the awakening had startled the slumbers of Meaux, and he thirsted to taste the new knowledge which was transforming the lives and gladdening the hearts of so many as had received it.

He asked Lefevre to tell him whence came this new light.

Lefevre replied by placing the Bible in his hands and saying, "It is all in that book."

Opening this mysterious volume, the Bishop found what he had missed at Rome, and he took his place in the little circle of disciples which the Gospel had already gathered around itself in France.

Perhaps in the progress of the Reformation in France

no man was more powerful than the Bishop of Meaux. He saw what France needed ; one question only arose,—Where should the work begin?

He could see no better place than his own diocese, and he at once set about the work of reformation.

He removed ignorant Cures and supplied their places with men able to teach the New Testament ; and he ascended the pulpit himself, preaching to the people throughout the various parishes of the diocese.

We now meet in the progress of our study two new characters, one, the sister of the King, Margaret of Valois ; the other, the King himself, Francis I, who ascended the throne just as the day was breaking over Europe.

Francis aspired to be a great King, but by the moral instability of his character, his many great qualities were somewhat tarnished. Passionately fond of his sister, he was led by her to do many noble deeds which could never otherwise have been recorded of him. And although influenced by her after her conversion to Protestantism, he still cast his lot with Rome, and staking crown, kingdom and salvation upon the issue, gave battle to the Reformation. The King of France was on the side of progress, and the Reformers believed that he would accept Protestantism for the sake of the unfettering of the mind and the advancement of the intellectual which would follow. But this was not the case.

The victories which were to be gained were not to be aided by Royalty, but wrought out by the conflicts of the scholars. The dungeon and the stake were the arguments which would be used.

It was the ambition of the aged Lefevre to see, before he died, the Bible translated into his mother-tongue ; and on the 12th of Oct., 1524, he completed and published the

New Testament. The Bishop of Meaux furthered with all his power the work of Lefevre, and, through his steward, distributed many copies of the four Gospels to the poor, gratis.

A general reformation of manners followed the entrance of Protestantism into Meaux. Topers in the wine shops became fewer, and begging friars found it necessary to engage in some useful employment. Images, if they could have spoken, would have complained of the scarcity of coins and candles which were left before them. Blasphemies and quarrels ceased to be heard in the public streets; and the mutterings of a storm were heard in Paris. The Sorbonne, that ancient champion of orthodoxy, saw Protestantism arising in the capital, and beheld its flames capping the edifices of the faith. It awoke from its slumber and taking alarm, called upon the King to put down the new opinions by force. While not responding quite so zealously as the Sorbonne would have liked, Francis was not ready to patronize Protestantism. He had no love for the monks, and he had a lenient disposition toward men of genius. He forbade the Sorbonne to erect the scaffold. Feeling that their place was insecure, Farel and Lefevre took up their residence at Meaux, and here the glory which had departed from Paris kindled the little provincial town into a center which drew all eyes toward it. As in England, in Germany, in Switzerland; even so in France was Protestantism cradled amidst tempests.

We have said that at an early stage of this Reformation in France the New Testament was translated into the vernacular. This was followed by a version of the psalms of David, which appeared at the time when the field of Pavia was being stricken. At the request of Calvin, one Marot undertook the task of versifying the psalms,

which resulted in thirty of them being rendered into metre. They were published in Paris in 1541, and dedicated to Francis I. In a little while all France fell to singing psalms. They displaced all their songs in the palace as well as upon the streets, and even Henry II. himself was heard to sing them. This one thing contributed greatly to the downfall of Popery. It was in accord with the genius of the nation, and it was practised both in the temple and at the hearth-stone. To strange uses they were sometimes put. The King being fond of hunting, adopted as his favorite psalm, "As pants the hart for water brooks," etc. The priests, fearing that their province was not only being encroached upon, but they were losing what remnant of power they had, had recourse to the expediency of translating the odes of Horace and setting them to music, in the vain hope that the Pagan poet would supplant the Hebrew one. During the storm of Romish wrath which broke out against Marot, he fled to Geneva, where he added twenty other psalms to the thirty previously published, which as a Psalter, was issued from the press in Geneva, with a preface by Calvin in 1543. Rome forbade the book, and the people were the more eager to possess it.

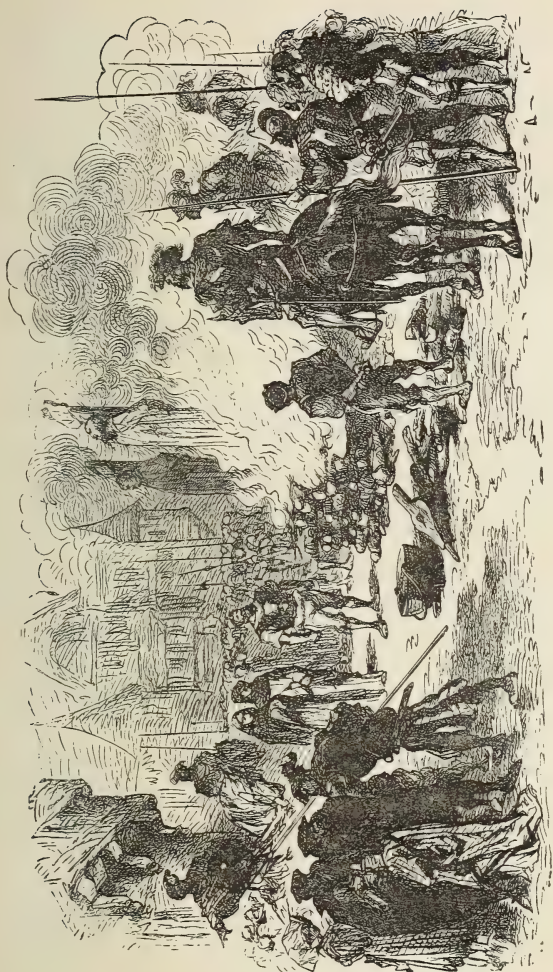
There were two men in the capital, sworn champions of darkness. One was Beda, the head of the Sorbonne, and the other, the defender of the old orthodoxy. Not that the latter cared a straw for the religion which he defended, but he found his defence in the line of his own personal advancement.

About this time the parliament was convoked, and the Bishop of Meaux summoned before it. Briçonnet at first refused to make any concessions, but at length the alternative was put before him to recant, or go to prison. It was a moment of supreme suspense; but the die is

cast. Briçonnet declines the stake; and by paying a fine, he was on the 12th of April, 1523, sent back to his diocese, where he published three edicts: the first, restoring public prayers to the Virgin and the saints; the second forbade anyone to buy or read the books of Luther; while the third enjoined silence on all Protestant preachers. This was a severe blow to the disciples at Meaux. They were dreaming of a beautiful day, when the storm clouds gathered over the sunrise. Farel went to Switzerland, and Lefevre to Strasburg, while the majority of the flock, too poor to flee, too weak to maintain its grounds, fell before the blow of the tempest.

Briçonnet had recanted; and a long and terrible roll on which it was so difficult to write one's name, was about to be unfolded. It was not the roll of the dead, but of the living. While their more illustrious contemporaries disappeared into the darkness, to be seen and heard of no more, the men whose names were found upon this roll came out into the light and shone in undimmed glory. The ages rolled past, telling that not only from palaces do the notable of earth appear, but from the lowliness of common life; from the dungeons and hovels of the poor.

As in other nations, so here, France saw the wondrous and great sight of men burned to ashes, yet living. The first stake was planted in the capital of France. It was in the Place de Graye. Here were the first French martyrs burned. But three hundred years after the blazing stake of the Reformation was seen, there came another visitant to France, and upon the same spot set up its guillotine. It was surely not by chance that on the Place de Grave where the first martyrs of the Reformation were burned, the first victims of the Revolution were guillotined. It is not necessary for



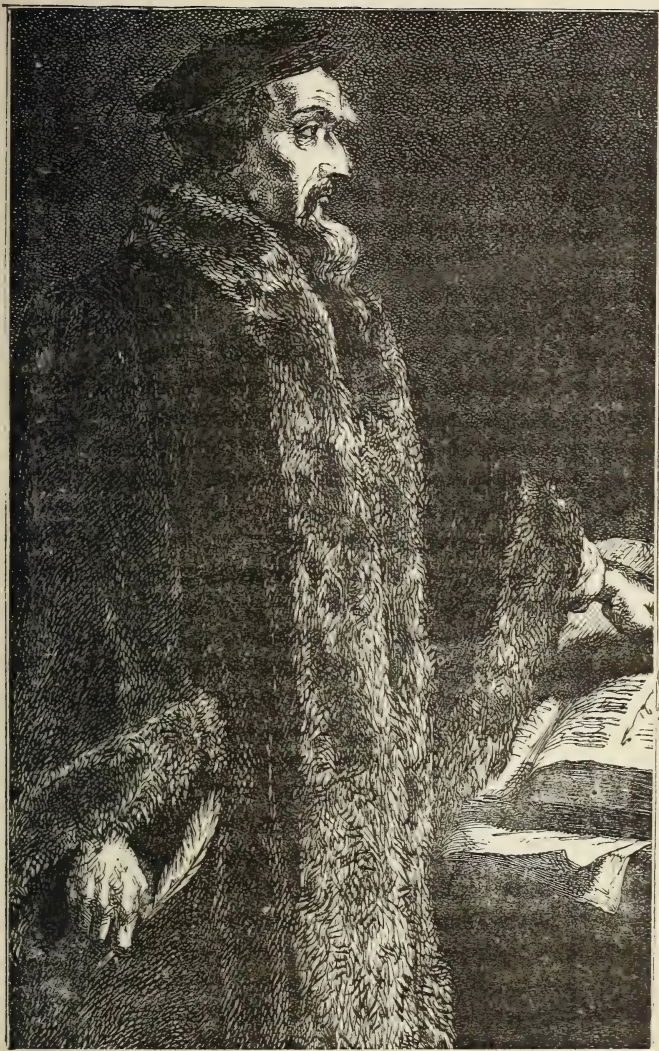
BURNING PROTESTANTS AT MEAUX.

us to follow the long list of martyrdoms whose lurid light made Rome memorable for three hundred years, but to turn rather more closely to the appearance of a man whose influence upon the movements of his time was second only to that of Luther, and whose wonderful intellectual activity has led the theological thought of several centuries. Not as in Germany did the great leader come before us unheralded; not from some dark cell, startling the world by the suddenness of his appearance, did John Calvin step upon the stage. Luther arose like a star which suddenly blazes forth in a dark sky. Calvin came like the dawn, sweetly and softly touching the mountain-top, and steadily becoming brighter until the whole heavens were illuminated. He first saw the light on the 10th of July, 1509, in Picardy. He was of delicate mould, small of stature, pale of feature, with a bright, burning eye, and an air of timidity and silence.

He was thoughtful beyond his years throughout his childhood, and devout as well, according to the standards of the Roman Church. When about ten years of age he left the paternal home, and entered the service of the lords of the neighborhood. He was educated at the cost of his father with the children of the nobility, thus acquiring a certain polish of manner which would have been impossible under his father's roof.

With ease, young Calvin mastered what it cost his fellow students much labor to acquire. His knowledge seemed to come intuitively. At the age of twelve he was appointed to the chaplaincy of a small church termed La Gesine, where, on the eve of Corpus Christi in the year 1521, his head was solemnly shorn by the Bishop, and he became a member of the clergy of that church of which he was soon to become a most powerful opponent.

For two years he resided in his native town, holding his title but discharging no duties of his office. The pestilence called the "black death" spread through the district, and the chapter petitioned for leave to live elsewhere during its ravages. This petition was granted in 1523, in the month of August, where flying the pestilence, the future Reformer quitted his father's house as the Romish historians put it, to catch another pestilence. Calvin went to Paris and entered the college. Here he came under the instruction of Mathurine Codier, who soon saw that he had a pupil of no ordinary genius before him, and after a few days' acquaintance the pupil of fourteen and the man of fifty became inseparable. It is quite a remarkable fact that the reformers of the two great countries were really formers of the language of their own native lands. As in Germany Luther was the father of German, so in France was Calvin the father of the French tongue. It is true there had been a language in both these countries, a French and a German, before there was a Calvin and a Luther. But it is due to these men to say that they made the language useful, and established in it a permanent written and spoken form. They found coarse, meagre material, of narrow compass, of doubtful utility, the vehicle of low ideas. They infused a new life, widened the compass, and made a new language in each case infinitely finer and more flexible than it ever was before. Again, they elevated and sanctified it by pouring into it the treasures of religious truth, enriching it with a multitude of new terms, and filling it with celestial fire. This transformation was partly accomplished by new thinking and new feeling, and because it came from the deeper fountain-head of being, it became simply the out-come of the life of the people by whom it was spoken.



CALVIN.

In 1526 Calvin entered the college of Montaigne, in Paris. In crossing the threshold of this seminary, he found himself in a new, but hardly a better atmosphere. The air seemed musty with the dogmas of the schoolmen. So ardent was he in the pursuit of knowledge, that he passed days without eating, and nights without sleeping. His teachers formed the highest hopes of his future, and prognosticated for him nothing less than the purple of a Cardinal. It is not necessary for us to enter into the story of his emancipation from the bonds of Rome. He contemplated the papacy, not as it was in reality, but as idealized in his own mind. Yet he saw on the Place De Grave many exhibitions of religious fortitude which caused serious questions to arise in his mind, as to the power which enabled men to withstand not only the curse of Rome, but the torture of her burning stake. One day the great bell of Notre Dame had summoned all Paris, and with it Calvin, to see how two men could stand undismayed the fiery ordeal. As he witnessed the struggle, there seemed to pass over his mind new thoughts. The light of the ghastly fire seemed to throw into deeper shadows the traditions of popery.

The contest which now agitated the mind of Calvin was sharp and terrible. It seemed that the old and new times met within him, struggling one with another, whether he realized it or not; as the one or the other conquers, so will a new day rise or fade on Christendom. The doubts by which his soul was shaken grew in strength with every new discussion which he had with Lefevre. To forsake the church would be to acknowledge that he had lived in error all his life. That seemed to him like throwing himself into the gulf of perdition. Yet he realizes that the church cannot save him. The

new light which breaks upon him reveals to him her dogmas melting away, the ground beneath him sinking. The tempest was not in his intellect alone, its seat was in the soul and the conscience. There was a sense of guilt and apprehension of wrath. So long as he had to do with saints, and characters a little holier than himself, it was well. But in the presence of the infinitely Holy One, he saw the vileness of sin in the clear light of divine purity, and he stood in the presence of that law which says "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The severity of this struggle was in proportion to his self-righteousness. The blamelessness of his life, the intensity of his natural devotion, had nourished this into vigor and surprising strength.

Calvin went to his confessor and told him not all, but as much as he dared. With a few anodynes which he received from the priest, he strove to persuade himself that his trouble was assuaged, but he found how futile was this endeavor. It was in the midst of the great billows of doubt and agony that his feet suddenly touched the bottom, and he realized that in accepting the Christ of the New Testament, he stood upon the Rock.

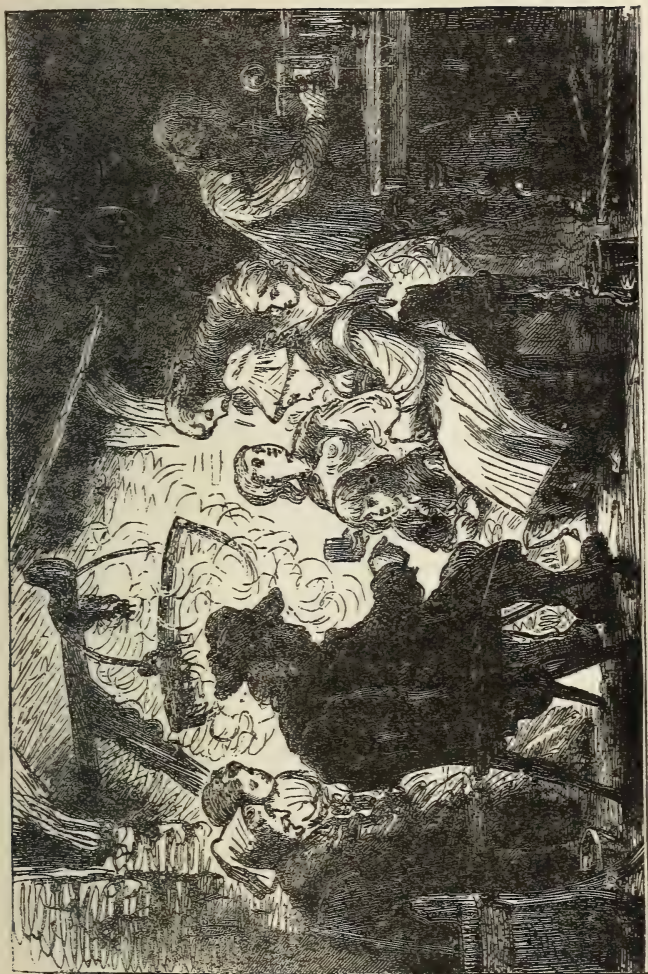
The most formidable obstacle, namely the church, which now stood in his way, was speedily removed by the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." He turned from the church to the Bible, and stood up in the liberty wherewith he had been made free, and found sweet rest after a great conflict; a placid dawn after a night of thick darkness. From the very force of his nature, Calvin became the centre of the Reformation in France, and later, the centre of the Reformation in all Christendom. To trace the successive steps of his career is to trace the movements of Protestantism during his life. He soon

leaves Paris, and directs his steps to Orleans. In that city was a famous university, and in that university a famous Professor styled "the prince of jurists," under



whose instruction Calvin began the study of jurisprudence. Sitting at the feet of this famous doctor, the future Reformer sharpened that intellect which in

days to come was to unravel so many mysteries, and dissolve the force of so many spells which enchained the souls of men. While his fellow students were noisy, and a pleasure-loving set, the purity of Calvin, untouched by soil or stain, joined to his lofty genius, made him the admiration of his comrades. We find him a little later at Bourges. Here Margaret of Valois, who had become Queen of Navarre, prepared to protect in others the gospel which she herself loved. This famous city became the centre of evangelicism. The fame of the young scholar had preceded him, and the Protestants gathered around him intreating him to become their teacher. But he was averse to assuming the office. Not that he shrank from the labors and perils, but rather from a sense of the greatness of the work, and his unworthiness to undertake it. Both his timidity and love of study held him back. He preferred a hiding place, where, safe from intrusion he might continue the pursuit of wisdom in which he delighted. Every day, however, his slender form and sallow face might be seen entering the door of a cottage, where he gathered the family around him, and opening the Bible explained to them some divine message. By and by, the city became too narrow ; his work extended to the towns and hamlets around Bourges. The palace of the noble was open as well as the cottage of the peasant. The monks tried to stop the work by imprisoning the workmen, but this was not easy in a town under the jurisdiction of Margaret of Valois. It was at this time that Calvin learned of the death of his father, and he hastened to Noyan, the place of his birth. On this journey he passed through Paris, which was just then in a state of great excitement, as a martyr's stake had recently been planted in it, and another victim was offered at the



READING THE BIBLE.

time that Calvin reached there. It is not necessary for us to go into detail here, of the executions which occurred at the Place De Grave. Prominent among these, however, is that of Berquin, who attired himself in pleasant, even in gay apparel in order that he might be presented that day at court; not that of Francis, but that of the Monarch of the Universe.

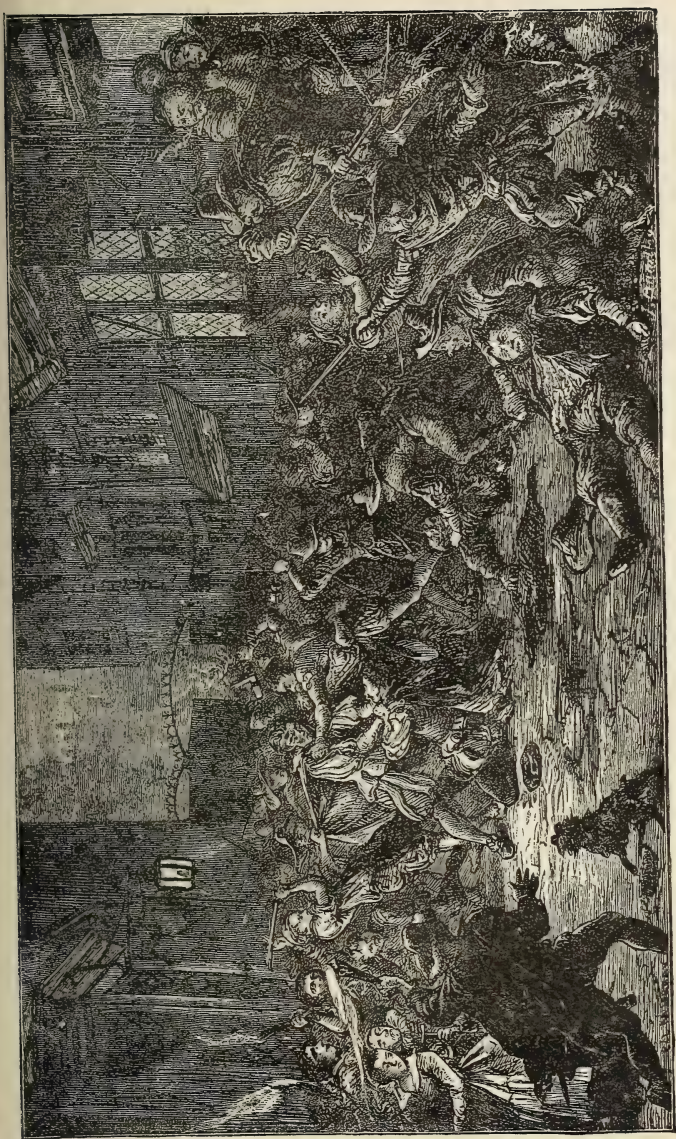
It was the monks who set the populace of Paris of 1793, the base example of stifling upon the scaffold the sacred words of the dying. The death of this martyr was not the death of the cause. The ashes of Berquin became fruitful seeds of the faith, and the mantle which fell from him as he passed up in the chariot of fire, fell on many who were standing near the spot from which he ascended. Principally upon one who looked upward through the smoky air, and seemed to hear the last words of the martyr encouraging him to take up the work where it had fallen, and spread through France and the world the truth which lives though all men die.

Calvin passed on through Paris to Noyan. Behind him the stake of Berquin in whose ashes so many hopes lay buried; before him the home of his childhood, where no longer a father's welcome awaited him. Around, in the horizon of France, the clouds rolled up from every quarter, striking terror to the hearts of those who looked upward to behold the sky lighted by the "day-spring from on high." After two months at home, Calvin quitted his native place and returned to Paris, which was at the time ringing with a warfare partly literary, partly theological. Here he gathered up the broken threads of his labors, and entered a field which seemed rapidly ripening for the harvest.

Here he pursues a similar course of instruction to that which he followed at Bourges, where he goes his

rounds in the streets and lanes, explaining the Bible in the vulgar tongue. About this time we find Francis interesting himself to a certain degree in the pursuits of literature and extending his hand to Henry VIII. of England; and Margaret, the sister of the king, believed that the hour had come when Francis and the kingdom would place themselves in the path of reform, and that no blood would again be spilled on the soil of France. Full of these hopes, her zeal and courage grew stronger day by day. Knowing that she stood near the throne, Christendom looked to her to stand between the oppressor and his victim, and prayed that she would avert so far as possible the stain of innocent blood from the hands and throne of her brother. It was her desire that the gospel should be preached in every house in France. The carnival of 1533 was ended. Francis was wearied of the whirl and excitement of the Saturnalia, and Margaret, for the time mistress of the situation, summoned Roussel, and ordered him to preach the "great tidings" to the population of Paris from his pulpits. The timid evangelist was terrified. He told her of the danger and exclaimed that he was not the man.

Margaret, however, was insistent, and issued orders that the churches of Paris should be opened to him, but the Sorbonne lifted up its voice and commanded the doors to be closed. Margaret opened a chapel in the Louvre, where each day, at a certain hour, a sermon was preached under the royal roof. Paris opened its eyes in wonder. The king's palace had been turned into a Lutheran conventicle. Many of the grandees of France, and a crowd of people of all ranks, filled the stairway and saloon, where, grouped around the preacher, stood the King and Queen of Navarre, listening to the Scrip-



MASSACRE OF THE VAUDIANS.

tures as they were expounded with clearness and great impressiveness. Day by day the crowds increased. The assembly was brilliant as it was numerous. Francis granted the request of Margaret that two of the city churches be opened, where, together with the gathering at the Louvre, the gospel was preached as fearlessly and impressively as it ever had been or has since been throughout any land. The churches were filled; drunkards became sober, the idle industrious, the disorderly peaceful, and libertines became chaste. The cry went up from the Sorbonne, "Let us burn this teacher as we burned Berquin." Neither the king nor the archbishop would grant them permission. They now set their preachers to work exciting the populace of Paris against these heretical teachers; nor was their labor in vain.

The excitable populace caught fire, and fanatical crowds paraded the streets, demanding the life of the brave Reformer. It was the crisis of France. If Paris were won, France would follow. But Paris was deaf to the voice of Truth, and from that hour the destiny of France was changed. For a moment the sun looked forth, and lo! there comes another tempest, black as night, bearing on its wings a fiery shower to scorch the miserable land. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Revolution of the eighteenth, and the Communism of the nineteenth, were but the more notable outbursts of the slowly revolving storm which for three centuries devastated the land of France.

Looking back through the course of three hundred years, it is easy for us to discern that the year 1533 was one of the grand turning-points in the history of France. Between the stake of Berquin and that of Alexander there were three years during which

the gospel was preached freely in the capital. Five thousand men and women daily passed in at the gates of the Louvre to listen to Roussel. The choice of Paris, when put to the test, was, "We will abide by the Pope," and the word of the famous city was the choice of France. In the spring of 1534 the churches of Paris were closed, sermons suppressed, three hundred Lutherans were swept off to prison, and soon to the stake of martyrdom.

Since 1529, the date of Calvin's return to Paris, he had by no means been idle, his first endeavor being to lay solidly the foundations of the Reformation which should be able to withstand all the winds of persecution which might blow against it. Leaving the knots of quarrellers upon the streets, he preferred to visit from house to house, winning attention not alone by his natural shyness, but by the sweetness of his discourse as well. It was in October, 1533 (the session of the University was to open on the first of November), when one Nicholas Cop, rector of the Sorbonne, was expected to grace the occasion with an inaugural discourse. Calvin waited on his friend Cop, and insisted that he should preach the doctrine of the Reformation, Calvin to write the discourse, and Cop to read it. The first of November arrived. The brilliant assembly entered the church, while on a bench apart sat Calvin, with an air of indifference. Cop arose, and proceeded amidst a profound silence with an oration in praise of Christian philosophy.

The key-note of the discourse was the grace of God, the sole fountain of man's renewal, pardon and eternal life. Blank astonishment was seen upon the faces of the audience. Countenances here and there kindled with delight; many listeners became uneasy in their seats; fiery glances shot from beneath sternly-knit brows, and fierce



PUNISHING PROTESTANTS. (SEE PAGE 474.)

monks exchanged whispers one with another. They saw through the disguise. It seemed to them a desecration of their festival; a blow struck at the foundations of Rome. Not a word about saints, although delivered upon All-Saints' Day. Heresy had reared its head in the very Sorbonne. Cop was denounced to the Parliament, summoned to its bar, and was immediately, while yet attired in his robes of office, led away to the palace of justice, where the pressing crowd whispered in his ear that he was marching to his death. Cop fled to Basle, and thus escaped his fiery trial. It soon became rumored that Calvin was the author of this address, and while sitting quietly in his room, he was suddenly startled by a knocking at the outer gate, and the heavy tramp of officers through the corridor. In one moment more Calvin would have been on the way to the conciergerie out of which he would only come to the stake. Some friends who had brought the alarm parleyed with the officers at the door, while others seized the sheets off the bed, twisted them into a rope, fastened it to the window, and lowered Calvin to the street.

With rapid strides he reached the suburbs, where he secured the coat of a peasant, and with a garden hoe upon his shoulder, he set forth on his journey toward safety. He passed through Tours, traversed the great plains watered by the silvery Loire, and after some weeks reached the birthplace of Margaret of Navarre. Upon arriving at Angouleme, he at once visited the family of Du Tillet, the acquaintance of whom he had made at Paris. He needed rest and time for reading and reflection. The library of this chateau was one of the finest in France, containing, it is said, more than four thousand volumes. Here he spent several weeks, and in his great thirst for knowledge, hardly stopped either to eat or sleep. Here

he began the work of his Institutes, which D'Aubigne styles the finest work of the Reformaion.

Having spent half a year in this retreat, he went northward to Poitiers. This town was only two leagues distant from the famous battle-field where the Black Prince won his memorable victory in 1556. Here, nearly two hundred years later, the humble soldier begins a greater battle, which should not only change the character of the place, but the face of Christendom for all time. Here the evangelization of France first took systematic form, by Calvin gathering around him a school of professors, lawyers, counts, tradesmen, and men of all conditions of life.

A deep and narrow ravine, through which runs a little rivulet, winds past the city, and has to this day borne the name of "Calvin's grotto." Here, while watched by the Romanists, little groups found their way beside the flowing torrent, and beneath the beetling cliffs. Here, hour after hour, the Scriptures were expounded by the young Reformer. Here, too, the first Protestant communion of the Lord's Supper was held. No chant of priest, no swell of organ accompanied the service, nothing save the expression of gratitude and devotion which arose from that rocky chamber before the throne of Heaven. As the result of his labors, there was a little congregation of Protestants growing up around him. It also became a center from which young men went out to teach the truth throughout the length and breadth of the land. One of these young men, called Vernon, was seized while crossing the Alps, and burned at Chambrey. About this time Calvin visited his birthplace for the last time.

We now meet a character who figured largely in the time of which we speak, and who has been called the hu-

man tigress of the world. Her cradle was rocked in an Italian valley, over which hung the balmiest skies, and around which towered the loveliest mountains, conspicuous among which is the classic Fiesole. Cosmo was the founder of the house from which sprung a bright-eyed girl who bore the name of Catherine de Medici. A



CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

name in itself sweet and innocent as any other, but which in the course of time became one of the most terrific in history, and the mention of which evokes only tragedy and horror.

Catherine was the daughter of Lorenzo II., and an as-

trologer was said to have foretold at her birth, that she would ruin the house from which she sprung. She grew up possessed of few good qualities, but concentrating all the bad qualities of the race to which she belonged. She had a broad understanding and a large heart, greedy of power, loving splendor, and as prodigal and lavish in her habits as Leo X., and as fond of pleasure. It mattered little who occupied the throne, Catherine was the ruler of France.

The marriage of Catherine de Medici with Henry, the the future king of France, was celebrated by Pope Clement VII., who having concluded the ceremony, returned to his own land. He had come doubly armed to the very borders of Protestantism, holding Margaret in one hand, and a bull of anathema in the other; the first of which he left as a legacy to France, the second he hurled against the Lutherans. Two countries had been united by a new link. The keys and the Fleur de Lis were joined for better or worse. Borne by gentle winds across the uneasy Gulf of Lyons, the Pontiff's galley had sailed away over a glassy sea. A shroud and a grave awaited him at Rome, while political turbulence and ecclesiastical tempests awaited in Paris the return of Henry and his young bride. He had not long been at the Vatican when he set his house in order and died on the 25th of September, 1534, having held the papal throne for ten years. The evil which he had done was not interred with his bones. His niece lived after him, and it seems that her presence darkened the light, and tainted the very soil where she moved. She was sunny as her own beautiful skies, but it seemed that a curse lurked beneath her smile. The gates of Paris indeed closed against the Reformer, but opened to the crafty woman. He who would have restored France was

chased from it. She who was to fill it with vice was welcomed with demonstrations of joy. Protestantism could never mount the throne where a woman like Catherine de Medici sat upon its steps. The two chiefs of the great drama which now opens are fairly upon the stage. The one was of humble lineage; the other of the Royal House of Tuscany. One was hidden in the solitary village among the hills of Switzerland; the other sat in a palace with the resources of a kingdom at her command. There were steps to be taken, however, before Catherine sat upon the throne, or Calvin reached Geneva.

At this time a diet was assembled at Augsburg, where Luther and Melancthon were the representatives of Protestantism, and princes were the representatives of political policy. It was the scheme of Francis to establish a bond of union for Christendom, by which Lutherism and Romanism should be combined, and over the failure of which there is no need of the present day to express sorrow. Calvin had nearly reached the age of twenty-five. We find him setting out from Poitiers at the end of April, 1534, accompanied by Du Tillet, who had espoused the cause of the young Reformer, and who had not learned that it required something stronger than personal love to enable him to believe or adhere to the gospel which Calvin preached.

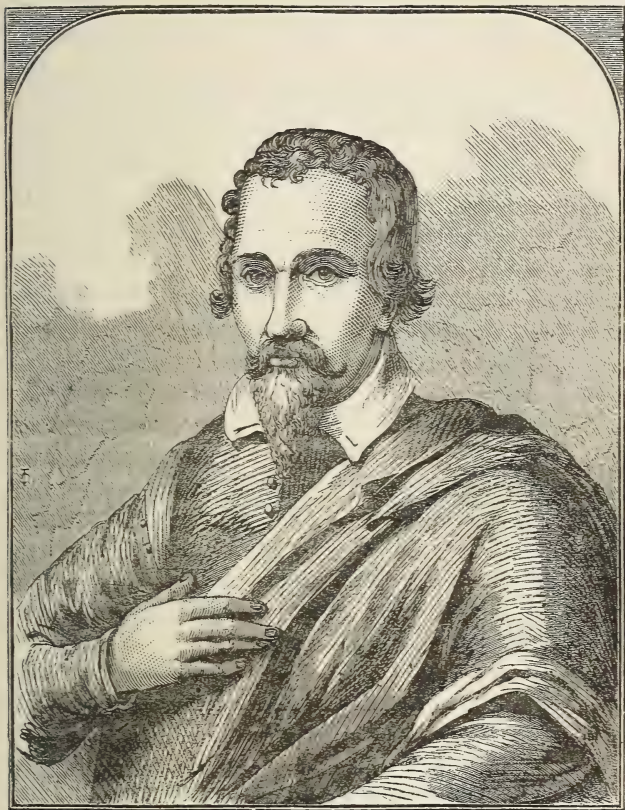
About this time Calvin met Michael Servetus, a Spaniard of the same age as Calvin, endowed with a wonderful intellect and a strong speculative turn of mind. He not only soared above Romanism, but Protestantism as well. He sought to establish a religion the corner-stone of which was simply Theism, and aimed his stroke at the very heart of Christianity as contained in the doctrine of the Trinity. Confident not only of his system but of his

ability to establish it, he had for years led the life of a knight, wandering through the various countries, seeking those with whom he could battle. Having heard of Calvin, he threw down the gage to him, and Calvin fearing that if he should decline to come to the front, it would be interpreted as a confession that Protestants rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, he accepted Servetus's challenge.

We now stand upon the threshold of the era of martyrdoms. Councils assembled to discuss the question of the union of Christendom, but the young Protestant Church was little disposed to shape its policy by the wishes or maxims of the court. They believed little in the professions of respect made by Francis I., nor did the inconsistent humors of the dissolute monarch inspire faith. To consign a Romanist to prison to-day, and burn a Calvinist to-morrow, was hardly considered a proof of impartiality.

So the years glided away, and the Reformation tarried, A bolt was forged in Switzerland commonly accredited to Farel; but its trenchant eloquence, burning scorn, and terrible energy could hardly have been imparted by him alone. It was not a logical thesis, it was not a dogmatic tract; it resembled more a torrent of scathing fire; a tempest which gathered in awful darkness and exploded in flashes which radiated the whole heavens. The paper was called "True articles on the horrible, great and intolerable abuses of Popish mass, invented in direct opposition to the holy supper of our Lord and only Mediator and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The document was printed in two forms; the first, in placards to be posted on the walls of the towns, and the second, in small slips to be scattered about the streets. One Ferrit bore these papers from Switzerland to France. Many in the little

assembly which read these documents for the first time, shrank from the responsibility of publishing a denunciation so terrible. It might answer for Switzerland, but



MICHAEL SERVETUS.

France was not Switzerland. The majority, however, were impatient of delay, and it was decided that the paper should be published. The kingdom was divided into

districts, and persons were appointed to undertake the hazardous task of posting these placards. A night was selected in which the work was to be done throughout the entire nation. It was fixed for the 24th of October, 1534.

The eventful night drew on ; the dusk deepened into darkness, darkness into the silence of deserted streets. One by one these terrible placards found a place upon the walls of the Louvre, the gates of the Sorbonne, the doors of the churches, and throughout the rural towns and highways of the Kingdom. France had suddenly become transformed into a gigantic scroll, and an invisible finger had covered it with terrible writing. When morning broke, and men throughout the city and town came forth at the doors of the houses, the mysterious placard stared them in the face. Little groups gathered around each paper. Groups swelled into crowds. Some read with approbation, some with horror. Others were transported with rage, and frightful rumors began to circulate among the masses. The priests, however, were not greatly displeased. For a long time they had been waiting to strike a heavy blow. The opportunity had presented itself. The storm had burst. The king summoned his Parliament to execute swift justice. He commanded his officers to bring to trial every one suspected of being concerned in this business. Suspicion at once fell upon a poor Protestant, a sheath-maker by trade, as having been concerned in the posting of the placards. At all events, he would know the Protestants most likely to be interested in the undertaking. He was told that the King was aware that he knew every Lutheran in Paris, and that he must conduct the officers to their doors. He refused to do this, and was told that he must repair immediately to the scaffold. Terrified by this horrible

fate, he became a betrayer. The King's lieutenant, one Morin by name, endeavored now to throw his net so as to enclose all the Protestants in the city. He accordingly arranged a procession of the Corpus Christi, on the pretence of expiating the affront put upon the Holy Sacrament. The houses were draped in black along the line of the procession. The traitor and the lieutenant walked together in advance of the cortége, and when they came opposite a house where a Protestant resided, the sheath-maker without saying a word, stopped and made a sign. The officers entered the house, manacled the inmates, and led them away.

Onward through the streets of Paris passed the strange multitude. The crowd of on-lookers increased as did the mournful train of victims. It was the first day of the Reign of Terror. Tidings spread throughout the city that the "Lieutenant Criminal" was abroad. Fear marched before him, lamentation and cries of sorrow followed in his train. No distinction was made among those suspected. Neither sex nor nationality were exempt. It was now that the Parliament and Sorbonne determined to put an end to the King's intercourse with German and English Protestants. To accomplish this they endeavored to maintain popular indignation at a white heat. It was necessary to attribute to the Protestants the most atrocious designs. They were accused of seeking the life of the King, the overthrow of the Monarchy, the destruction of society itself. It was said that they had determined to destroy Paris until there should not be one stone left upon another, and make of the fair fields of France a barren desert. Neither then nor since, has a fragment of proof of such a design ever been produced.

Three hundred years have passed away: Protestant-

ism is well nigh stamped out in France, but neither thrones nor republics have found stability in the hearts of the people, nor has the nation found an hour of tranquility. Thrones have been overturned; the blood of nobles and priests has been spilled like water. Public monuments have turned to ashes; the sword of the assassin has carried terror from end to end of France; and to-day the descendants of those who raised the false cry against the Protestants are seeking with torch and sword the overthrow of all social conditions, and the banishment of God from the Universe. The first of that company gathered by Morin who trod the path from the prison to the stake, and from the stake to the crown, was Bartholomew Millom; a poor paralytic through whose death they hoped to throw an air of derision over the martyrs and their cause. A slow fire awaited him at the Place de Grave, but he bore the tortures with admirable courage., and no words but those of peace fell from his lips. The next day De Bourg, a wealthy tradesman, was taken from prison to his own house. He had his hand cut off, and was then taken to the Halles where he was burnt alive, on the 18th of November.

As day followed day, each had its victim; Roussel, Berthaud and Courault, the favorite preachers of the Queen of Navarre, barely escaped. Hundreds fled to places of safety beyond the Alps, choosing exile rather than the stake. The planting of stakes did not, however, satisfy the thirst for blood. A grand procession was arranged to come off on the 21st of January, 1535, the horrors of which make the day famous through all time, as it was the act not only of the king, but of the nation itself.

The day arrived and crowds poured into the city. In front of the Louvre as early as six in the morning, the procession was marshalled. The white gown of the

Dominican, the coarse brown gown of the Franciscan, the funnel-shaped cowl of the Capuchin were seen in the procession. Following the monks, walked the priests and canons of the city. Relics of saints, the head of St. Louis, a bit of the true cross, a crown of thorns, one of the nails, the swaddling clothes of Christ, the purple robe, the towel with which he girded himself at supper, the spear which pierced his side ; all these were borne in the procession. In the midst of this grand show was carried the Host, by the Bishop of Paris, under a magnificent canopy. Immediately following was the king, who wore no crown nor robe of state, but walked on foot with uncovered head. He was there in the character of a mourner. He mourned not for the debaucheries that filled his court, nor for the righteous blood that stained the streets of his city. He did no penance for violated oaths or forgotten promises ; solely did he suffer for all those of his subjects who dared to attack the mass, and publish their protest against blasphemy and idolatry. Later in the day the king delivered a speech in which he called upon all loyal subjects to extirpate the wicked creatures who would blaspheme the mass. He called upon all as he was their king, to deliver up father, mother or child, if they had become spotted with this heresy. The people swore to him an oath to live and die in the Catholic faith.

Later in the day the procession passed by the church where now stands the Pantheon. In this great square scaffolds had been erected on which the subjects of France were to be burned alive, their fagots to be lighted on the approach of the king who was to witness their execution. The method by which some were to suffer was most ingenious in torture. An upright beam was planted in the ground to which another beam was at-

tached crosswise, worked by a pulley and rope. The martyr was fastened to one end of the beam by his hands which were tied behind him. He was raised into the air and then let down into a slow fire underneath him. After a minute or two of broiling he was raised again and let drop a second time. This was continued until the ropes were burned away and he fell amidst the burning coals, where he gave up the ghost. The first to be brought forward for the entertainment of the king was one Nicholus Valeton. He was followed by two other martyrs; the king and all the procession remaining to witness the cruel sport, expressing the wish the victims feel themselves die. The procession moved from the church toward the Louvre, and the scene of part of this tragedy is no doubt not very far from the spot where, two hundred and fifty years later, the scaffold was erected for Louis XVI. and twenty-eight hundred other victims at the Revolution. Scaffolds were prepared along the entire line of march, and before the procession reached the Louvre more victims were added to the number.

Immediately after this procession Francis I. attempted to negotiate with the German Protestants. In excuse for his acts the king claimed that he had not been burning Lutherans, but executing traitors. He offered Melancthon inducements to take up his abode in Paris. The king, no doubt, determined to crush heresy, and the men of letters who were gathered at his court, fearing their words might be construed into heresy, quitted Paris lest their blood should mingle with that of the believers in the Reformed faith. Francis declared printing abolished throughout France, under pain of the gallows. It became necessary for Margaret of Valois, the king's sister, to withdraw, knowing that even the palace would be insufficient to protect her from the stake.

Charles I. with his court, and Charles V. with his armies, were strong powers moving across the stage with great noise and magnificent display, but Calvin at this time was no less real than they, and half a century had not passed before his strength and their impotence were manifest to every reader of history. Changes have effaced the traces left by these great monarchs, but Calvin's work endures and goes forward with the ages. We now find him in Strasburg, a city which stood like a mailed warrior where the great roads of Northern Europe intersect one another. It was not alone the battle-ground of France, Germany and the Rhine Provinces, but it discharged a friendly office to the persecuted children of the Reformation ; it was a free city, and offered asylum to exiles from the adjoining countries.



CHAPTER XXXI.

CALVIN AT STRASBURG.

Calvin found at Strasburg, Bucer, Capito, and Hedio, earnest reformers like himself, who had been living there for some time. Their views of the Reformation, and ideas, lacked depth and comprehensiveness, while their scheme of the Reformation was narrow and defective. Calvin relished their piety and learning, however, without accepting the path which they followed, midway between Wittenberg and Rome. This path it was impossible for Calvin to understand; to him there were two ideas, a true and a false; there could be, therefore, but two paths, and the attempt to make a third was, in his judgment, to walk entirely in the road which led to Rome. It is necessary to state that all of the great minds of the Reformation were with Calvin on this point.

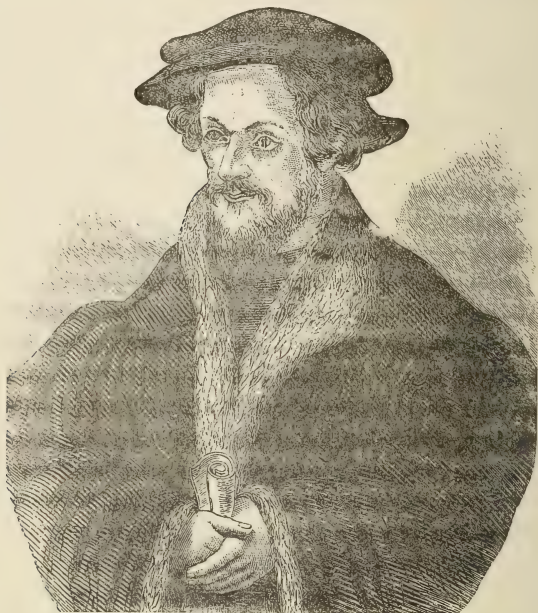
Calvin wearied of hearing, day after day, plans which, at their best, could have only patched and soldered together a hopeless and rotten system. Leaving Strasburg, he followed the course of the Rhine to Basle. This famous city forms the gate of Switzerland, as one enters it from Germany. Much as the scene presents itself to the tourist of to-day, so did it appear to Calvin more than three centuries ago. The stream which rolled its milk-white flood to the sea had borne the ashes of Huss and Jerome, to bury them grandly in the ocean. The crescent-like line of buildings, and the long wooden bridge that spans the Rhine; the minster towers, beneath whose shadow Æcolampadius already rested from his labor; the emerald

valleys, sunny glades, and the tall pines on the eastern hills; while away in the south, the azure tops of the Jura peering over the landscape, presented the same beautiful picture as to-day. Troubled was the world around him. Tempests of ambition, battles and stakes made it by no means a pleasant dwelling-place. It stood out in strong contrast to this quiet valley. The distant peaks spoke words of peaceful welcome to the weary-hearted exile, and here he began to compose his *Institutes*. Calvin found an obscure corner, where he could work without interruption. A few earnest men he sought, whose society he enjoyed, but being inflexibly bent on the great ends for which he had come, he made few acquaintances.

While Calvin was pursuing his studies in his quiet at Basle, dreadful tidings reached him from the Rhine, — early tidings of individual martyrs, then of wholesale barbarities. The news plunged him into profound sorrow. He vividly realized the scenes which wrung so many hearts with anguish; he had but recently trodden the streets where these tragedies were enacted; he knew the men who were enduring cruel deaths; in their houses he had sat at their tables; in the sanctuary he had held sweet converse with them concerning the things of God. He could no longer be silent.

It is not necessary for us to enter into elaborate details regarding the construction of the first edition of Calvin's *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. During the centuries which preceded Calvin, the world had been filled with theories and systems, consisting of abstraction piled upon abstraction, speculation upon speculation, ever straying farther from the true source, the revelation of God. There was much investigation, but little knowledge. Both Luther and Calvin discarded the favorite philosophy of the times, and adopted what might be termed the method

of Bacon, although Bacon had not yet been born. Calvin took his stand upon the open field of revelation, and proceeded to build up a system of knowledge upon it. He accepted God as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and as found in the human conscience. This was the beginning.



MELANCTHON.

this was the end. Luther was not a great systematizer; Melancthon was more logical in his work. Each subsequent confession of faith, as established by the Diets, was more systematic than the former. Much remained for Calvin, to thoroughly systematize doctrines as set forth in the confessions of faith established by the councils of the Diets which had preceded him. Calvin had the

rare faculty of taking his reader by the hand, and leading him around the entire territory of truth, showing him its strength and grandeur ; its height and solidity ; its gates, by which it is approached ; the order which reigns within ; the glory of God, which illuminates it ; the river of life by which it is watered. His survey of the supernatural truth was more complete than any which had been given to the world at that time. His system was not without error ; Calvin himself did not maintain that it was. Neither was it a caricature, as some of his followers have presented it. Calvin found himself face to face with tremendous facts ; such as God's sovereignty and man's freedom. Both he maintained and believed, the one as firmly as the other. He did not attempt to reconcile the two, and left the question to be solved by deeper researches and the fuller light of ages yet to come.

The first edition of the *Institutes* contained only six chapters. It is curious to note that the publication of the work was in the mid-year of Calvin's life. Twenty-seven years had he spent in preparing for it and writing it : twenty-seven years did he continue to expand and perfect it. It was a strong arm that uplifted before the world the banner which, thrown loose upon the winds, made a rallying-point for the children of the Reformation. His book became the most powerful of preachers. Its style was flexible, transparent, and powerful. The free and majestic march of his thoughts finds words of fitting simplicity and grandeur, and without conscious effort arranges the great truths in harmonious periods. "In giving France a religion, Calvin at the same time gave France a language."

It is necessary for us to turn our thoughts from the stage where Protestantism has been jostled by dukes, prelates, and emperors ; where, amidst the blaze of state

pageantries, it has signalized its victories with flame-wrought shrouds and martyr stakes, to the little town whose name history had hardly deigned to mention, and whose size was almost annihilated by the mighty mountains amidst which it had nestled.

The stage is narrow, and stripped of all pomp. We must view Protestantism as a principle in itself, great in its sublimity and power, mighty in those impulses by which it is sent abroad, yet occupying as its centre the extremely limited area known as the city of Geneva.

It is in a valley, with the Jura on one side, and the snowy Alps on the other, at the foot of the mirror-like Lake Lemán. The little town looks down upon placid waters, and beholds itself mirrored clearly but not grandly. Far away, the gigantic piles of the Alps, and the glistening brow of Mont Blanc seem to bend over the city which they guard.

Voltaire sneeringly said, as the diminutive size of the city provoked his sarcasm, "When I dress my peruke, I powder the whole republic." The Emperor Paul sarcastically gave rise to the well-known phrase, when he referred to the struggles of its citizens, as "a tempest in a teapot."

Small, however, as the town was, it brought pallor into the face of monarchs. From the mighty grasp of emperors it plucked the sceptre, and showed the world what may be done to perpetuate the sway of even a small people, by making itself the metropolis of moral and spiritual power.

We will not attempt to go into the past, but accept her as she is at the moment Calvin enters her now historic gates.

On the 15th of September, 1525, Charles III., Duke of Savoy, surprised Geneva with a numerous host, and cap-

tured it. Summoning a council which accepted at his hands vows of allegiance to the city, which allegiance was extorted from the citizens with the axes of the halberdiers suspended over their heads, the vow given to-day was broken to-morrow. Influenced by a mysterious fear, the duke left the city, never again to enter it. The patriots, who had fled upon the entrance of Charles, carried the fire of their patriotism to other cities, where they not only came in contact with hearts burning with the same aspirations, but had the opportunity to study the higher models of freedom among those with whom they had come in contact. When they returned, a year later, after the flight of the Duke, a new era returned with them. Geneva, from its geographical position, was important in the great struggle for Swiss liberty. As it was the extreme southern settlement, barring the road of the invader from Italy, it was important that chivalry and devotion be stimulated, in order to hold this Swiss Thermopylæ against the southern invader.

Geneva had taken a long stride toward independence. The duke had fled across the mountains, to return no more. Bern and Friburg had formed allegiance with it. The spirited citizens ignored the sceptre of prince-bishop, and the pope realized that the day had come when his own powerful rod was likely to be plucked from his hand and broken in pieces by the strength and purity of a liberty-loving people.

We have met already Farel, descending from the mountains of Dauphiné, and entering himself a pupil at the Sorbonne. We have already followed him, an exile from France, as he turned his steps toward Switzerland. It will be remembered that this is the second Reformation within the borders of this little country. The first we have traced ; beginning with the preaching of Zwingle, and

ending with his death, when the sword gave the victory to Romanism.

Farel entered Switzerland in 1526, where he mounted the pulpit with a bold look, a voice of thunder, and a burning eye. His words, rapid, eloquent, and stamped with the majesty of truth, touched the hearts of those who were already prepared to take the Bible for their guide. Priests and people raised a great clamor, but the lords of the district sent a commission to Farel, empowering him to explain the Scriptures to the people. Tumult followed tumult. A tempest seemed gathering, but Farel was undismayed. Wishing to prevent bloodshed, he left Aigle, where he had been preaching, and took his way toward some other part of this beautiful but benighted land. Whither should he go?

Lausanne was a city of great importance. Tall cathedral towers soared aloft from their commanding site. Thither he directed his steps, but only to be repulsed. Turning aside, he traversed the country which divides the Lemman from the Lake of Neuchâtel, and arrived at Morat.

The majority of the citizens, after hearing him preach, decided to abide by Rome. He retraced his steps, and presented himself a second time at Lausanne. Again was he forced to leave the city and search for other fields. He presented himself before the gates of Neuchâtel.

The revelry and riot of this city were notorious. In the midst of their banqueting and scandals, their indulgences and state pomp, they were startled by a man of small stature, stentorian voice, and glittering eye, who preached to them a religion not from Rome, but from the Bible.

The men with shaven crowns were astonished at his doctrine. When their indignation found voice, they cried, "Let us beat out his brains!" "Duck him, duck him!" cried others. Far above all this clamor, Farel's

voice was heard, ringing through the wildernesses of their consciences, and his preaching was felt to be no idle tale.

With the power of his eloquence, Neuchâtel was carried by storm. Having kindled the fire which he knew nothing could extinguish, Farel passed on to evangelize the whole country round about, where, throughout the winter of 1530, cold, hunger, and weariness were his constant companions.

In October, 1532, Farel, accompanied by Saunier, realized his long-cherished desire of visiting Geneva. The next day after entering the city he preached twice, and was listened to by the *élite* of the citizens, and by the multitude thirsting for the Gospel in its purity. He preached to them the absolutely free forgiveness of sinners, based on the ground of a perfect expiation of human guilt. This was in direct opposition to the pardon of the pope, which had to be bought with money or penances. "This," exclaimed Farel, "is the Gospel; this, and nothing short, is liberty, as it is the enfranchisement of the whole man, body and conscience."

Old Geneva passed away under the melting eloquence of his words, and in its place came a new Geneva, which the pope could not circumvent, nor the arm of the emperor subdue. The two preachers were summoned before the town council, and their acquittal awakened the fears of the priests, and with their fears grew also their anger.

The tempests which arose around them on all sides were indeed terrible. Whenever they appeared a mob followed them, brandishing weapons, hissing and howling, until it seemed that they must die upon the spot. It became necessary for them to seek another place. Farel was too powerful, and had too great prestige to begin the work. The seeds must be sown with a gentler hand; they must grow up in a quiet atmosphere, and not until they have

taken root can the winds be allowed to blow. A comet blazed forth in their sky, and it portended war.

A young man by the name of Frémont established himself as a teacher in Geneva. Hiring a small room, he taught the children of the schools, and the children taught their parents when they returned home. Thus the work began, so was it continued. The workmen retired, but the work went on. The people read the Scriptures, and chose a pastor to preach to them; and in the walled garden just beside the city gates, a little band of laborers celebrated the supper of our Lord, after the manner of the Reformers.

The sun rising over the Alps shed its first rays upon this gathered company, singing with faith and fervor, —

“ His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs, His voice,”

and here was celebrated the first communion in Geneva. But that morning song sounded the death-knell of the papacy; the three warriors who were able to batter down the strongholds of Rome had now gathered within the walls of the little city.

Farel had returned, Viret, and Frémont; these form an army, wielding the sword of the Spirit, clad in the panoply of light, and uttering words, the echoes of which spread outward to France, to England, to Germany. Wherever the sound of their voices is wafted the friends of the Gospel and of liberty look up, while the adherents of Rome hang their heads, as if in the presence of a terrible disaster.

Geneva has become Protestant in its faith. The Protestants were forbidden to destroy images by the council of the city; the Catholics were enjoined to cease from the

celebration of the Mass. This was the first political step of the Reformation.

On the 27th of August, 1535, the Mass ceased to be said in the churches and convents, and from that day forward Farel and his colleagues dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and performed other rites of the church freely. The victory, though great, did not terminate the war.

The duke, roused to fury, blockaded it on all sides, and threatened to reduce by famine the strength of these haughty burghers, who had dared to be true to their convictions of right.

It was not until the 13th of January, 1536, that the council of Bern resolved to declare war upon the duke, and aid the suffering city; on the 16th they issued a proclamation of war; on the 22d their army of six thousand began their march.

Dangers around Geneva thickened. Rich citizens kept their granaries closed, and within, famine stared them in the face. Suffice it to say, that when the attempt was made by the besieging army to scale the walls, the courageous Genevese engaged with double their number of assailants, courageously held their ground, and successfully defended themselves, without the loss of a man.

Disaster after disaster followed the duke's army as it fled from Geneva, followed as it was by the loyal cohorts of Bern. When the men of Bern ceased following, enemies seemed to start up from all sides of the duke. The King of France declared war against him, and succeeded in securing the kingdoms of Savoy and Piedmont.

An edict issued on the 27th of August, 1535, proclaimed Protestantism as the religion of Geneva, but the decree did not make it so. The great task of making the people Protestant was yet to be done. Although many

loved the Gospel for its own sake, it was necessary to make the lives as well as the professions of the people Protestant. This was a work of time.

The first confession of faith consisted of twenty-one articles, and was sworn to by all the citizens of the city. It was composed by Farel and Calvin, who had then joined him.

It is interesting to note that it was with feelings of mis-giving that Farel for the first time looked upon the author of the *Institutes*. He beheld a man small of stature and of sickly mien, with shoulders seemingly ill-fitted for the Atlas-like burden to be borne.

Here in this little city, the calm lake at its feet, the glories of the distant mountains in the sky, Calvin lived for twenty-eight years, and here he fell asleep, when his work was done, to rest on the banks of the river whose "arrowy" stream he had so often crossed.

Those who have ever stood in the cathedral where Calvin preached, or was "appointed to give lessons on the Scriptures," those who have sat in his chair, will have little difficulty in bringing before the imagination the man whose rare genius for organization and system, whose profound wisdom, calm strength, and sublimity of principle, carried his name on through three hundred years of history, and left it still bright and imperishable.

He was not long in compiling a brief and comprehensive creed, and adding to it a catechism adapted to adults. He cared not for lifting up of hands in solemn oath to abide by the *Institutes* of the reformed faith; he cared more for the bowing of hearts, and that faith which worketh righteousness. He took the Jewish theocracy for his model, and set to work to frame the republic.

At the same time, the essential distinction was made between things civil and things ecclesiastical, and these

things were placed in distinct jurisdiction. However, Calvin was more successful with the ecclesiastical than with the civil authority. He held a distinction, but by no means a separation. At least there should be, in his mind, an alliance between the ecclesiastical and civil power, but each should act independently in its own domain, with mutual respect and mutual support.

Calvin's theological code was followed by one of morals. They had known little of discipline for centuries. The clergy had been profligate, the government tyrannical, and, as a consequence, the people were demoralized. The rules now framed in the Genevese republic forbade games of chance, oaths and blasphemies, dances and masquerades. Of course it is to be understood that these dances were of the most lascivious and disgusting character. Youths paraded the streets at certain seasons quite naked, or in masques representing the god Bacchus, dancing and singing ribald songs. Many of these practices had been vainly forbidden under severe penalties previous to the time of Calvin. The hours of public houses were shortened, and people were ordered to be at home by nine o'clock at night. The British government at this day adopts the principles of the Genevan regulations regarding gambling, indecent pictures and plays, and similar immoralities, even as does America.

This second battle, which was with the vices of the people, was more difficult of victory. The citizens considered it enough that they had shed their blood to have the Gospel preached to them, without being put into the scales of righteousness, where they were so often found wanting.

While the troubles consequent upon these reforms were convulsing the city, another invasion threatened it. Their old enemies renewed their attempts to recover Geneva.

The government of Bern interfered in the direction of affairs, which still further aggravated the condition of the besieged city.

The famous quarrel of the Libertines reached its climax on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1538, when both Farel and Calvin joined in the protest against the desire of the Libertines for the use of unleavened bread in the administration of the Lord's Supper.

The two men who stood together in this crisis were of the same spirit, but greatly unlike in their office. Farel was an orator; Calvin was a reasoner. The first swayed masses by the tide of his eloquence in terrible invectives and denunciation; his passion was like the thunder-storm of the Alps. Calvin, however, never thundered; but there was a terrible calmness in his passionless reason. He was apart, and above all around him; above fear, and above even the council, whose authority was dwarfed before the moral majesty which seemed to clothe the man.

On this Easter evening he began his sermon in the presence of unsheathed swords; his eyes were dazzled by the gleam of naked blades. Infuriated men pressed forward to the pulpit, but the stroke which would have ended not only the life of Calvin and the career of Geneva, but the new movement of the Reformation, did not fall. He who had scattered the power of emperors when their armies stood in bright and glittering array before him, hushed the clamors of the furious mobs, and those who came to murder sheathed their swords and went quietly to their homes.

On the following day, the council banished Farel and Calvin from Geneva. Before being condemned, however, Calvin asked to be heard in his own defence, but his request was refused.

It is worth while to note at this point that the principle

upon which Calvin stood so firmly, and which resulted in his banishment from Geneva, was simply the question as to whom the sacrament should be administered. It was not the question of unleavened bread, but it was that of administering the sacrament to Libertines and those whose lives were unholy in every particular.

The banishment of Calvin could not beat down the principle. Being divine in itself, it would not perish under the blows of unholy men.

“Holy things are not to be given to the unholy.” This principle was overborne for the moment, and in the person of Calvin was driven from Geneva; but it raised itself again, and fifteen years later re-entered Geneva, to be crowned with victory.

Calvin visited Strasburg, where he preached as a pastor, and lectured every day on theological science. The fame of his lectures drew the students from many countries, until Strasburg threatened to rival Wittemberg as a school of theology.

He labored without remuneration, and suffered extremely from poverty. Painful as it must have been, he wrote to Farel, saying that he did not possess a farthing.

It is necessary for us to pass over the movements of the Church of Rome in relation to Geneva, and the power which Calvin, though banished, continued to exert for its protection. Calvin had become the centre of the great movement — occupying a position somewhat difficult and perilous.

It is clear to both parties that unless the breach which divided Romanism from Protestantism be healed now, the controversy must grow into a bitter and sanguinary war, prolonged through years of struggle.

Twenty-five years have passed away in efforts to suppress Protestantism, and during this time the record shows little but a series of defeats.

If disputations were held they only exposed the weakness of the old and the vigor of the new ; conferences only wrung some unwilling concession from the feeble party : fiery stakes became the seeds from which new martyrs sprung.

Combinations by which they sought to strike heavy blows were betrayed, or the ominous figure of the Turk started up to startle Rome. So her plans came to nothing. The bow was always broken just as the arrow was about to be let fly.

Nearly one half of the European states had opened their Bibles, and with their right hand raised to heaven exclaimed, " I protest." Everywhere men were in revolt against the ancient sway of Rome. The mother-tongue of every nation became dear to the people. Luther's pen darted flashes of light over Europe while all the fire of Calvin's *Institutes* illumined every nation.

Keen-disciplined intellects, ready to expose a sophism and confront a falsehood, to laugh at folly and ridicule arrogance, gathered around the two great chiefs, Luther and Calvin.

The spirit which underlay the principle of Protestantism enabled the disciples to face the rack, the stake, and the scaffold without quailing. Against such it was difficult to fight.

On the 25th of June, 1540, a convention was held at Hagenau. It was adjourned to meet at Worms on October 28 ; but on the third day after it had assembled, there came letters from the emperor dissolving it, and summoning it to meet with greater solemnity at Ratisbon, in January, 1541. It was not, however, until April that the convention opened.

Although conceding much, the Romanists adhered strongly to their doctrine of the Church and of the

Lord's Supper. It was impossible that the Protestants and Romanists should meet at this point. The stupendous mystery of transubstantiation—the Roman sphinx, whose mystery both the Popish and Protestant worlds have attempted to resolve—confronted them. The riddle is still unread; the mystery still stands unsolved, as it did in the day of the Ratisbon convention. It was during this convention that the veteran Doctor Eck, having been worsted in an argument by Melancthon, drank so deep at supper that not only his sense of discomfiture was drowned, but he contracted a fever which kept him from taking further part in the debates.

The Diet was dissolved without accomplishing its purpose, by the emperor's declaration that a general council would speedily convene for the settlement of all the religious differences in Christendom.

We cannot grieve that unity failed. A union on only such terms as were then possible would have closed the career of Protestantism. The Church of Rome had become morally bankrupt. The nations had lost faith in her. Pantheism had been springing up throughout three centuries, and but for the moral breakwater which Luther and Calvin erected, the end of the sixteenth century would have been flooded, if not drowned, in a wave of pantheistic thought.

Let it be distinctly understood here that the Protestant movement did not weaken the angry feelings of the nations of which Rome was the object; it mitigated them and diverted them into the channel of scriptural reformation. Unhappily Rome mistook her friends for her foes; and those who wish to realize what might have been had not Protestantism survived, may read the answer in those countries where it was suppressed, and on whose shores

the oft-recurring tempests of revolution still show that within it are principles of eternal unrest.

The reformation by Luther had now culminated. One great principle had been planted in the hearts of men, — “salvation by grace.”

Instead of forming a church and a religious unity the German reformation was passing into political action, and running to seed. A new centre we find gathering itself around Calvin.

The movement has again resumed its course. Public feeling had for some time been undergoing a change on the banks of the Leman. The Libertines and Anabaptists, encouraged by the defeat which Calvin had sustained, grew more and more ungovernable, until tumult ran riot, and the year 1539 witnessed the most outrageous saturnalia. The helpless council repented of its act.

On the 21st of September, 1540, the council began to devise means to secure the return of the reformer. On the 20th of October it passed an order, “to send to Strasbourg to fetch Master Jean Calvinus, who is very learned, to be our minister in this city.”

Three several delegations were sent to entreat the return of the man whom two years before the city had chased from its gates with threats of death. It was a critical moment not alone in Calvin's history, but that of Christendom. The repentant city opens its gates. Shall he go back?

He could not forget the contradictions, perils, and insults which had filled the years which he had spent there. Shall he return to the bed of torture? He was exquisitely strung, naturally shy, sensitive, and tender. The low arts and coarse abuse of his rough, unprincipled companions bruised and stung him to the quick. He sought for sympathy and love, but he knew he would not find them in Geneva.

Loaded with many marks of honor by the city of Strasburg, he began his journey, halting occasionally by the way for the solace and the society of friends he most loved, or again to settle differences which had sprung up in some little flock through which he passed. He entered the gates of Geneva, his pale face lighted up with an earnest look, and his eagle eye, clear and watchful as though he saw the end of his labors even if it be through centuries yet to come. A day or two after his arrival, the great bell of Saint Clemence rung out its peal over city, lake, and the adjoining country, calling all devout worshippers around the pulpit of Saint Clemence.

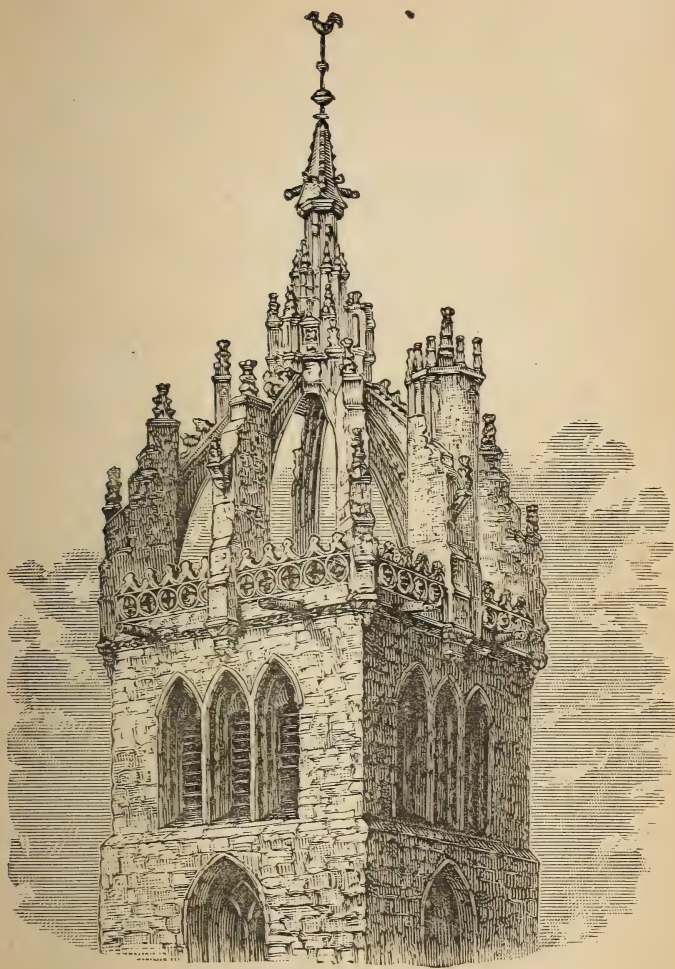
His first demand was for the erection of a court of morals, or ecclesiastical discipline, declaring that the Church could not hold together unless it had a settled form of government, agreed upon by its members, and such as is prescribed in the Word of God.

So rapidly did Calvin labor that early in November his project was adopted by the council of two hundred, and on the 20th by the assembly of the people.

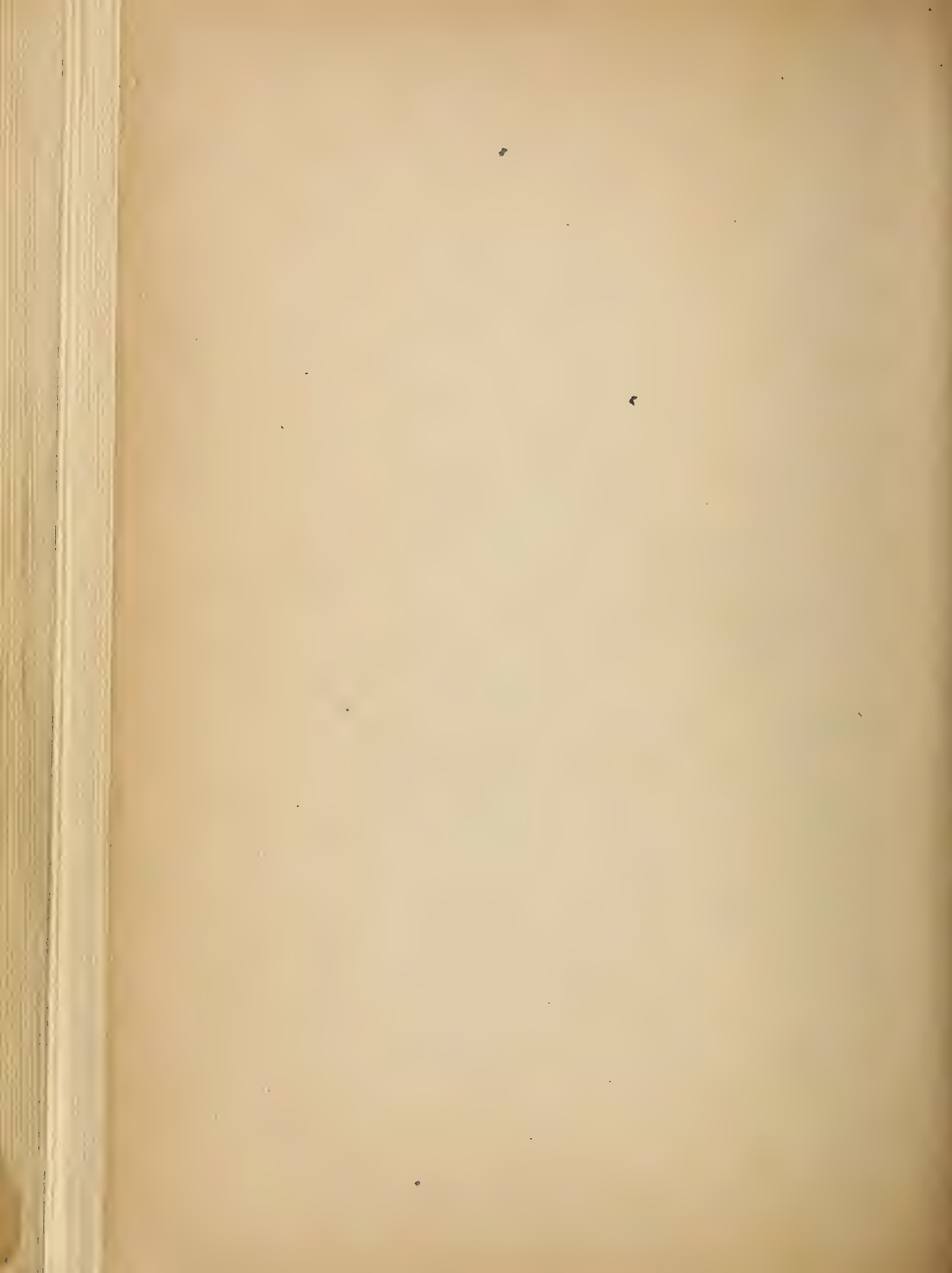
CHAPTER XXXII.

CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

We have now come within the shadow of a great tragedy. It has been looked at with horror throughout the centuries which have intervened. It is considered both as a disgrace and as an homage to Protestantism. It called forth no condemnation from the age in which it occurred, and not a few of the personal enemies of Calvin have pronounced it just, and necessary to the preservation of peace and the advancement of religious truth. We abhor it naturally because of the advance of toleration and charity during the last three hundred years. Could we appreciate the past more fully, we would not condemn without some qualifications the violent death of Michael Servetus. In the course of our story we have met him and described him as a Spaniard, born in the same year with Calvin, endowed with a lively and fantastic genius, an active but illogical mind, a defective judgment, and an inordinate ambition. He had studied law, divinity, medicine, and dabbled in astrology. He had a most distinguished career as a lecturer, in Paris, on the physical sciences, and later appeared in Dauphiné as a medical practitioner. It is said that he anticipated the great discovery of Harvey of the circulation of the blood. Full twenty years of his life were spent wandering up and down in Christendom, visiting Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, venting his notions, unsettling men's minds, and offending all with whom he came in contact by his



TOWER OF ST. GILES.



pride and dissimulation. He thought that he had received a commission to remodel the world, and change the foundation as well as the source of all knowledge. In the course of his mental peregrinations, Christianity became the object of his settled dislike and his most virulent attacks. But the doctrine of the Trinity received his most malignant shafts. He had renounced Romanism in his youth, but the Reformation could not satisfy his ideal; like many at the present day, he held that Christianity belonged to a lost age. He desired to initiate Calvin into his new system, by which he was to restore the world. He offered him the position of leader in the great movement by which mankind were to enter the grand domain of truth. He sent him a volume full of "stupendous and unheard-of things," in which Calvin saw only stupendous follies. It was evident to the logical mind of the Reformer that Servetus had adopted the pantheistic creed, and that, in the unsettled condition of Church and State in Geneva, its prevalence there would sweep away the basis on which the Republic had been founded. Any attempt on the part of Servetus to propagate his doctrine in Geneva would necessarily result in the choice between a pantheistic and a theocratic Republic, between Servetus and the Reformation.

Of course, Calvin did not hesitate to avow his preference for the Protestant over the pantheistic belief, and he declared that should Servetus attempt to visit Geneva, he should not depart alive. We must bear in mind that it was the universal opinion of the age that heresy should be punished by the sword of the Magistrate, as it was a crime against civil order. The words of Calvin naturally fill us with horror, and yet the truth is we know of no Reformer at that age who would, under the circumstances, have done differently. It is a fact that this doom which

the Reformers awarded to others, they accepted for themselves, should their teaching prove contrary to the Faith.

We are by no means apologists for the severity of the decree against Servetus ; but it was the verdict of the age. It would be impossible for us to utter such a verdict, or the Protestant world of our day to repeat the crime of the Protestant world of the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, we can hardly say this of the Romish Church, inasmuch as the barbarities of the Inquisition have in recent times been canonized as holy and sacred by their Church, which claims to believe to-day what has been believed in all times and all ages.

In 1522, Servetus published a volume which led to his apprehension and trial by the Inquisition. He managed to give his judges the slip, however, and, by his absence, saved them the necessity of "burning him alive at a slow fire." The last place towards which he should have wended his way was Geneva. Already warned of his danger there by Calvin, he chose to rush into certain destruction. Coleridge says, "If ever a poor fanatic thrust himself into the flames, it was Servetus." He had been warned off the territory, had been refused a safe-conduct, and, in the face of all this, with what seemed a fatal madness, he precipitated himself upon destruction.

The Council of Geneva demanded his apprehension. The articles of accusation, extracted from his own writings, were drawn up by Calvin, and presented at the tribunal. The severe logic of the Reformer, on appearing before the council, soon unmasked the subtle and eloquent reasoning of the prisoner, and forced him to admit the frightful conclusions to which his notions led. It was not Calvin's purpose to procure a conviction, but a recantation. Servetus had disowned his books when brought

before the Inquisition, denied his handwriting, and falsified his oath, professing himself a son of the Church.

Insolent and defiant while at liberty, he was a craven coward before the Inquisition. His behavior before the Council was now characterized by insolence, now by cowardice. He pleaded that he did not wish to blaspheme, and that he was ready to recant. When introduced to Calvin his rage was ungovernable. He denounced him as a liar, a corrupter of the word of God, a foe to Christ, a "Simon Magus." This was more than the Reformer could bear, and, becoming heated, in his turn answered him as he deserved.

Servetus avowed many blasphemies, and defended himself with shocking and revolting language. He styled the Trinity "a three-headed Cerberus." His frenzy was such that he did not hesitate to say that divinity dwelt in devils.

It was really the crisis of Calvin's power and of the Reformation in the Republic. Servetus, knowing this, hoped to secure his banishment from the city. If the battle went with Calvin, Servetus must fall; if with Servetus, then Calvin must fall, and the stake and martyrdom awaited the one defeated.

Of the battle between Calvin and the Libertines we will not now speak. They accepted the issue between the Reformer and the madman as theirs, and resolved to induce the Council to subject both to an oral debate or to one carried on in writing. Servetus, with the ardor of one well-nigh sure of victory, entered into a path where, by his own words, he wished to pursue his opponent "even till the cause be terminated by the death of him or me."

The Council had previously taken strong sides with the Libertines, and had removed its spiritual sentence of

excommunication against one of their number, and opened his way to the communion table. One would suppose that in the midst of the crisis, where the matter of ecclesiastical discipline was so important, Calvin would hardly find time to draw up new articles of indictment from the works of Servetus. This he however did, giving simply references to the text, and handed them to the Council without note or comment. It became necessary for the Reformer to fight two battles at the same time.

It was towards the close of the month of August. On the following Sunday, the first of September, the communion was to be celebrated; and unless the edict were revoked, the leader of the Libertines would present himself at the sacred table, holding the warrant of the Council in his hand. He called all the pastors together, and with them proceeded to the Council. He there maintained that the former decision was a violation of both the laws of the state and of scripture. The people, he said, had adopted the edict establishing the spiritual power of the spiritual court. Therefore the action of the little Council was unlawful. The pastors, to a man, joined in the declaration that they would "lay down their offices and leave their churches," rather than suffer the contemplated profanation. The Council declared that it would not change its decree. By thus taking into its own hands the spiritual authority, the Council assumed the right of trying and judging Servetus.

Sunday morning came; an eventful day for the centuries which were to follow it. It would decide whether Protestantism would go forth to re-conquer Christendom, or fall before obstacles beyond its strength. Twice the great movement had failed. First, among the Albigenses, next among the Bohemians. It was the third move-

ment, coming nearer to the goal than either of the others — after all, to fall short of it.

The great bell Clemence tolled out its summons. Over city, lake, and plain there brooded a deep stillness. The crowds which filled the church manifested a feeling of unrest. The congregation, of all ranks, stood with their hands upon their sword hilts. The élite of the Libertines had decided to communicate. Calvin rose as usual to begin the service in the pulpit of Saint Peter's. He preached upon the state of the mind in which one should partake of the Lord's Supper. Coming down from the pulpit, he blessed the wine and bread, and was about to distribute them to the congregation. The Libertines made a movement as though they would seize the emblems. Covering the sacred symbols with his hands, he exclaimed in a voice which rang through the edifice, "These hands you may crush; these arms you may lop off; my life you may take; my blood is yours, you may shed it; but you shall never force me to give holy things to the profane, and dishonor the table of my God." Had a thunder peal shook the church from its foundations, the consternation of the Libertines could not have been greater. As though an invisible power had flung back the ungodly host, they slunk away abashed, through a passage which the congregation opened for their retreat. Nothing more truly sublime is found in the history of the Reformation, that epoch of heroic men and great achievements. "I cannot," said Luther, at Worms. "I will not," said Calvin, at Geneva. The one threw back the tyrant, the other repelled the mob; one faced the haughtiness of power, the other bridled the raging of ungodliness. The danger was equal, faith and fortitude were equal, and each met a great crisis.

It is unnecessary for us to explain further Calvin's

relation to the subsequent arrest, trial, and death of Servetus. We have distinctly stated that he had been warned by Calvin, and the action of the Council in taking upon itself the responsibility of the spiritual tribunal relieved him of the responsibility of Servetus' condemnation and death.

It remains for us only to speak of the passing away of this great man, whose body, never robust, had become the seat of numerous maladies which made his life a torture. Implored to take rest, Calvin would not cease his labors. He saw a rest coming with the deepening shadows, and insisted that his work must go on.

The last time he appeared in the pulpit was on the 6th of February, 1564. Here a hemorrhage stopped his utterance while speaking. On his death-bed were riveted the eyes of the world. Rome waited the issue with intense excitement.

Shortly before his death, he was borne to the door of the Council-chamber, where he proposed a new rector for the school; then, taking off his cap, he thanked the Council for the kindness he had experienced at its hands, saying, "I feel that this is the last time I shall stand here." A little later the Council visited him at his house, where he exhorted them to maintain ever inviolate the city which God had destined to high ends. He held out his hand to them, which they one at a time pressed, and retired from the death-bed of the Reformer.

On Saturday, the 27th of May, he seemed to suffer less; but at eight o'clock in the evening, signs of death were apparent. Beza, who had been summoned to his bedside just in time to see him expire, says: "And thus on this day, with the setting sun, the brightest light in the church of God on earth was taken back to heaven." And

the event, chronicled in the register, read, "Went to God, Saturday, the 27th."

We now return to France, where we will glance rapidly over the movements which resulted in the massacre known as Saint Bartholomew.

On the 31st of March, 1547, priests, courtiers, and courtesans were gathered around the bed upon which Francis I. was dying. There seems to lie upon the mind of the King some dark shadow, as if he were horrified at the sight of some unutterable woe. He starts, and a quick tremor runs through all his frame. Mustering his fast-failing strength, he cries out that it is not he who is to blame, inasmuch as his orders were exceeded. What orders? we ask. What deed is it which so burdens the memory of the dying monarch? It is the memory of Provence. It is the thought of twenty-two towns sacked and burned with an inhumanity at which history stands appalled; of devastation in which the men were not exempt from execution, nor the women from excesses of brutality which made nature blush. It was the thought of seven hundred men murdered in cold blood; and women shut up in barns filled with straw, to which fire was set; and all because they believed the simple tenets of the Reformation as against the superstitions of Rome. A dark road, smoking and blood-sprinkled, lay behind him, the Judgment-Seat before.

Henry II. now mounted the throne. Trouble soon manifested itself, and parties were formed which it is necessary to describe briefly, in order to make the subsequent history more intelligible.

At the head of the first party was Anne de Montmorency, high constable of France. Possessing great strength of will, he pursued his ends without caring whom he trod down in his way. Having been banished from court by

Francis I., he came back with brow more elate, and an air befitting one who had come to possess the throne. When Henry assumed the reins of government, the constable was devout beyond measure, obeying the rules of the Church implicitly, ceasing occasionally from his prayers to order his servant to string up this or that Huguenot, or to set fire to the property of some neighbor who was his enemy.

The second party was that of the Guises, the dominant family during one of the darkest eras of the nation. Against these men Henry had been warned by his father. Francis and Charles, however, found their way to the court and became the acknowledged heads of the Roman Catholic party.

The third party was that led by a woman, Diana of Poitiers. Twenty years older than the king, of brilliant wit and sprightly manners, she contrived to entrap Henry by the power and fascination of her intellect.

The fourth and smallest faction was led by the brave, valiant, witty, and polite gentleman named Marshal de St. André. Neither court nor country was likely to be at peace in which he figured.

Such were the parties that divided the court of Henry II. There was little patriotism and less honor among the miserable courtiers. There was a brave show — gilded saloons, fine raiment, and luxuriant tables; and yet there was a lurking fear that their gay life would reach a sudden termination, by the stiletto or the poison-cup.

Henry II. was controlled by the same spirit of bigotry which characterized his father. His councillors were successful in inspiring a terror of Protestantism, as the great enemy of monarchs, and the source of all national disorders. They convinced him that should the Huguenots prevail, his throne would be trampled to dust, and France would be trod beneath the feet of atheists and

revolutionists. Under such a régime the work of burning heretics went on without interruption.

The years which mark the reign of this King are characterized by heartless frivolity and wanton cruelty, two qualities which seldom walk apart. The coronation of Catherine de Medici as Queen of France was suitably followed by the execution of a large number of Huguenots, the first of whom was the Bishop of Macon, who had incurred the King's displeasure by his reply to Diana of Poitiers, when rebuking her for her unmeasured arrogance and cruel persecutions: "Be satisfied, Madam, with having infected France, without mingling your venom and filth in a matter altogether holy and sacred, as is the religion and truth of our Lord Jesus Christ." In order to satisfy his hatred for the martyr, the King had prepared for himself a window overlooking the pile, where, luxuriously reposing, with the haughty woman at his side, the King watched the consuming fires as they robbed the martyr, inch by inch, of his members. The terrible apparition rose before Henry in his sleep. The eyes, before which he had quailed as he looked out of the window at the dying man, seemed fastened upon him from amidst the flames. Night after night, the terrible apparition stood before him, until he took an oath never again to witness an execution.

On the 9th of July, 1550, Paris was again lighted up with martyr fires. Again, in 1551, the lurid glare announced that the spirit of Romanism was exercising its refinements of torture upon the adherents of the reformed faith. In 1552, vast numbers were executed throughout the country, as also in the following year. The scenes of martyrdom were oftentimes the scenes of conversion. About this time the gag was brought into use, to prevent martyrs from addressing the people at the stake, or singing psalms when on their way to the pile.

As in the early days of the church, among the mountains of Italy, so now in France, the army of colporteurs, burying among their wares the scriptures, traversed the length and breadth of France, Switzerland, and Germany. There summer and winter they went from door to door, always hazarding their lives, often discovered and dragged to the stake. By these means the Bible gained admission into palace and cottage. Burning, yet not consumed was the watchword of the Reformed Church in that day.

Forty years had now passed since Lefevre had opened the gate of France to the Gospel. Forty years of martyrdom and bloodshed had not diminished but increased and strengthened the company of Christ's people. A creed had been drafted that all might confess, a code of discipline to which all might submit, yet not fettering the private judgment or restricting the rights of individual congregations. It was rather the shield of liberty of opinion and liberty of Christian action.

A national synod was convened on the 25th of May, 1559, in Paris. At the same moment, Parliament was assembling with the avowed purpose on the part of the King of pursuing with fire and sword the Reformers, until he exterminated them from off the face of the earth. In all the public places throughout the kingdom, the gibbet was standing, awaiting its victims.

Henry II. went to his grave early in the national decadence of France. The shadows of a fast-coming calamity were rapidly deepening. The army was dispirited by constant defeats, the court a hotbed of intrigue; the finances were embarrassed, and the nation on the brink of civil war. He was succeeded by the eldest of his four sons, Francis II. Two corrupt streams mingled in his veins — the blood of the Valois, and that of the Medici.

Feeble in mind and body, the young King was a tool most fit for the hand of the bold intriguer. At the foot of the throne sat the crafty Catherine de Medici. During the lifetime of her husband, her power had been balked. Now she hoped to win the ascendancy and become sovereign-counsellor of her weak-minded son. By the side of Francis sat Mary Stuart, heir to the Scottish crown, and niece of the Guises. This family now held the advantage in the game which was played around the person of the King. But Catherine de Medici was a match for them in craft and ambition.

The Guises were the leaders of the Catholic party, and, although Catherine was as much a bigot as any, she stooped to caress what she hated in order to grasp the power which she loved. There is no doubt that had the Guises been alone, the Reformation would have been crushed in France, or had Catherine de Medici stood alone the same fate must have befallen it.

Anthony de Bourbon now comes upon the stage, in obedience to the will of Catherine, and becomes a conspicuous actor in what follows. Through marriage he received the title of King of Navarre. Unstable as water, he spent his life travelling between the Protestant and the Popish camps, unable to adhere to either, and despised by both. His brother, the Prince of Condé, of greater talent and more manly character, was noted for wit in discourse and gallantry of spirit. He attached himself to the Protestant side from conviction. He was not a great man, nor did he bring that great sagacity, that entire devotion of soul, of one who should lead such a cause.

Another important figure is that of Gaspard de Coligny, better known as Admiral de Coligny. He was, perhaps, the greatest layman of the French Reformation. Born in

the year in which Luther began the Reformation by the publication of his theses; and on the 24th of August fifty years afterward he fell by the poniard of an assassin in the St. Bartholomew massacre. He had served with distinction, had been knighted on the field of battle, and in 1547 married a daughter of the house of Laval. From the moment he espoused the cause of Protestantism, his character seemed to acquire new grandeur. His household was arranged in a simple and God-fearing manner. To the gifts of great genius were added the graces of Christianity. The grand object of his life was, free worship for the reformed in France. Could he have secured this, he would have cast honors and titles behind him, and been content to live in unknown privacy.

Terrible as had been the condition of Protestants under Henry II., under Francis II., to use the words of Beza, "the rage of Satan broke out beyond all former bounds." The star of the Guises was in the ascendant.

The traveller, as he stands on the Place de Greve, can hardly realize as he looks around him that this beautiful spot was one on which the fires of martyrdom hardly ceased to shine throughout that bloody era.

The Protestants in Paris addressed a petition to the Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medici, praying that she would pursue a moderate policy in relation to them. They had not yet learned that underneath an air of sincerity, and even graciousness, there lurked a deadly purpose and an intense hatred, which only waited a fitting opportunity to drench the streets in the blood of those subjects who implored her protection. They pleaded that a stop might be put to the cruel proceedings, lest the people, provoked by such violence, should become desperate and break forth into civil commotion, which would ruin the kingdom. It suited the Queen-Mother to interpret the

warning as a threat, and the persecution grew hotter instead of abating.

All the tortures of the Inquisition, though not identical in form with the Spanish tribunal, were adopted, and worked quite as effectually. These courts were presided over by judges or inquisitors, who had a body of spies in their employ continually hunting for victims. That quarter of the city known as the Faubourg St. Germain was called "little Geneva," from the number of Protestants who lived there.

The footsteps of these spies might be traced in the pillage and ruin left behind them in that quarter of Paris. Children famished at the doors of their former homes, or wandered through the streets crying piteously for bread, while their parents languished in prison. Parliament made no effort to stop these outrages, which overflowed with victims; cells emptied in the morning were filled before night, and the shadow of justice was no longer visible.

Avarice came to the aid of bigotry. The persecutors shared the estates of those they hunted, and the enrichment of the court went on by the confiscation of the property and the slaughter of its victims.

It seems to be, as we glance over the pages of this period, the reading beforehand the history of that great movement, that reign of terror, in which, in after years, the populace became the persecutor and the throne the victim. The axe is wielded until the headsman's arms are weary. The mob forming the court has this time ceased from counting its victims.

The King is a captive in the hands of the Guises. Ruin and outrage stalk defiantly through the kingdom. To complain is to be punished. Men stop at the street corner and ask of each other, "How long can this thing

be?" This led to what has been called the "Conspiracy of Amboise." It is simply necessary for us to say here that Calvin gave his voice against the movement, that Admiral Coligny stood aloof from it. In its origin it was entirely political. Promoted by both Catholics and Protestants, yet it became religious in its development.

The Prince of Condé was chosen to lead this enterprise, but as it was necessary that he should keep himself out of sight, Godfrey du Barry became the ostensible leader. He entered with prodigious zeal into the affair. He organized an army of four hundred horse and a body on foot, and the 10th of March, 1560, was chosen as the day upon which to begin the execution of their project.

They marched to the castle of Blois, where the King was residing. Surrounding the castle, an unarmed deputation craved an audience of the King. They demanded simply liberty of worship, and the dismissal of the Guises. The Guises, however, learning something of the plot, removed to the castle of Amboise, carrying thither the King. Du Barry followed them, but his little army was surprised. He fell while fighting bravely, and his followers were either cut to pieces or taken prisoners. Revenge upon the insurgents was in proportion to the former terror of their captives. The market-places of the town were covered with scaffolds, where crying, one after another, the victims were brought and beheaded. The windows of the palace were filled with interested admirers; the ladies of the court, including the Scottish Mary Stuart, the young King and his lords, feasting their eyes on the scenes which were being enacted in front of the palace. The blood poured in rushing torrents into the silvery waters of the Loire. Not less than twelve hundred persons perished at that time. For four weeks these tragedies continued. The executioners, growing weary

of despatching their victims one by one, tied them hands and feet, and flung them into the river. One gentleman, as he bowed his head to the axe, dipped his hands in the blood of his butchered comrades, and, holding them to heaven, cried, "Lord, behold the blood of thy children unjustly slain; thou wilt avenge it." The appeal was answered, but the reply waited for two hundred and thirty years. On the banks of the same river, in the name of liberty, the same horrible butcheries were perpetrated as these in the name of religion. In spite of all this violence, the Reformation advanced.

It seemed necessary to the Catholic party to secure the destruction of the Prince of Condé. He had been condemned, and the Guises were importuning the King to sign his death-warrant. They felt sure that once the head of Condé had fallen on the scaffold, they could compel every man and woman to abjure Protestantism. A form of abjuration was already drawn up, the alternative of refusing to subscribe to which was immediate execution. The scaffold upon which Condé was to die had been erected, the executioner summoned, the formula was ready to be presented to all ranks, without distinction, the moment the Prince breathed his last. It appeared that the web had been woven complete; but an unseen finger touched the complicated fabric, and the snare was broken.

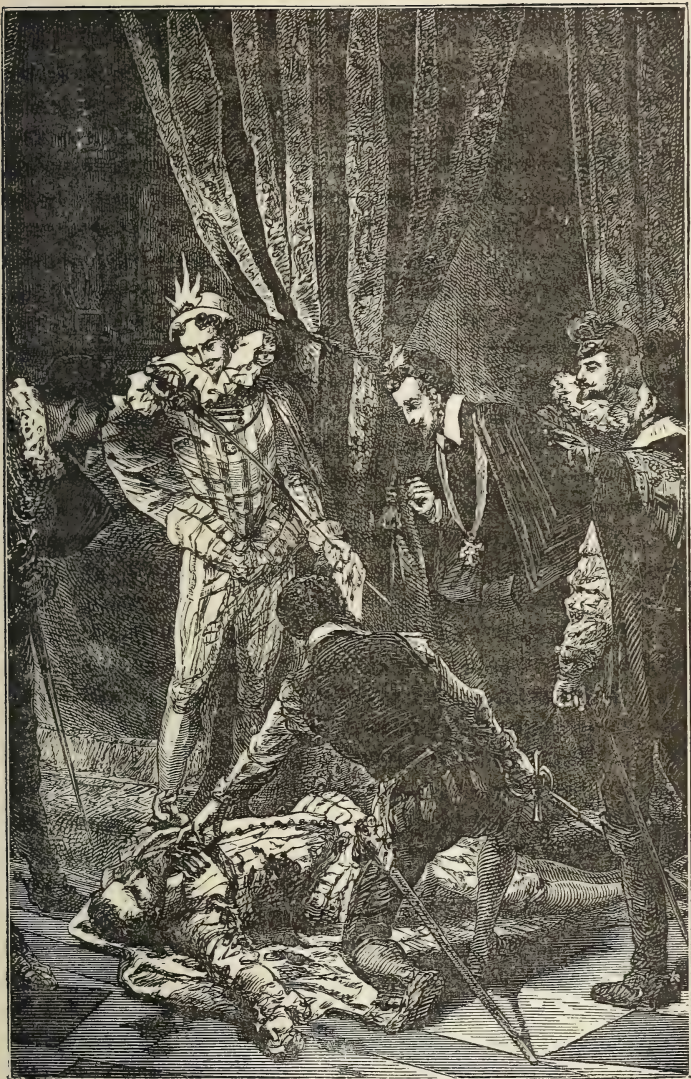
The King died on the 5th of December, 1560, at the age of seventeen, having reigned only as many months. It became necessary for those who had surrounded him to provide for their own safety, and the lifeless body of the King lay neglected on the bed where he had expired, until a train, made up of the blind Bishop and two aged domestics, followed his despised remains to the grave.

It became necessary for Mary Stuart to return to her native soil, and the family of the Guises was scattered.

But there stood up one no less the enemy of the Reformers, in the form of Catherine de Medici, now supreme in the government. With perhaps less open violence but deeper craft, and if the stroke were longer delayed, it was only that it might be more deadly when it fell. Her son, Charles IX., a lad of only nine and a half years, occupied the throne. Condé came forth from his prison, snatched, as it were, from the scaffold, and restored to liberty. By right the regency of France belonged to him, but Catherine installed herself in that high office. It was at this moment that the Huguenots, as they were called, had a breathing-space.

Both sides were preparing for the inevitable conflict. On the Huguenot banner was inscribed, "Liberty of Worship," and on that of the Romanists, "The Faith." Coligny, who was the head of the movement now, doubted much the wisdom of bringing foreign soldiers into France. The Romanist Royalists had employed hirelings of other nations, and he felt it necessary to meet them at the head of such a force as would enable him to fight with some chance of success. Therefore, he received help from those who were willing to give it. One ambassador, sent out for the purpose, secured from Germany several thousand troops, and Queen Elizabeth provided for another ambassador 6000 soldiers and 140,000 crowns.

The Prince of Condé made a final overture to the court before unsheathing the sword. He desired that the Edict of Toleration be observed until the King attained his majority, and then, should he no longer grant liberty of conscience to his subjects, the Prince requested that he and his followers have liberty to retire to some other country without prejudice to their goods and lives. France considered the proposition and declined the overture. The great cities towards the South opened their gates to the soldiers



MURDER OF GUISE.

of Condé. So in Normandy, and the fortified castles of Languedoc and Dauphiné. It was in these parts that the Reformation had struck its roots most deeply.

Coligny was really the master genius and director of the campaign. His sagacious eye perceived that Orleans was the true centre of their movement. By shutting the stream of the Loire, they, in a measure, isolated Paris, and by commanding the Seine at Rouen, and also at a point nearer its source, they were enabled to stop the transportation of provisions from the provinces.

In the end of June the Huguenots set out to attack Paris. A battle was imminent; but Catherine de Medici hit upon an expedient for securing peace, demanding that the leaders of the two parties should go into exile until the King should have attained his majority and the national conflict have subsided. The Triumvirs were to remain within call of the Queen-Mother. As the Guises were only to retire from court, the Huguenot leaders felt the exile to be not in their favor. The trap was too obvious for them to fall into it. The Queen, however, gained her end, by avoiding a pitched battle at that moment, which would have certainly resulted in a victory for the Huguenots.

It was now decided by the authorities at Paris to attack Rouen, and force the opening of the river Seine. Enthusiasm for the defence of the city pervaded all ranks. They resolved to die upon its walls in maintenance of their liberties.

For five weeks the siege was endured, after which the city fell into the hands of the Royalists. A few weeks later, the first regular engagement of the civil wars resulted in the victory perching upon the banner of the Duke of Guise. The carnage was great. Eight thousand dead lay upon the field, and Guise received his reward by appoint-

ment to the position of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of France. The Prince of Condé was taken prisoner. Coligny was chosen leader of the Huguenots.

About this time the Duke of Guise wrote to the Queen-Mother, saying his purpose was to put every man and woman in Orleans to the sword, and sow its foundations with salt. Such was the terrible programme for purging France from the Huguenots. The armies of the Duke had already entrenched themselves around the fated city.

The Duke has ridden out to examine the trenches to see that all is ready for the bloody work of the morrow. Before another sun shall set there shall not be left in that city anything which has the breath of life. The blood of mother and child, of stern warrior and blooming maiden, shall pour in one red torrent into the waters of the silvery Loire. Partly hidden by two walnut trees which shadow the road along which the Duke is riding sits a figure on horseback. He hears the sound of a horse's hoofs, catches a glimpse of a white plume, and knows that it is the Duke who is passing. Permitting him to pass, he rides up behind him and discharges his pistol, the ball of which enters his chest through the shoulder. It is not long before it is seen that the wound is mortal, and he is carried to his bed, from which he rises no more.

The death of the Duke of Guise returned the government into the hands of Catherine de Medici. Death had been the faithful ally of Catherine, visiting the Louvre often since she had made her home beneath its roof. Each visit had brought her a step nearer the power, or increased her sway.

The Duke of Guise being dead, there remained no longer a rival. Catherine had outlived all who could play a part against her, and now it only becomes neces-

sary that she crush out the Huguenots from the land. The policy of craft becomes the most effective. Conciliating the Protestants with gracious looks and soft words, she still contrived to keep their blood flowing. Private murder stalked through the land. The poniard of the assassin did what the stake and the axe were powerless to do.

It became necessary that she mould her son, Charles IX., into her own likeness, and what manly grace and noble qualities there were in him were lost in the fetid atmosphere of the Louvre. Nothing pure, high, or manly could grow in that death-damp of corruption, impiety, and blood.

The synod of La Rochelle, which was the seventh held by the Protestants, was a sort of breathing-time — short, but beyond measure refreshing. The noon of Protestantism in France had been reached, and now there remains only the swift approaching night.

The massacre of Saint Bartholomew was plotted under the pontificate of Pius V., and enacted under his immediate successor, Gregory XIII.

The spirit of Pius V. is clearly indicated by his letter to Catherine de Medici, where he promises her the assistance of Heaven if she would pursue the enemies of the Roman Catholic religion, “till they are all massacred, for it is only by the entire extermination of heretics that the Roman Catholic worship can be restored.”

In 1565, Catherine and the Duke of Alva agreed that ridding France of Protestants could be accomplished only by death of the Huguenots; as they termed it, by a new edition of the *Sicilian Vespers*.

On the 22d, as Coligny was returning from the Louvre to his house in the Rue des Fosses, St. Germain, he was fired upon from the window of a house belonging to

the Duke of Guise. The assassin escaped on a horse from the King's stables, which was waiting him near one of the cloisters of the church of L'Auxerrois.

Later in the day, the Queen-Mother and King entered the apartments of the wounded man. The King exclaimed, "The hurt is yours, the grief and outrage mine; but," added he, "I will take vengeance, that it may never be effaced from the memory of man." Coligny urged the policy which he had so often brought to the attention of the King, — that of assisting Orange in his defence of Protestantism in the Netherlands, — but without results.

The King now gave orders to close all the gates of Paris save two. This was ostensibly to arrest the flight of the assassin, but really to prevent the departure of the Huguenots. Friday and Saturday were spent in consultation on both sides. Standing on the precincts of a colossal crime, the King felt fierce, cruel, and vindictive. The Queen-Mother told him it was too late to retreat.

It was now eleven o'clock of Saturday night, and the massacre was to begin at daybreak. To exasperate and stir the people to unlimited butchery, the report was circulated of the discovery of a conspiracy on the part of the Huguenots to destroy the King and royal family, as well as the Roman Catholic religion. The Mayor of Paris was ordered to assemble the citizens who had been before provided with arms. The signal was to be the tolling of the bell. At this sound, chains were to be drawn across the streets, torches placed in all the windows, and the Catholics, for distinction, should wear a white scarf on their left arm, and a white cross upon their hats. Impatiently they waited the sound of the tocsin. In the royal chamber sat Charles IX., the Queen-Mother,

and the Duke of Anjou. Stillness reigned in the apartment and throughout the city.

In order that, at the last moment, Charles might not change his mind, so disturbed as it was at the idea of this horrible butchery, the Queen-Mother anticipated the signal by sending a person at two o'clock in the morning to ring the bell of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois, which was nearer than that of the Palace of Justice, the bell of which was to give the signal. The loud peal startled the silence, followed immediately by a pistol-shot. The King sprang to his feet and ordered the attendants to stop the massacre. It was too late; blood was already flowing. The great bell of the palace now added its solemn peal, and in a moment every steeple in Paris was sending forth its clang of death. Upon the night air was borne the tempest of shouts, oaths, and howlings of the assassins. Above all was heard the terrible cry of "Kill, kill."

The massacre of Coligny had been assigned to the Duke of Guise. Accompanied by three hundred gentlemen, he repaired at once to the Admiral's lodgings. Forcing an entrance to the Admiral was the work of but a moment. Awakened by the noise, the Admiral wrapped his dressing-gown around him and bade Merlin, his minister, join with him in prayer. One of his gentlemen rushed into the room, crying, "My Lord, God calls us to himself." "I am prepared to die," replied Coligny; "therefore, farewell, my friends; save yourselves if it still be possible." A German servant alone remained with his master. The door was forced open, and one of the creatures of the Duke of Guise cried, "Art thou Coligny?" "I am. You ought to respect my gray hairs; but do what you will — you can only shorten my life by a few days." The villain plunged his dagger into the Admiral's breast, and then shouted to the Duke of Guise, "It is all over," and, taking up the

corpse, he threw it out of the window on to the pavement below.

As in the days of Herod, so now the head of the victim was carried to a woman in order to verify the murder. Not a shudder escaped Catherine de Medici as the gory head of Coligny was handed her by the Duke of Guise.

All over Paris the bloody work extended. The terrified inmates of Protestant homes were brought forth in their night-clothes and murdered on their own thresholds. Those who were too frightened to come out were massacred in their beds. The darkness was no cover, as the torches which were placed in the windows denied even this chance of escape to the poor victims.

Standing to-day in the square of Louvre, one views the scene of the greatest butchery, where some two hundred Protestant noblemen from the provinces were dragged from beds which had been placed for them in the palace, as guests of the King, and doomed to die like others. One by one they were brought out and hacked to pieces, their corpses being piled at the gate of the Louvre. When the sun rose, it seemed as if the entire population were maddened with rage or aghast with terror. Man and woman fled ; man and woman with drawn daggers pursued. Old men and infants were alike butchered. Corpses were piled in carts, driven away, and tumbled into the river. The very sewers ran red. The Seine, as it rolled through Paris, seemed to be a river of blood.

Such was the horror upon which the sun of Sabbath morning, August 24, 1572, the day consecrated to St. Bartholomew in the Romish calendar, looked down. For seven days the massacre continued. Not confined to the walls of the city, but it spread throughout provinces and cities wherever Protestants were found. For two months butcheries continued throughout the kingdom.

Every day the poniard and sword reaped their harvest of victims, and the rivers bore to the sea a new and ghastly burden of corpses. Six thousand perished in Rouen; hundreds at Toulouse; twelve thousand at Orleans; and at Lyons not a Protestant escaped. The whole number, according to De Thou, was two thousand in Paris, and Brantome speaks of four thousand bodies that Charles might have seen floating down the Seine in obedience to his order. There is an uncertainty touching the whole number of victims throughout France, but the archbishop of Paris, in the seventeenth century, places it at one hundred thousand.

The tidings, as they travelled over Christendom, petrified some with horror, stirring others with a delirious and savage joy. When they reached the Netherlands, the Spanish army received them with exultation. The skies resounded with the roar of cannon, beating of drums, and blare of trumpets, and bonfires blazed throughout the camp. In England a gloomy sorrow sat on every face; silence as at the dead of night reigned through the chambers of the royal residence.

In Geneva, the people vied with each other in the reception of those who had been so fortunate as to flee from the fated country, and by sending medicine and clothes to those who found safety in the outskirts of France. Knox, in Scotland, now old and worn with labor, was borne to his pulpit, where he thundered the vengeance of Heaven against the murderer and false traitor, the King of France.

Rome received the news with boundless joy. Gregory caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the massacre. On one side his own profile; on the other, an angel bearing in one hand a cross, in the other a drawn sword with which he is smiting a prostrate host of Protestants.

When the terrible storm of St. Bartholomew Day had passed, men looked upon a mass of ruins. A vine which had struck its roots in the rich soil of France had by a blow been felled to earth, never again to lift its branches on high. So thought Charles and the court of France, so thought the Escorial and the Vatican, as they congratulated each other on the success which had crowned their efforts.

The massacre swept cities and villages with so unsparing a fury that in many places not a Protestant was left. Alva and Catherine had dug the grave of Protestantism in France, Charles had assisted at its burial, and the Pope had reared its gravestone. What right had the Protestants to speak again?

But in 1573, on the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Huguenots demanded all the privileges of the Pacification of 1570. The mortified Queen-Mother and the stupid King were obliged to digest their mortification as best they could. Her way was becoming hard. The massacre was becoming bitter even to its authors. The infatuated woman had dreamed that by ridding France of Protestantism, Roman Catholicism would be left in quiet possession of the country. Strange doctrines made their appearance. The distant mutterings of the communism of 1871 were heard around the throne of 1789.

Then followed a few years of doubtful policy, and fruitless schemes on the part of the Reformers. During these years, Charles IX. was borne to the grave — his end hastened by the awful scene which would not quit his memory, and the remorse which preyed upon his mind. There were fearful sounds ringing in his ears at night, mingled with cries and awful shouts and shrieks and curses, tolling of the bells, the sharp ring of fire-arms — in short, he lived ever in the presence of the night of the massacre.

Thus ended the life of the cowardly Charles IX., on the 30th of May, 1574, at the age of twenty-five years. The Duke of Anjou, heir to the throne, hurried from Poland to Paris, and became King of France under the title of Henry III. The dagger which took the life of Henry III. removed from the throne the line of the Valois, the race which had given thirteen sovereigns to France, and filled the throne for two hundred and sixty-one years.

Henry of Navarre, the Knight of the White Plume, ascended the throne by succession. He was by faith and education a Protestant, while he found it for the advancement of his purpose, in ascending the throne, to accept the Catholic faith, although, *in winning the throne*, he had robbed himself of that in the losing of which he lost all.

It is needless for us to continue the narration of the story of Protestantism in France. On the 22d of July, 1593, he solemnly abjured the Protestant faith, and the hope of Protestantism was ended. Slowly the work of extermination died out, and, like his own history, that of Protestantism in France closed in blood. In 1593, Henry set up a throne by abjuration; in was cast down by the scaffold in 1793.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE NETHERLANDS.

The great struggle for religion and liberty, of which the Netherlands became the theatre, dates properly from that moment when, in 1555, Charles V. descended from the throne, and elevated into the vacant seat his son, Philip II. In the thirteenth century the Church of Rome flourished throughout the Netherlands, rivalling in power and riches the Eternal City itself.

Bishops of Utrecht were really the Popes of the North, and nearly independent. They gave place to neither King nor Emperor in the condition or magnificence of their court. They were the grandees of the land, levying taxes on others but paying none themselves. Their immoralities were restrained neither by sense of shame nor fear of punishment.

They framed a law, and secured its enactment, that no charge should be received against the church dignitaries unless supported by from seven to seventy-two witnesses, according to the dignity or rank of the accused.

The city of Antwerp occupies a most distinguished place in the great movement toward a purer faith. So early as 1106 a celebrated preacher attempted to teach a gospel free from the impositions of papacy, but was violently opposed.

In the fourteenth century, the papal power was evidently waning. Voices were heard "crying in the wilderness," strangely prophetic of yet greater voices which would follow. During the fourteenth century is found another

sower of good seed, in Gerard of Groot. Very numerous had been the forerunners of the Reformation on this famous seaboard. The monks themselves became reprovers of each other. They lifted the veil upon the darkness which hid some places of the Church. In 1290, Henry of Ghent, Archbishop of Tournay, published a book against the papacy. Guido, Bishop of Utrecht, refused the red hat and scarlet mantle from the Pope.

In 1434 we find Bishop Rudolph granting the power to the Duke of Burgundy to arrest all boisterous and fighting priests, and to proscribe all drunkenness throughout his province. As we draw nearer the Reformation, the great names of Thomas á Kempis and John Wessel appear. They trimmed their lamp, which sent a ray of brightness into the darkness, showing men the way of life. It seemed as though the dawn, uncertain yet, in the twilight of the Middle Ages, was rising over these lands.

The nations did not long wait in expectation. The fall of an ancient empire startles the earth, and the "sacred languages, so long imprisoned within the walls of Constantinople, are liberated and become again the inheritance of the race." Not for a thousand years had so fair a morning visited the earth. The dawn was pale and chilly in Italy, but in the north of Europe it brought not merely the light of pagan literature, but the warmth and brightness of Christian truth.

Charles V. had divided the power of the Reformers. He bound himself to extirpate heresy, or to lose his treasures, destroy his armies, and ruin his kingdom in his attempt. Germany had withstood his efforts, but the less fortunate Netherlands enjoyed no such protection.

Edict after edict was issued, which did not remain dead-letters, as in Germany. The Low Countries were ablaze with stakes and swimming in blood. During the last thirty

years of the reign of Charles, not fewer than 50,000 Protestants were put to death in the province of the Netherlands. The bloody work was carried on, in the absence of Charles in Spain, by his sister Margaret, Dowager-Queen of Hungary. Men and women, whose sole crime was that they did not believe in the mass, were hanged, burned, or buried alive. This terrible work went on from 1523 to the day of the Emperor's abdication.

The convent of Augustines in Antwerp became obnoxious to Rome, from the number of its inmates who accepted the Protestant belief. It was accordingly destroyed, but the heresy could not be driven away. The innocent stone and timber could hardly be held accountable for the belief of those who resided within their enclosing walls. In 1523, three monks were burned at Brussels who had been inmates of a convent at Antwerp, and as the fire was depriving them of both life and voice, they sang with their latest breath alternate verses of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

In 1528, an edict was issued against monks who had abandoned their cloisters. The year following, a more severe edict was issued, condemning to death, without pardon or reprieve, all who had not brought their Lutheran books to be burned.

It is necessary that we pass over the ten years which followed, the Anabaptists' opinions and excesses, and the sanguinary wars to which they led. On the 22d of September, 1540, all heretics were made incapable of holding any property; all donations and legacies made to any of their faith should be null and void. Informers, who were themselves heretics, were pardoned.

After the ascent of Philip to the throne, four years of comparative quiet intervened before the beginning of those terrible events which make his reign one long, dark

tragedy. In 1559, Philip established what his father's edict nearly twenty years before had threatened: the disgusting spectacle of savage lands imported into civilized Netherlands. The gallows and the stake were in constant operation, making havoc in the ranks of the friends of freedom of conscience, until its victims numbered, as we have said, nearly 50,000. The fires which had been kindled during the last years of Charles' reign were rekindled: the scaffolds, from which blood had flown less copiously, were to run deeper with their crimson dye; and that which made the last years of Charles' reign disgraceful was yet to make the reign of Philip a reproach among nations.

Philip increased ecclesiastical dignities, placed the public offices in the hands of Spaniards, and swept away all courts which the ancient charter of the citizens had provided. He established a tribunal that sat in darkness, before which no law could be pleaded, no defence by counsel allowed. The prisoner was made by torture his own accuser. No wonder that the citizens felt themselves outraged, and the rights of all classes violated.

Philip, soon after his accession, returned to Spain, leaving three councils to assist the Duchess of Parma, whom he had established as Regent in the government of the provinces. Prominent among her advisers was the Bishop of Arras, who was soon to be advanced to the purple, and was known in history as Cardinal Granvelle, a man of great learning, ready wit, and exquisite tact, which, joined to his unscrupulousness of character, enabled him to carry by intrigue or personal force his own designs, while permitting others to think he was following their wishes.

It is necessary here to introduce the figure of a man who, more than any other, had influence in shaping the future destiny of the Low Countries. He does not present himself so strongly to our attention until after the accession

of Philip to the throne. It was on this brilliant occasion when the tottering form of Charles V., crippled and withered by premature decay, entered the gorgeously tapestried hall, leaning his arm upon the shoulder of William of Nassau. At the age of fifty-five, Charles presented the appearance of eighty years. As he descended from the throne, he gave place to his son. If he appeared prematurely old, Philip appeared never to have been young; puny, meagre, sickly-looking, he seemed to lack all that had once made his father princely, both in form and character. He seemed to have but one quality, an intense passion for extinguishing the Reformation. We have alluded to these two figures again in order to draw the contrast between the two central personages and the young noble on whose shoulder the Emperor was leaning. Tall, well formed, lofty brow, brown eye, and peaked beard; bronzed from service in the camps, he seemed to resemble a Spaniard more nearly than a Fleming. Although but twenty-three years of age, he had won the place of commander of the armies of Charles on the frontier, and was yet destined to become a bulwark of freedom for his country. The two forms embodied despotism and liberty, one on either side of the abdicating Emperor — Philip the despot, and William, Prince of Orange, the liberator. There was to ensue a contest between these two, which was to shake Christendom, and bring down from this pinnacle of power that monarchy which Charles was bequeathing to his son. There was glory hovering as the perpetual sun over William; there was a cloud of shame, deep as the shadows which rest upon his tomb in the Escorial, over Philip.

Cardinal Granvelle, however, displeased by his rash methods, by his showy equipage, and magnificent manner of life, the Regent as well as the Council of the kingdom,

and it became necessary for him to fly from the country. The Inquisition, however, remained. Orange, Egmont, and Horn again entered the Council, and became leaders in the movement. Orange saw that evil was impending, and labored for the assembling of the States-General and the abolition of the edicts. These two measures would have certainly allayed the feeling which was fast ripening into revolt. But while Philip existed, and Spain had the soldiers, there was no hope of the adoption of these measures.

The Prince, in the year 1564, pleaded before the Council that fires of religious persecution be extinguished and that liberty be granted to everyone, even the humblest of the kingdom. Although a Catholic at heart, Orange declared he could not approve that princes should have dominion over the souls of men. For an hour he spoke eloquently in behalf of freedom. It was the eloquence of earnestness, of patriotism, and of truth.

Egmont was sent by the Council to Madrid to present a petition for the meeting of the States-General. He received, on his arrival at Madrid, private audience with the King, who professed to defer much to Egmont's opinion, but gave no promise of alleviation of the sufferers. There was no doubt but what Egmont was impressed and overawed by the sublimity of the court to which he had been sent as a messenger. He brought back but very little, and hardly had he arrived when new instructions were received from Philip, demanding the apprehension and trial by the Inquisition every heretic in the realm.

The Prince of Orange wrote to the Regent, begging that if this business of burning, beheading, and drowning was to go on, some other person might be invested with the authority in which he had been clothed, for he would be no party to the ruin of his country. The taking away

of so much excited the indignation of the inhabitants, and it became necessary that heretics, instead of being put to death at midday, be executed in prison at midnight. The mode of procedure was to tie the head of the prisoner between his knees and then throw him into a large tub of water kept in the prison for that purpose.

We now pass over the institution of the famous company called the "Beggars," the name of which they took to be the appellation for all of those who declared for the liberty of their country and the right of conscience.

At a meeting held at Whitsuntide, 1566, at which Lord Aldegonde was present, it was resolved that the churches be opened and that service be held at Antwerp as it already was at Flanders. There had been assemblies in the open fields, but the first notable gathering was on the 14th of June, 1566, in the neighborhood of Ghent. Nearly seven thousand persons listened to the sermon. The second field-preaching took place on the 23d of July of the same year, where they remained two days in camp.

The movement thus commenced spread like lightning throughout Holland, and on the following Sunday, the 21st of July, an enormous gathering took place near Haarlem. The excitement was intense. Every village and town poured out its inhabitants. The stadt-house bell was rung at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, and the magistrates hastily assembled and were informed that the dreadful plague of heresy was at their gates. The magistrates thought they would imprison the whole multitude within the walls of their town. They were not aware that the largest part of the religious conventicle was sleeping on the ground. On Sunday morning, when the travellers awoke, they found the city gates locked. A few got out of the town, and among those who were held within the walls was the famous preacher, Peter

Gabriel. The clamors of the excited multitude grew into threatenings until they were obliged to throw open the gates and let the prisoners escape.

By the middle of August there was no city of note in all Holland where the preaching of the Gospel had not been established. At Amsterdam they found the greatest resistance, while the citizens of Delft, Leyden, and Utrecht took active steps for the preaching of the Gospel within their borders.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

On the 5th of April, 1566, three hundred noblemen had walked on foot to the old palace of Brabant, in Brussels, and laid the sorrows under which the nation groaned before the feet of Margaret, Regent of the Netherlands. The answer was the sending of the petition to Philip, who alone had the power of granting or withholding the request.

On the 14th of August, a band of the lowest people, women of disreputable character, and idlers from the worst parts of the city, made their appearance in Flanders, calling themselves "Image-Breakers." Wherever they marched, the crosses, shrines, and saints in stone, fell before them. They visited the great cities, pulled down the crucifixes, and broke the statues of the Virgin and saints. They swept churches and cathedrals clean of all their consecrated symbols. They overturned the Madonnas, and the altars in some cases were demolished, and they soiled the rich vestments of the priests, trampling under foot the consecrated bread, and departed only when there was nothing more to break or profane. A few moments sufficed to complete the desolation of a place. They seemed to rise even out of the soil, starting up and beginning their ravages at the same instant in provinces and cities widely separated. Over four hundred churches were plundered in less than a week.

Tidings were speedily carried from one city to another, yet the burghers were powerless to withstay them. The most terrific burst was in Antwerp. The crowning glory of Antwerp was its cathedral. No church in all Northern Europe could equal it in the magnificence of its statuary, the beauty of its paintings, its carvings in wood, and its vessels of silver and gold. Five hundred feet its spire shot upward into the air. Under its lofty roof, mailed warriors slept in their tombs of marble, while the chant of the priest, the wail of the organ, and the whispered prayers of countless worshippers kept eddying continually around their beds of still and never-ending repose.

In the morning, crowds began to collect before the cathedral. The mob were not in a humor to take instruction meekly. A quarrel with a huckster excited the crowd with the desire to do something rash, which led to the assault upon the cathedral. All night long the sounds of hammer and axe, the breaking of bars and bolts, the crash of images, were heard throughout the city. It spread from the cathedral to other churches and chapels of Antwerp, and before morning thirty churches had been sacked; and when there remained no more images to be broken, they strewed the floor with wafers, filled the chalices with wine and drank to the health of the Beggars. Putting on the gorgeous vestments of the priests, they entered the cellar of the cloisters and set the wine flowing freely to every one who would drink. A Carmelite monk who had been in prison twelve years was set at liberty. Nunneries were invaded, and the women driven forth from the convent walls. And when there was nothing more to do, the crowd retired as quietly as it had quickly arisen.

The insurrection so thoroughly alarmed the Duchess of Parma that the Protestants obtained some concessions from her which they would no doubt have failed to do

under other circumstances. The principal promise made by her at this time was that the Inquisition should be abolished throughout the Netherlands forever, and that the Protestants should have free worship wherever their worship had previously been established. The past offences of image-breaking should be condoned. The nobles, on their part, promised not to come to the assemblies armed, and that the Protestants, in their sermons, should not inveigh against the religion of Rome.

After this treaty had been signed, the Princes returned to their provinces with the endeavor to restore order, in which they were in a large measure successful. In Antwerp, where Orange was governor, the consecrated edifices remained in the possession of the Roman Catholics, but a convention soon held empowered the Protestants to erect places of worship within the city for their own use. In a few days from the signing of the treaty, the corner-stone of a church was laid in Antwerp.

When Philip heard what had taken place, he was stupefied with horror, and then trembled with rage. "It shall cost them dear," he cried. "I swear it by the soul of my father. For every image which has been mutilated, a hundred living men shall die. The affront offered to the faith and its saints must be washed out in the blood of the guilty inhabitants."

A letter which soon followed disclosed a plan of Philip for raising soldiers, which were to be enlisted exclusively from Papists. The Regent was not remiss in executing this order, and immediately levied a body of cavalry and five bodies of infantry.

It became evident to Orange and his companions, Egmont and Horn, that a great treachery was meditated; not the abolition of the Inquisition, but the rekindling of the fires on a larger scale, and the effacement of whatever

traces of old rights still remained in these unhappy countries. In their place should be established a naked despotism. On the ruins of freedom an armed force was yet to set a worse than absolute monarchy.

The train-bands of the tyrant were already gathering throughout the country, and the circle of its privileges and its liberties, hour by hour, was growing less. Orange had become an open Lutheran. The Counts Egmont and Horn still remained Romanists, and Egmont became an ardent partisan of the government. Throughout Flanders and Artois the public profession of the reformed religion was forbidden.

Five-sixths of the inhabitants of Tournay were Calvinists. Ambrose Wille preached to a congregation numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand. Money and materials, however, were forthcoming, and permission was given for the erection of churches on the spots where the field-preaching had up to this time been held. It was proposed that the community build these churches; but the Romanists, having been forbidden to burn the Protestants for heresy, considered it too much to be taxed for the support of heresy. Materials for the construction of the churches, however, were very plentiful, and the sight of the altars, broken images, and fragments of things which they had worshipped, now being built into the walls of a heretical temple stung the Romanists to the quick.

The Regent, however, soon changed her tone of weakness and petition to that of boldness and authority. She wrested all the liberties of the reformed from their grasp, forbade their sermons, their singing, praying, and suppressed the profession of the reformed religion. The Popish rites were restored in all their splendor. The year 1566 was a memorable year to the Netherlands. It was

the last year of peace which was to be enjoyed in that country for more than a generation.

Valenciennes refused to admit the soldiers of Margaret, and her general immediately declared it in a state of siege. The peasants, armed with pitchforks, picks, and rusty muskets, assembled to the rescue, in the number of three thousand. They were almost exterminated by the trained troops of Margaret. Another company met a similar fate. The besieged, however, made vigorous sallies, and kept the enemy at bay. The neighboring villages were pillaged, and their inhabitants slaughtered in cold blood, stripped naked in the dead of winter or roasted alive to amuse the brutal soldiers. Mothers and daughters were sold at public auction.

The siege began on the morning of Palm Sunday. The city surrendered on condition that no sack should take place, and their lives spared. The promise was given only to be broken. When the Spanish leader had entered, he closed the gates behind him, arrested the wealthy citizens, hanged some hundreds, and sent others to the stake. The soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants. They murdered and robbed as they had a mind. The principal members of Protestant congregations were put to death, and the two Protestant preachers were sentenced to be hanged. When, upon the scaffold, they attempted to speak to the people, their discourse was rudely stopped by being thrown from the ladder, and their words ended with their life.

The Prince of Orange fully understood the purposes of Philip. He saw into the very heart and soul of the dissembling monarch. He had studied him as a statesman and served him in his public policy and in his daily life. There were secret pages in which Philip had put on record the projects that he was revolving. These were opened

and read by the spies which William had placed around him, until he had come to the conclusion that Philip was determined to drag the leading nobles to the scaffold, hang, burn, or bury alive every Protestant in the Low Countries.

Accordingly, he invited Counts Egmont, Horn, and Louis to an interview, in order that measures might be taken to meet the storm when it should burst out. Unhappily, the sight of these men was not so clear as that of William, and they refused to believe that danger was so imminent. Egmont, still enthralled by the spell of the court, was not delivered from it until he reached the foot of the scaffold. He was not willing to take part in any measure offensive to the King, and thought such to be imprudent and undutiful. It was necessary for these men to act together in order to make head against Philip. Knowing that it was useless to expect this, the Prince of Orange resigned all his offices and retired to his ancestral estate of Nassau, in Germany. He warned Count Egmont of the fate that awaited him should he remain in Flanders. The warning was not heeded, and the two friends parted to meet no more.

A cloud of woes descended upon the country. The disciples of the Reformation fled from Amsterdam, and a garrison entered it. The last sermons were preached in the open air. A deep silence fell upon the land. The gallowses were filled with carcasses. All the Protestant churches in course of erection were demolished, and their timbers used for gallowses on which to hang the builders.

Philip now sent a powerful army under the Duke of Alva. Sailing from Carthagen, May 10, 1567, and landing in the north of Italy with 10,000 picked soldiers, gathered from the Italian provinces, he set out to avenge the insulted majesty of Rome and Spain, by drowning the

Netherlands in the blood of its reformers. It was a holy war : more holy than that waged against Jew or Saracen. It promised greater riches, for the wealth of the world was treasured up in the cities of the Netherlands. Force their gates and a stream of gold would fill the coffers of Spain.

No fitter instrument could be found throughout all Europe than Alva. A daring and able soldier who had reached sixty years, most of which had been spent on the field and amidst the armies of Charles V., he had warred against Turk and Lutheran. He was cold, selfish, and vindictive ; haughty and overbearing, he could not tolerate a rival ; cruel by nature, yet more cruel by bigotry. As was the general, so the soldiers. Their courage had been hardened and their skill perfected in various climes. They were haughty, stern, and cruel beyond the ordinary measures of soldiers of that day.

It was the middle of August when the Spaniards arrived at the frontier of the Low Countries. Their entrance was unopposed, for the gates were open. Those who would have resisted their approach were in their graves. Egmont rode by his side as he entered Brussels to take up his residence there, while his soldiers were distributed between the chief cities.

Alva opened his career of tyranny and blood without delay. Egmont and Horn were immediately arrested in the name of the King. In fourteen days they were incarcerated by the Council of Ghent. The secretary of Egmont and a wealthy burgomaster soon followed the counts to prison.

Terror and dismay were spread over the whole country by the news of these arrests. Probably 100,000 people had left the Low Countries on the approach of Alva ; and 20,000 more were startled, and prepared to forsake their

native land. From Bruges and Ghent the weavers carried their art of cloth-making, and from Antwerp that of the manufacture of silk, to England. Day after day disclosed a new gulf opening to the Netherlands. Alva immediately erected a new tribunal, which is known in history as the "Council of Blood." Its erection meant the overthrow of every other institution, as it assumed absolute jurisdiction in all matters pertaining to civil and religious authority. Its mission was to search out treason and destroy heretics. It drew up a code defining what treason was and the punishment which would follow. It covered every possible offence against the Church, against the Inquisition, and against the King. It ended by declaring all of the inhabitants of the Low Countries guilty of treason, having incurred the penalty of death. This council consisted of twelve persons, of which the majority were Spaniards, the Duke of Alva himself being the president. With his soldiers distributed over the country, the Council of Blood ready to do his bidding, there remained now nothing but imprisonment, racking, and execution, of all ages, sexes, and conditions of people. The gallows, wheels, stakes, and trees of the highway were loaded with carcasses or limbs of those who had been hanged, beheaded, or roasted, until the whole country became a common grave or habitation of the dead. The sound of the bloody passing-bell was never silent. It rung dismal peals throughout the whole realm. The council-chamber resembled nothing so much as the lair of wild beasts, with its precincts covered with the limbs of their victims. All the avenues of approach leading to it were soaked with gore, and strewn with mangled carcasses of men, women, and children.

Shrovetide of 1568 was near. It was a night on which the inhabitants were wont to rejoice, sing songs, and in-

dulge in harmless merriment. Alva resolved that the country should resound with the wails of victims. At midnight his myrmidons burst open the doors of those suspected, dragged them from their beds, and hauled them to prison. Alva was disappointed that only 500 were thus enclosed in his net. They were ordered to the scaffold all in one day.

On the 16th of February, 1568, the Council pronounced their decision upon the decree forwarded to Philip, to the purport that with the exception of a select list of names, which had been handed to them, all of the inhabitants of the Netherlands were heretics, and so had been guilty of the crime of high treason. This sentence Philip confirmed ten days later by a royal proclamation, in which he commanded the immediate execution of the decree, thus passing sentence of death upon the whole nation. "Since the beginning of the world," says the historian, "men have not seen or heard any parallel to this horrible sentence."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE NETHERLANDS WAR.

It now became the great ambition of Philip and Alva to ensnare William of Orange, and their mortification when they found he had escaped them was extreme. Whichever way they turned, his presence or his power rose before them as a perpetual menace. He was the sagacious, dauntless friend of liberty, and while he lived they felt that any day their prey might be wrested from them, and the Netherlands united under the rule of this sagacious prince. His eldest son, however, a lad of thirteen, was seized as a hostage and carried to Spain. He stood alone as the one man to whom the inhabitants of the Low Countries, amidst their ever-accumulating misery and despair, could look with hope of deliverance. The eyes of the exiles abroad were turned toward him. He was earnestly importuned by refugees in England, Germany, Cleves, and in other parts, to unfurl the standard and strike for his country's liberation from the yoke of Spain.

William could, however, see no hope of such an undertaking unless Spain were involved in a war with some nation less unhappy than the Netherlands. But the sorrows and miseries which accumulated finally drove him to gird himself in obedience to the cry, and attempt the liberation of the groaning nation.

He must first raise funds and soldiers to carry on the war. The cities of Antwerp, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and others contributed one hundred thousand florins.

Refugees in England and elsewhere subscribed largely. The brothers of William gave much, and the Prince himself completed the amount by the sale of his plate, furniture, tapestry, and jewels, which increased the amount to two hundred thousand florins. So were the funds provided.

The German Princes gave sums of money, and winked at his levying recruits within their territories. He felt sure that Elizabeth, the Protestant Queen of England, would help him. Strange as it may seem, the standard of William was unfurled in the name of the King, in order that his interests might be served in saving the land from utter desolation, the inhabitants from slavery, the ancient charter from extinction, and religion from utter overthrow. Soldiers gathered from Germany, France, and the duchy of Cleves. The liberation army arranged to enter the Netherlands from four points. The first battle issued in a victory in favor of William. It was a great blow to Alva. His rage was unbounded. He ordered the immediate execution of all the noblemen who had been condemned by the Council of Blood, who were now held for treason. Some of these were Roman Catholics, and some of the reformed faith. Their bodies were left to moulder in the fields and their heads set upon stakes.

Now came the last hours of Egmont and Horn. Nine months they had lain prisoners in the Castle of Ghent. In entire loyalty to the King, they had not for a moment apprehended the fatal issue, but it had from the first been determined otherwise. The scaffold was erected in the square of Brussels, covered with black cloth. Egmont ascended the scaffold first; Horn followed. The heads of the two counts were placed upon poles between burning torches during the remainder of the day.

At the close of this dismal tragedy, Alva set out to punish the victorious army. The next execution took place September 25 of the same year; the widow of a wine-merchant was beheaded for having attended a conventicle. The real reason was that her husband died in debt to one of the judges, who took this way of paying it. Many were hanged in Haarlem; no compassion was shown any. In Brabant and Flanders the persecution was without mercy. Men were hanged or thrown bound upon a pile of burning fagots. Every day the gallows found new victims, and the streets streamed with blood.

A more dreadful mode of torture now came into favor. In place of the gag, two small pieces of metal were screwed upon the tongue, and the tip was seared with a red-hot iron. Instant swelling ensued, and the tongue could not be drawn out of its enclosure. From this horrible work Alva was called by the approach of William of Orange. Advancing from Germany, the Prince had crossed the Rhine, near Cologne, with an army of horse and foot not exceeding twenty thousand. He found it impossible to enter the country unmolested, as Alva, declining battle, followed him whichever way he turned, making it impossible to enter any fortified town, or to find provisions in the open country for his army.

The night of horrors which had descended upon the Low Countries deepened into an almost impenetrable darkness. New and severer edicts came constantly from Spain. Crowds of innocent men were gathered for the gallows and the stake, and the flowing tide from that doomed shore constantly rolled on. It is said that a hundred thousand homes were left empty. Should wives venture to correspond with their exiled husbands, they were hurried to the stake. The youths were forbidden to go abroad to learn a trade, or study at any university

save that of Rome. The trials were conducted with shocking carelessness in the Council of Blood. Men were sent off in crowds to the gallows, many of whom received no trial whatever. Their names were inserted on the death-list on the simple accusation of any devout Catholic. It is said that one John Hassels, of the Council of Blood, was accustomed to sleep on the bench through the examination of the prisoner, and, when awakened to give his vote, would exclaim, "To the gallows! to the gallows!"

Alva had boasted that he would make a stream of blood three feet in depth flow from the Netherlands to Spain. He bent all his energies to make good his word. Such is the melancholy record of the year 1568, and the gloom of this departing was deeper than its first days.

In 1569 the sword of persecution was sharpened still further. When the Host was carried through the street, or the holy oil for the Extreme Unction, notice was to be taken of the behavior, looks, and words, of every person, and if any sign of irreverence was witnessed the offender should be punished by death.

It now became necessary to fill the streets and houses with spies, who received for their odious work seven pennies for each person arrested. The crowd of martyrs utterly defies enumeration. The death of all was the same either by the stake or by the gallows. It is not necessary for us to go into the enumeration of those whose names are known to history. It would extend our volume beyond the limits assigned to it. It was during the second campaign of William of Orange, who had been made virtually Governor of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, or King if you please, by the prayers and suffrages of the entire people. It was during his second campaign in behalf of the freedom of the Netherlands, that the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew took place in Paris, an

account of which we have already given. There was but little hope in the hearts of men in those days, yet, by the undaunted courage of one man in keeping alive the patriotic flame, the Netherlands still fought on for liberty, for freedom of worship, and for the ancient charters of their rights. All the horrors of war, and the terrors of famine as well, now gathered around the devoted cities who held out against the besieging forces of the Spaniards. One of the most tragic incidents of the history was the siege and defence of Haarlem. Vainly had they appealed to Elizabeth, Queen of England; but she, fearing to break with Philip, declared herself unable to render them assistance. The last hope of Haarlem was gone. Reduced by famine, until ordinary food was not to be found within the walls, they subsisted on the loathsome and abominable substitutes, devouring horses, dogs, cats, mice, and all kinds of vermin. They boiled the hides of animals, and ate them, and lived upon nettles and rank grass when these failed. The men of Haarlem realized that they were doomed to destruction. Offering to surrender on condition that the town should be exempt from pillage, they were told that their surrender must be unconditional. In their despair, the fighting men resolved to cut their way through the Spanish camp, thinking that the enemy would respect women and children, such as would be found in the woe-stricken city. They next resolved to form a hollow square, and, placing their wives and children in the centre, march out to conquer or to die. The Spaniards, however, agreed to capitulate on the payment of two hundred thousand guilders, and the surrender of fifty-seven persons as prisoners of war. On the 12th of July the city accepted the proposed terms.

The citizens of Haarlem deposited their arms in the town-house. The men were shut up in the monastery,

and the women in the cathedral. With the Spaniards, the city was little better than a heap of ruins. The fifty-seven persons excepted from the amnesty were executed. Nine hundred citizens were hanged as if they had been malefactors. The sick were carried out into the courtyard and slain. Several hundreds of French, English, and Scotch soldiers were butchered. Five executioners with their assistants were kept in constant employment for days, and at last, tired of despatching them one by one, they took three hundred prisoners, tied them back to back, in couples, and threw them into the lake. The number put to death in cold blood was about twenty-three hundred, in addition to those who perished in the siege.

But enough has been given as an example of the barbarities which were exercised by the Spanish captors of the citizens of the Low Countries. We pass over the protracted wars, the campaign of William, the defence of Alkmaar, the siege of Leyden, mutiny of Spanish troops, and the terrors of the sacking of Antwerp, where all the horrors of war and bigotry seem to have concentrated themselves in one wild onslaught of rapine and blood and death. The crimes that accompanied these were so foul and infamous, of so revolting a character, that by their side murder grows pale. It has been styled in history as the Antwerp Fury. Eight thousand citizens were slain in three days, and Antwerp never recovered the prosperity which it had enjoyed before the bloody hands of the Spaniards were laid upon it.

William of Orange, while maintaining the little territory over which he now reigned, occupied a position more than King. He was really the "Father of his Country." It was with amazement that the powers of Europe watched the gigantic struggle maintained by a handful of men, on

this half-submerged territory, against the greatest monarch of the day. Although the issues awakened bitter jealousies, still the heroism challenged their admiration. It became not merely a Dutch quarrel, not a question touching the liberty of thought on this sand-bank of the North Sea, but a world-wide cause. One in which, whether they attempted it or not, the nations of the world held a deep interest. Not alone the nations that then were, but those that should exist throughout all coming time.

In England, crowds of statesmen, divines, and private Christians followed the banners of Orange with their hopes and prayers. But there was no adequate channel for their sympathies, and Elizabeth, though secretly friendly to William, was obliged to shape her conduct so as to balance the complicated interests. The great heart of Germany had already waxed cold toward the reformed faith. Many of her princes had accepted the issues of Protestantism only to enlarge their allowances and increase their revenues. Added to this, the bitter jealousies dividing the Lutherans gave little promise of any lively interest in the struggle of Holland.

With England irresolute, France treacherous, and Germany cold, it became necessary for the Netherlands to work out for themselves the cause of Protestant liberty. The great battles which were fought by the conflicting armies were less in importance than those fought in the Council chamber. The pacification of Ghent is one of these. If these enlarged the territory which was locked in struggle with Spain, it unfortunately diminished its power.

On Tuesday, July 10, 1584, the Netherlands lost their champion and protector, by the murder of William of Orange. From this date the varying fortunes of the Low

Countries ebbed and flowed in tides of blood. The church grew strong even under the armed struggle. The action of the Synod of Dort, which issued its famous declaration of toleration in 1578, had a great influence in solidifying public thought, theological opinion, and in softening the asperities of religious bigotry.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PROTESTANTISM IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

Following the wars of the Hussites, there came to Poland and Bohemia what has been termed the "Catholic Restoration"; a scheme cunningly devised and perseveringly executed by the Jesuits, who had now perfected their organization. Zealously aided by the arms of the Popish powers, it scourged Germany with the desolating war of thirty years, trampling out flourishing Protestant churches in the east of Europe, and nearly succeeded in rehabilitating Rome in her ancient dominion over all Christendom.

Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and parts of Austria, having felt the power of Protestantism under the movement of Huss and Jerome, soon yielded to the force of circumstances, and Protestantism was apparently overthrown throughout their territory. Sweden, however, sent forth a champion, rolled back the tide of Popish success, restored the balance between the two churches, and wrought so powerfully that much of her work has remained until the present hour.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the Reformation as it swept through these nations, or to enter into detail as to the wavering flood and ebb of religious feeling as one organization and then another seemed to gain and hold for a time the mastery. Martyrdom succeeded martyrdom, until throughout Bohemia, Austria, and Poland Protestantism was virtually overthrown. Much of the history of Bohemia was re-enacted on the plains of

Hungary and throughout Transylvania. Did space permit, it would be an extremely interesting story to recount in detail the growth and wonderful vitality of Protestantism here during a somewhat extended period.

The first grand phase of Protestantism in Germany was the illumination from the open Bible, unlocked by the recovery of the Hebrew and Greek languages. Light streamed forth, and the darkness which had shrouded the world for a thousand years began to disperse. This was the beginning of the overturning and the restoring.

The second grand phase of Protestantism in Germany has been termed that of Confession and Martyrdom. During this period, societies and states founded themselves upon the fundamental principles of Protestantism; or, in other words, simple submission to the word of God. They covered Christendom with a new and higher life, both individual and national.

Protestantism opens its second century with its third grand phase, which is war. The old begins to understand that the new will establish itself only upon its ruins. Accordingly, it girds the sword for fight. The battlefield is all Germany, and into the arena descend men of all nations, not only of Europe, but from parts of Asia. The Catholic League, as it is termed, was formed, with Maximilian of Bavaria at its head. It needed only the Jesuits to find, by intrigue, a work for the army which the Duke held in readiness to strike. The slightest spark would kindle the flame. The spark fell. The Royal Letter granted by Rudolph II., which was really the Magna Charta of the Bohemian Protestants, began to be encroached upon. The privileges which that charter conceded to Protestants were denied, the Jesuits asserting that this edict of toleration was of no value. These

words gave great uneasiness, which was succeeded by alarm, and alarm was speedily converted into indignation; indignation was followed by a disposition to resort to arms, when the courts attempted to overturn the Royal Letter and confiscate all the rights of Protestants.

We find here the opening of the great war known as the Peasants' or the Thirty Years' War of Germany. This war divides itself into three grand periods; the first being from 1618 to 1630. This was the era of the imperial victories. By the aid of Wallenstein, Ferdinand II. brought back success to his standards. At the end of this period, the popish power had spread itself, like a mighty flood, over the whole of Germany to the North Sea. But during the second period, extending from 1630 to 1634, the opposing tide of Protestantism continues to flow with irresistible power from north to south, until it has overspread two-thirds of the Fatherland. The third and closing period is from 1634 to 1648. During this time victory and defeat oscillated from side to side, shifting from one part of the field to another. The Swedes came down in a mighty wave, which rolled on unchecked until it reached the middle of Germany. The French, greedy of booty, spread themselves along the Rhine, hunger and pestilence traversing in their wake the wasted land. The fanatical Ferdinand II. had gone to his grave. His more tolerant successor, Ferdinand III., found himself obliged to continue the terrible struggle, which went on for some time longer. Nature itself cried for a cessation of the awful conflict. Cities, towns, and villages were in flames or ashes. The land was empty of men, the highroads without passengers, the fields were untilled, reeds waved in the market-places. And when the great struggle was ended, the countries which had been its seat were utterly ruined — Germany had lost three-fourths of her population.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ENGLAND.

We turn from this sad picture of war to England. The time of darkness for the island has fulfilled its period. The dawn seems to be ushered in by the person and the ministry of Wycliffe. The great tide of evil begins to roll backward. From the time of the English reformer we are able to trace two great currents in Christendom; the one steadily bearing down into ruin the empire of Roman superstition and bondage; the other lifting higher and higher the kingdom of truth and liberty. And these streams have never intermitted their flow from that day until now. First comes the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. This was followed by the fall of Constantinople and the scattering of the seeds of knowledge over the West. It is a great era, marked by the invention of the art of printing and other discoveries, which aided the awakening of the human mind. Henry VIII. ascended the throne in 1509. The beginning of his reign was contemporaneous with the birth of Calvin, of Knox, and of others who were destined, like himself, to play an important part upon the stage of history. It was long since any English king had mounted the throne with a prospect of so peaceful and glorious a reign as the young prince who grasped the sceptre. He united in his person the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster. Born with a taste for letters, he delighted in the society of scholars, and prodigally lavished, in his

patronage of literature and those entertainments for which he had a fondness, vast treasures, which the avarice of his father had accumulated. France and Spain both paid court to him, and each strove to have him for his ally.

Erasmus, the famous scholar of Holland, and More, the nearly as famous scholar of England, belonged to the galaxy of learned men who constituted the English Reformation. Both contributed to the literary movement which helped to fill the skies of England with light. Erasmus rendered to the Reformation a service worthy of eternal remembrance. He opened to the learned men of Europe the portals of divine revelation by his editions of the Greek New Testament, accompanied by translations in Latin. Its publication, in 1516, formed the great epoch in the movement. An intimate friend of Colet, he learned from him to moderate his great admiration for the Schoolman Aquinas. Erasmus and More met for the first time at the table of the Lord Mayor of London. More was the Erasmus of England. Such were the men and the agencies now at work. They were not the Reformation, but they prepared the country for that great and much needed change. Erasmus laid his New Testament at the feet of England.

There was at the University of Oxford a student from the valley of the Severn, descended from an ancient family, William Tyndale by name. Into the hands of this young student fell a copy of the New Testament of Erasmus. Fascinated by the elegance of its style and the sublimity of its teachings, he became aware of some marvellous power which he found in no other book he had ever studied. Others had touched his intellect; this regenerated his heart. The youth began to give public lectures on the book. But this was more than Oxford could bear. The young Tyndale quit the banks of the

Isis, and joined a friend of his at Cambridge, whose name was Bilney. These two were joined by a third young man, of blameless life and elevated character, the son of an innkeeper at Sevenoaks, in Kent, John Fryth by name. From the yoke of the papacy these three students were perfectly emancipated. No infallible church had interpreted to them the Book.

Having completed his studies, Tyndale came back to Gloucestershire, and became a tutor at Sudbury Hall. Daily at the table of his patron he met the clergy of the neighborhood, and in conversations that ensued he often heard the name of Luther; and from the man the transition was easy to his opinions. The disputes often grew warm. The cry of heresy was raised against the tutor. Secret accusation was laid against him before the bishop's chancellor; but Tyndale defended himself so admirably that he escaped out of the hands of his enemies. He then began to explain the Scriptures on Sundays, extended his labors to the neighboring villages, scattering the seed, to which, as yet, the people had no access in their mother-tongue, or in a printed form. Wherever he sowed, the priests labored to destroy. He now conceived the idea of translating and printing the Scriptures into the tongue of England. Bidding the family of Sir John Welch, with whom he had been so long, a hasty farewell, he repaired to London. To him the doors of the bishop's palace were closed; but a rich London merchant espoused his cause, receiving him into his family. Tyndale now began to preach in public, studying night and day in order that he might finish his translation. He summoned his old friend Fryth to his aid, and, the two working together, chapter after chapter of the New Testament passed from the Greek into the tongue of England. The Inquisition made its appearance in London, and the students were threat-

ened with fire. Stepping on board a vessel in the Thames, Tyndale sailed for Germany.

The car of the Reformation was advancing, but at this moment an unexpected champion stepped into the arena to do battle with Luther. This was no less a personage than the King of England. His zeal for the Roman traditions transported him with fury against the man who was uprooting them; in all of which he was aided by Wolsey.

Arriving at Hamburg, Tyndale unpacked the manuscript sheets which he had begun in the valley of the Severn, and resumed on the banks of the Elbe the prosecution of his great design. The Gospels of Matthew and Mark were translated and printed at Hamburg. In 1524 were sent to London the first fruits of his great task. Tyndale now visited Luther in Wittenberg; and on his return he began the printing of an edition of three thousand copies of his English New Testament. Great was his joy as sheet after sheet passed through the press. The tenth sheet was upon the press when the printer, hurrying to him, informed him that the Senate had ordered the printing of the work to be stopped. Tyndale was stunned. Must the labor of years be lost? His resolution was taken on the spot. He packed up the printed sheets, stepped into a boat on the Rhine, and ascended the river. After some days Tyndale arrived at Worms, the town which four years before Luther had invested with a halo of historical glory. Here he at once resumed the printing, completing two editions at the end of 1525, sending fifteen hundred copies to England.

It is not necessary that we here speak of the results which followed its reception there. Latimer was preaching bold and eloquent sermons from a metropolitan pulpit, calling upon every one, and emphasizing their duty of reading the word of God in the mother-tongue.

Larger congregations gathered around Latimer's pulpit every day. A desire was fast being awakened throughout the nation for copies of the Scriptures; and the wish was about to be gratified. Under the decks of many vessels, as they ascended the Thames, were stored copies of the sacred book. They were unloaded without molestation; and the merchants to whom they were consigned conveyed their precious treasures to their points of distribution. The Cardinal and the Bishop of London soon learned that the English New Testament had entered there. Search was made throughout all the city for those who were making sale of the heretical book. Orders were given to burn all that could be found. All the friends of the Gospel at Oxford were apprehended and thrown into prison. The heresy must be stamped out. New dungeons were provided for the men who were bold enough to advocate its being read or possessed by the common people. The University of Cambridge was first to accept the truth and receive the light; but Oxford was the first to be glorified by martyrdom. Edition after edition of Tyndale's Bible, printed in Holland, was sent across the sea for distribution in England. These were all sold, and followed by other editions, which found an equally ready market. The clergy were dismayed; the deluge of heresy, as they termed it, had broken in upon the land.

The first to suffer the wrath of fire was Thomas Bilney, of whom we have before spoken. From the pit of the Lollards prison he passed from the ceremony of degradation—gone through with great formality—to the stake, which was planted in a low, circular hollow just outside the city; from which point went out the soul of the first Evangelist in England in Reformation days.

Next after Bilney was Richard Bayfield. Treated with

the greatest cruelty, he was taken, the night before his execution, to be degraded in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. At the close of the ceremonies, the Bishop of London struck him upon the breast with his crosier so heavily that he swooned and rolled down the steps of the choir. He was carried to the stake at Smithfield, where he suffered the martyrdom of fire.

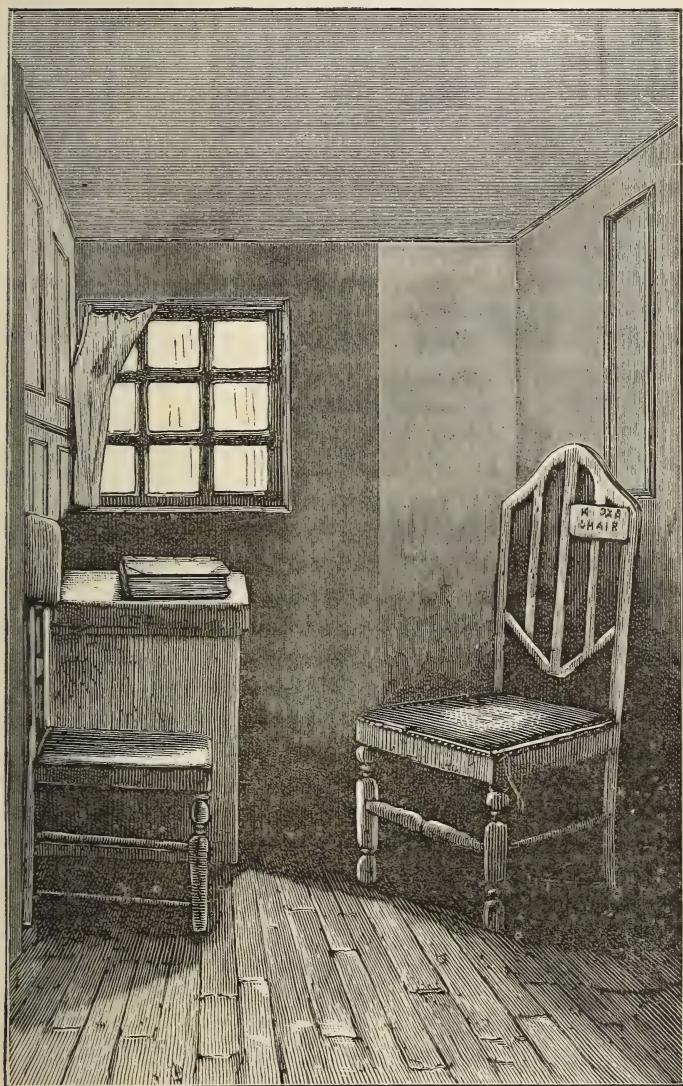
A volume is required to recount the martyrdoms of this period. Fox's "*Book of Martyrs*" is the only work dealing with this subject completely, and recounting the terrors of these bloody years. After the accession of Mary to the throne, English Protestantism was purified by fire. It gained glory and might from suffering. Stakes were planted all over England, until the nation became aroused, and Ridley and Latimer lighted a candle in England the light of which the waning centuries have in no sense diminished.

Between the 4th of February, 1555, and the 15th of November, 1558, not fewer than two hundred and eighty-eight persons were burned alive at the stake. Besides these, numbers perished by imprisonment, by torture, and by famine. Mary did all this with the approval and sanction of her conscience. And, when death came, her regret was not for the blood which she had shed, but because she had not done her work more thoroughly.

With the accession of Elizabeth, Protestantism enjoyed a release. There is no gloomier year in the history of England than the last one of Mary's reign. There, perhaps, is no brighter year than the first of the reign of Elizabeth. Prisons were opened; men whom Mary had left to be burned were released; and the fires which were blazing all over England went out. The yoke of the tyrant and the bigot was wrested from the nation's neck. England arose from the dust, and, rekindling the lamp of

truth, started on a career of political freedom and commercial prosperity, in which, with few exceptional periods, there has been no pause from that day to this.

We pass over the period of the Puritans of England; and, in closing, allude briefly to the darkness and the day-break of Scotland.



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SCOTLAND.

The land of Wallace and of Bruce so often presents itself to the fancy of the modern observer with only the pastoral and chivalrous character of its history, with which the geniuses of a Burns, a Scott, and Christopher North have surrounded her people, that her later and her happier days hide from view much of the terror and agony of her earlier history. She had her days of wild anarchy, gross ignorance, moral degradation, and comparative barbarism. The race who had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden Field were brave and chivalrous; but the schools, the pulpits and the press, the libraries and higher institutions of learning, were not as yet in their possession.

The French have a saying that revolutions are not made with rose-water. If it be true of the experience of the French, it is doubly true of the experience of one great man who led to a successful and glorious result the mightiest revolution that ever shook the heather-covered hills of Scotland. There are many who dwell with more of lamentation or bitter denunciation on the rugged zeal of John Knox, the great reformer of Scotland, than is either fitting or wise. They seem to forget, in piping times of peace, the strife, the grinding collision between great interests, the deadly antagonisms in which mere gentleness would be often the sheerest inefficiency. It requires something of the character of Elijah in one who should become

the fitting reformer of a degenerate time and an apostate church. There was an external rudeness of bearing and surrounding in John Knox, the better adapted to startle a land out of its perilous slumber. And if in this he roused the conscience of a Herod or bred the murderous antagonism of a Herodias, the results of the turmoil could only prove in the end a purification of the body politic, and possibly the regeneration of those to whom he appeared as a raging whirlwind. Knox was flung into a very maelstrom, and obliged to combat in the mad whirling with various and furious elements. The violences so much deprecated were already in the land. They were earlier, fresher, and more enduring with the enemies of the truth than with its advocates and its evangelists.

It was in the early days of Knox's career that four Scotchmen were hung at Perth for eating goose on Friday, and a young woman with her child at her breast was drowned because she refused to invoke the Virgin Mary as her helper. Wishart, the scholarly, eloquent, and irreproachable friend of Knox, was burned by Cardinal Beaton; and in a later period Walter Milne, at the age of eighty-two, was committed to the flame, expressing the hope that he should be the last to suffer death for the cause. It seems hardly equitable measure to reserve all the sympathy for the ancient and picturesque church that rejoiced in such hangings, drownings, and burnings, and deplore the firmness and harshness that against such odds and confronting such inhumanities uplifted its voice for the truth as Christ gave it.

Born in the year 1505, it was not until he reached the age of thirty-seven that Knox fully identified himself with the cause of the Reformation. Yet, in the brief space of thirty years that followed, that dauntless, heroic, and incorruptible man accomplished for his age and his country a

greater work than any king or royal potentate had accomplished for any nation since time began. I suppose that the character of Knox has been judged more severely because his contemporary, Mary Queen of Scots, for some years his sovereign, and often his antagonist, has bewitched the fancy and inspired the maudlin sympathy of people, which has cast a spell over the judgment of many as to the era, its responsibilities, and its terrors. Knox not a few times held the pass of a Christian Thermopylæ with greater bravery and more signal fortitude than did Leonidas and his Spartan band.

Mary Queen of Scots, however partially she may be treated by the historian, was hardly what could be called angelic, pure, or even Christian. Brought up under the most refined and dissolute court of European nations, under the controlling spirit of Catherine de Medici, and an influence which converted truth into falsehood, secular policy into treachery, religious belief into superstitious bigotry; possessed of a character bewitchingly evil; early a bride, often a widow; initiated into the craft of state and the delusions of church, exemplified only by the Borgias and the Machiavels; — it is only reasonable to suppose that a man of the sterling integrity of John Knox would unmask the fascination and rich varnish of external accomplishments, and show her real character to the world and to history.

Mary and the reigning pontiff had entered into a family compact for the extermination of the Protestant heresy. It became then the question whether Knox should yield to her fascination or maintain his position for the honor and the perpetuation of the church of Christ. Failing to fascinate, she attempted to entangle and crush; but, under the influence of Darnley, then of Bothwell, then of her jailer Elizabeth, her career of brilliancy and light

darkened down from the glory of a Parisian court to dishonor and thwarted craft, until death ended her strange, eventful history.

The old movement under Wycliffe and the Lollards had reached certain portions of the country, but the traces of these had well nigh vanished. Patrick Hamilton had visited Wittenberg and become a disciple of Luther. But on returning to Scotland he was decoyed into a conference, where he was arrested, and in 1528 burned, at the time when Knox was about twenty-three years of age. Hamilton was but twenty-four. The stake of this heroic sufferer roused the people of Scotland far more than the burning cross speeding through the hills in the hands of the clansmen. Multitudes became interested in that for which he died. Some fled to the continent; others were martyred. Sentence was passed against Knox as a heretic, but he escaped to the continent. Degraded from the priesthood, assassins were employed to waylay and kill him.

It was thought that Knox should be called into the ministry of what was termed the "recovered gospel." For many days he was sad and burdened; but finally acceded to the call of a congregation which demanded that he preach to them. His powers as a logician and debater were early called into use. Challenged to public debate, he accepted every opportunity to meet the emissaries of the pope. They were silenced at his masterly conclusions. The church grew by rapid renunciations of Romanism.

A French fleet came into the Castle of St. Andrew's, to which he had returned to preach. Knox, among the prisoners, was placed in the galleys, and kept afloat along the coast of France. Confinement and severity shook the health of the great reformer, until at last he was reduced

by fever to such extent that he was released, and returned once more to Scotland. On the declaration of peace between France, Scotland, and England, he obtained full liberty, and awaited the development of the Reformation. Visiting England, Knox was appointed one of the chaplains of Edward VI. It is thought that he had an influence in removing from the Common Prayer Book some features involving adoration of the elements in the Lord's supper. Knox soon left London, preaching in other parts of England, and was everywhere followed by large congregations.

The policy of Mary, the successor of Edward VI., was soon disclosed. Knox left England for France. He repaired to Geneva, and formed the acquaintance, winning the friendship, of Calvin. Knox was early in denouncing the marriage of Mary and Philip of Spain. It was not long before the reformer visited his native land; but on the appearance of fresh troubles returned to Geneva. From this point he issued his blast of the trumpet against the "monstrous regiment of women," occasioned by the terrible and bloody sway of Mary in England, then at its height. Knox desired that the French Salic law should be made a universal rule. It was unfortunate for Knox that this work gave great offence to Elizabeth, Mary's successor, which volume of the Scottish teacher's she regarded as grave and unpardonable.

On the ascent of Elizabeth to the throne, Knox returned to Scotland. Many attempted to dissuade his appearing; but he replied that none need be solicitous on his account; he craved no defence; he only asked an audience. The magistrates and the people were ready to establish the reformed worship. And the billow of this movement swept on through other cities; while monastic edifices, images, and pictures, went down before the fierce on-

slaught of the awakened people. The Protestants of Edinburgh chose Knox for their preacher. This congregation became a power. Queen Mary of Scotland returned, firm in the purpose of restoring the Romish faith. She sent for Knox, and had an earnest conference, at first calm and even flattering. At this moment the massacre of Vassy in France excited great agitation in the Protestant nations; but, in the very height of the sensation, Mary gave a splendid ball. The discourse of Knox on the following Sabbath was understood to sharply criticise the vices and pleasures of princes. He was called to her council chamber, but his replies were grave, firm, and decorous. Her attendants, on seeing him quiet, exclaimed, "He is not afraid." To which he replied, "Why should the fair face of a gentle woman affright me? I have looked at many angry men, and have not been extravagantly alarmed." Knox opposed her marriage with Darnley. Again she summoned him to her presence. Bursting into a flood of tears, she vowed she would be avenged. Knox protested his distress to see her majesty in tears; but the sorrow he must bear, rather than betray his conscience and the commonwealth by guilty silence. Again she cited him for a letter on public affairs. He had been charged with treason by the privy council. His friends advised retraction and submission. But Knox was undaunted; and the privy council found his defence unassailable.

Now followed the murder of Rizzio. Knox regarded it as God's judgment. The subsequent death of Darnley, the flight of Bothwell, the surrender and imprisonment of Mary, were rapid descents along the downward course of the beautiful and accomplished, but guilty, Queen of Scotland. Knox did not hesitate to pronounce her guilty of the double crime of adultery and murder, and



JENNY GEDDES.

claimed that death was the penalty of each, and especially in this case by the coalescence of the crimes, enhancing and envenoming each other. News of the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew reached Scotland. The French ambassador was present when Knox appeared in the pulpit. Gathering the remainder of his strength, Knox denounced the vengeance of Heaven against the murderer and traitor, the King of France, and bade the ambassador tell his royal master that divine vengeance would never quit him nor his house.

On his death-bed, Knox asked his wife to read to him the 15th chapter of First Corinthians, the magnificent description of the resurrection, and, commending his soul, his spirit, and body into the hands of the Lord, he repeated, with a sigh, "Now it is come." The regent of Scotland, standing by his grave, uttered over him the words, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

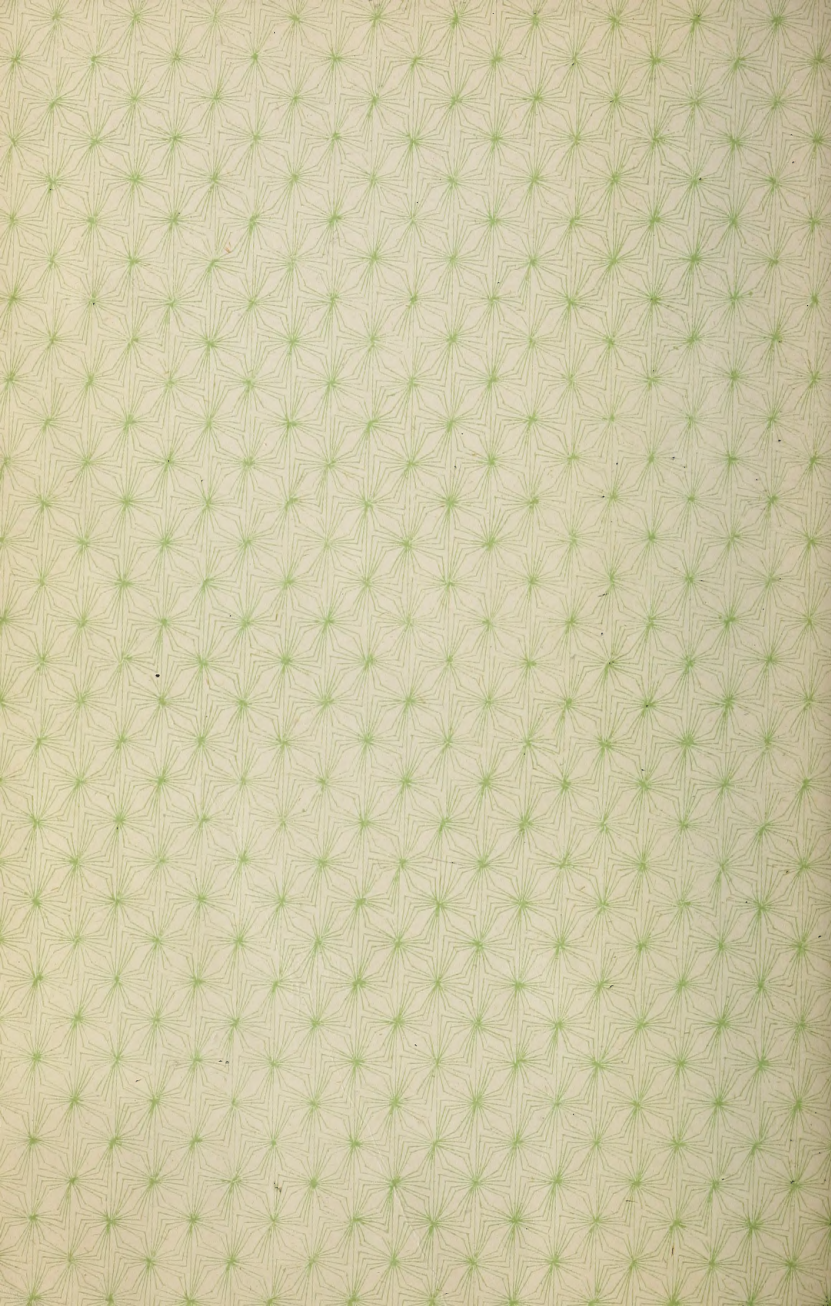
Scotland, in her after history, has been his best vindication, his only monument. The schools which have diffused education throughout the land were his work; and, amidst thrift, integrity, and diligence, the glory of the Scottish people has been their moral, spiritual, mercantile, and martial character. The land has been enriched by the genius of Adam Smith, Sir William Hamilton, Burns, and Walter Scott, of Campbell, John Wilson, Thomas Chalmers, and Guthrie. Her scholars and her lawyers have been effective contributors to the thought and glory of the world.

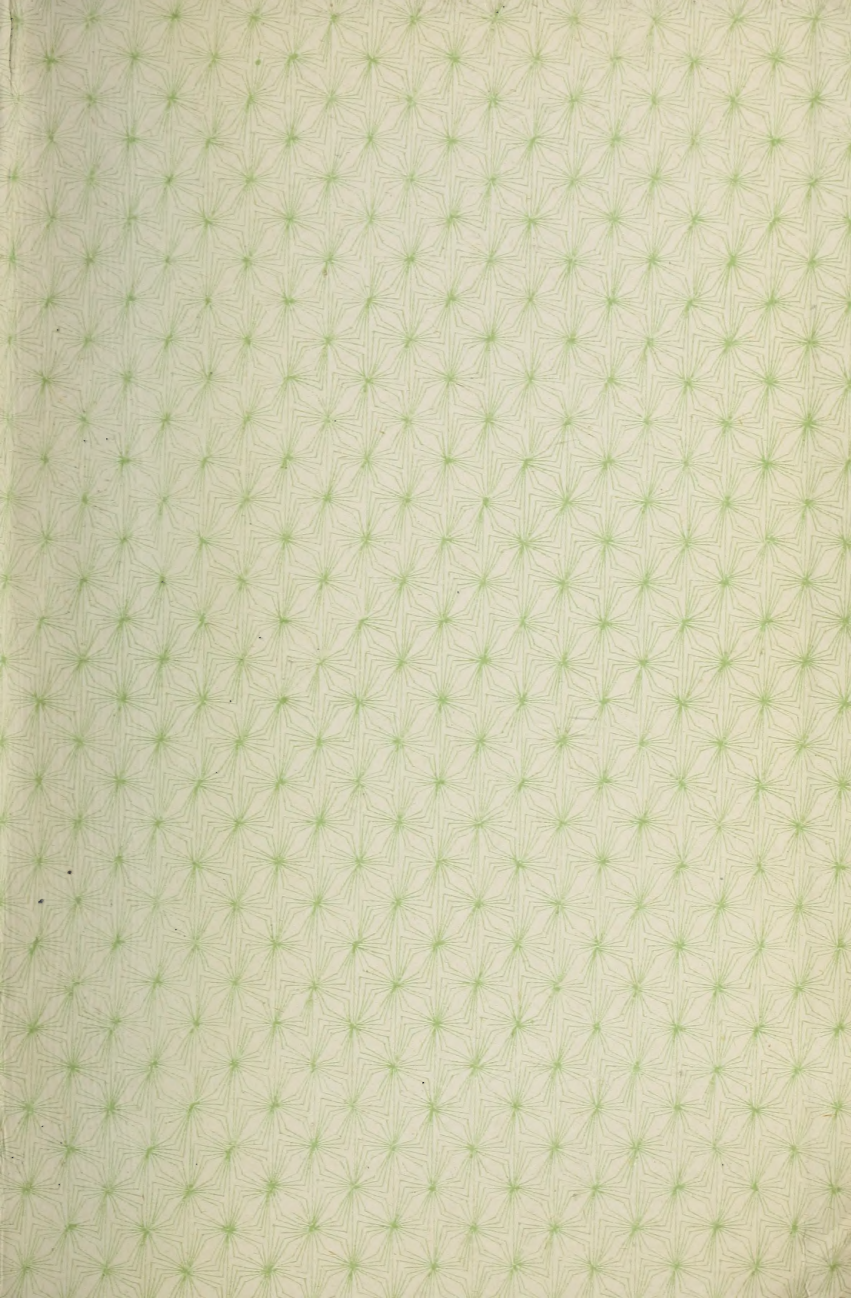
Later on in the history of Scotland, strong and determined effort was made to re-establish Popery, and to rebuild the power and the force of the Romish church. The old St. Giles, where Knox lifted high the red-cross banner, and sent the light of his sturdy soul to the top of the heather hills of Scotland, still seems to echo the strain

of the lofty, the sustained eloquence with which the **great Reformer** denounced, exhorted, and warned his hearers, with such fervor, says Melvil, that "he was likely to ding the pulpit in blads and flee out of it."

It was here that the second Reformation received a mighty impulse from the choleric fish-wife, Jenny Geddes, who had brought her stool with her to church. A bishop asked the dean to read the collect for the day, when Jenny cried out, "Calic, said ye? The de'il calic the wame o' ye"; and she sent her stool flying at the bishop's head. The stool rests from its labors now in the National Museum.

It is with regret that we thus abruptly and almost rudely close this volume, incomplete by the very necessities of space and time; incomplete, also, by the fragmentary and unsatisfactory way in which, in the midst of cares, perplexities, and pains innumerable, the author has completed the work; incomplete in that the great lessons which he would have gladly drawn from the consideration of these mighty and far-reaching facts must be left unconsidered. But we hope that those who read will have seen the bearing of the great points, and will for themselves weigh carefully and judiciously the interests of the Protestant church, and accept its teaching, not alone for the blood which it has shed, and the martyrdoms which it has sustained, but for the spirit of peace and of purity which it is breathing throughout the world.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 011 841 1